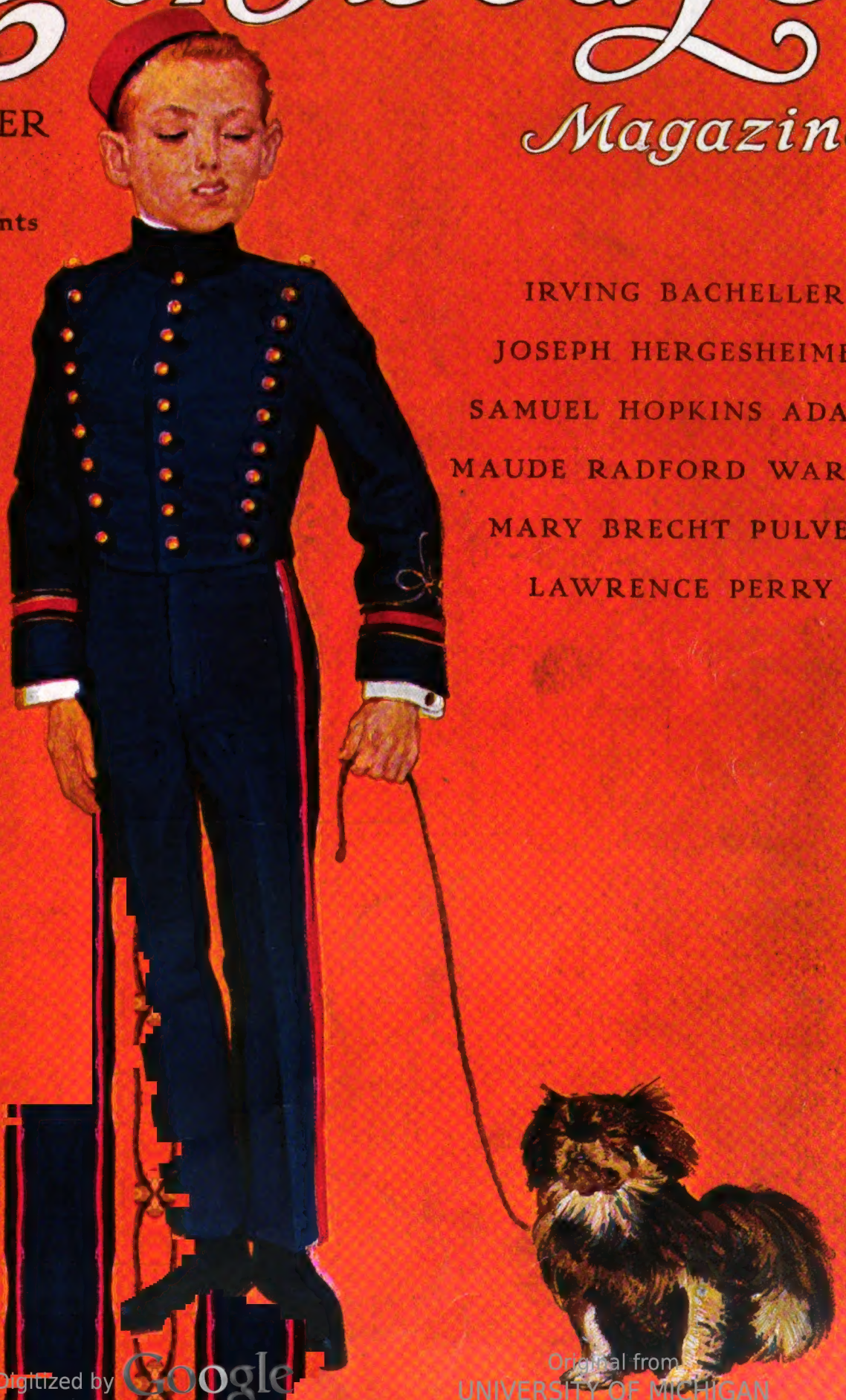
Everybody's Magazine

GENERAL LIBRARY
OCT 18 1919
UNIV. OF MICH.

SEPTEMBER
1919
Twenty Cents



IRVING BACHELLER

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

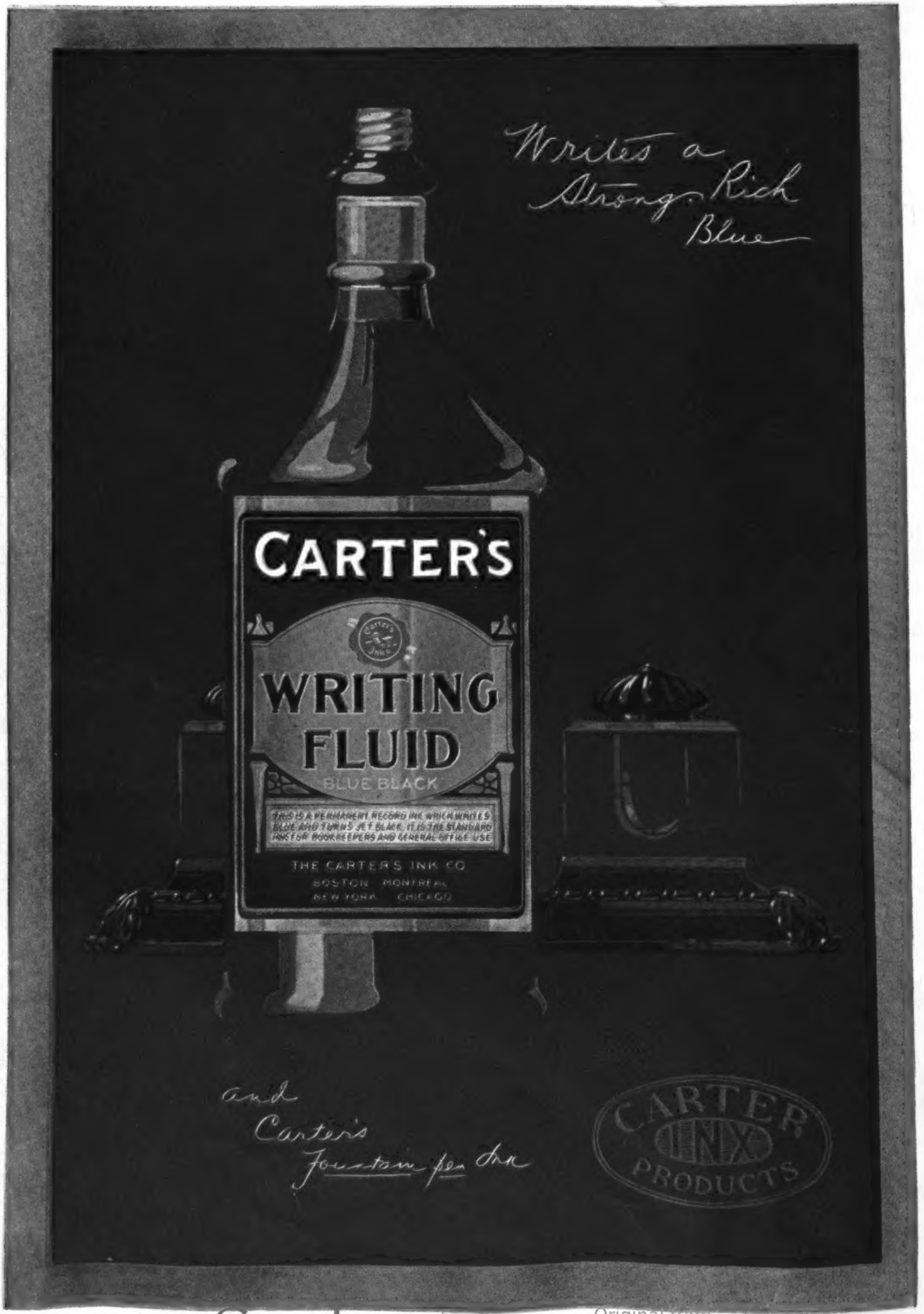
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

MARY BRECHT PULVER

LAWRENCE PERRY

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN


Writes a Strong, Rich Blue
CARTER'S
WRITING FLUID
BLUE BLACK
THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD INK WHICH WRITES BLUE AND TURNS JET BLACK. IT IS THE STANDARD INK FOR BOOKKEEPERS AND GENERAL OFFICE USE
THE CARTER'S INK CO
BOSTON MONTREAL
NEW YORK CHICAGO
and Carter's Fountain pen Ink
CARTER INX PRODUCTS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER THREE SEPTEMBER 1919 VOLUME XLI

Backwash

By Maude Radford Warren

WHEN I opened the door, the ward of that military hospital flashed upon me with the quickness and brilliancy of a smile: Convalescing soldiers in bed, or seated at tables; white walls; white bedcovers; lambent sunshine; vivid summer green at the windows; cheerful voices; American street noises softened by distance.

Yet, after the first flash, my eyes saw, not all that, but the ward of an evacuation hospital in France: Brown, pillowless beds; blood-battered men in khaki; calls for water, for morphin, for mothers; the quick figures of doctors and orderlies; crisp orders; the constant buzzing of fat, blood-fed flies; outside, the whine and rush of ambulances and the constant roar of cannon.

I forced myself back to the shining, peaceful white ward. That other is done with now, thank God, but the soldiers and civilians who were in France can not make it a part of the past so readily as the civilians who stayed at home are able to dismiss their pasts. That is why, as I stood in the doorway of that Chicago military hospital, it took me a minute or two before I could step into the present.

In the white bed nearest me was a soldier about whose neck I noticed a scapular. And again, for a minute, I did not see him, but another Catholic. I was kneeling beside a blood-soaked stretcher looking into a boy's pale face. He did not see the other wounded that lay near him, nor the passing figures of orderlies and doctors.

He did not hear the voices nor the scream of the shells that passed over us. He felt me there as one who would help him in his last errand in this world. He whispered his mother's name and address, and I said, "I'll write her that you died as a brave man, and without pain."

Then in a broken but clear voice, he said, "Holy Father, guide well the spirit that I know is quickly passing."

Into my mind came a prayer that was said at the passing of one I loved, and I repeated it amid the sounds of doctors calling for bandages or serums, orderlies calling directions to litter-bearers, wagoners shouting requests from their ambulances.

"Into Thy merciful hands, O Lord, we commend the soul of this, Thy servant. Receive him into the sacred rest of Thine everlasting peace.

"Christ, who redeemed thee with His agony and bloody death, have mercy upon thee, and strengthen thee in this agony of death. Amen."

He died as I spoke, and then, because time waited for no one on that terrible day, I passed on to the next litter, to another boy whose head was bandaged and whose legs were torn with shrapnel, but who managed a twisted smile, as he said:

"Well, lady, this is the first chance I've had to gold-brick in the whole darn war."

Again I came back to the white ward. These wounded men had been cast back on their own shores—the backwash of the tide of war. How, I wondered, were they taking these shores? I had come home from a year of work among soldiers to find my friends glad to see me, my own place waiting for me, my work ready to be picked up. Yet I found things strange. The night before, I had been at a dinner where the men were talking big business and the women were talking plans for the summer—what preparatory school Bob was going to, what date would be set for Marian's coming-out party. They all had a keen zest to take up the interests that had been

BY THE hundred thousands the endless chain of transports is returning them to us, one and all new men, their minds seared to a fierce clearness and simplicity by the things they have seen, impatient of sentimentality, asking not for sympathy, but for each one his man's part and his free and fair chance in the old life he left.

Mrs. Warren has given us here, against the lurid background of her memories of them on the battle-fields of France, a deeply moving picture of the attitude of our returning fighters toward their old life and toward the conditions they have met in trying to take up their places in it again.

These conditions are a shadow on the country as a whole. The nation that could use these men so effectively in war can give them no less chance to do their best in peace. Every one of these men is needed somewhere in American life. Not only must they and the need for them that already exists be brought together, as they are being through the various government agencies, but, for our sake as well as theirs, new need for them must be created. And in this every individual American can help.

During the war every American family held a tight rein on its expenditures for even the necessaries of life in order to help win. This was fine and proper then, but now industry needs a free rein and the open road of a good market to pick up its pace again and keep us all busy and prosperous. That market must come chiefly from the average American home. It means that we must all begin to do a little of that spending and investment on ourselves and in our homes we so patriotically refrained from during the war. There is nothing to be gained by waiting to repair one's roof or buy a new suit in hope of lower prices. The wisest business men assure us they will not come, and it is certain that the continued slowing up of industry through this mistaken thrift will only force them higher, create unemployment and make the whole nation poorer.

There are twenty million homes in America. If only half of them would begin right away to use a little paint, lumber, tinwork, cement, shingles, screens, awnings, wall-paper, rugs, furniture, curtains—or anything that would spruce them up and make us as a nation look more like winners, it would improve business, and show the returning soldier that we are not only proud of him, but are willing to do our bit in helping him to a job, even where there seems to be none.

Copyright, 1919, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain

Digitized by Google
Digitized from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

How would it be with these wounded men—the backwash?

sidetracked by the war. They scarcely mentioned the war all the evening; the talk was of business and schools and clubs and books and art and society.

And as I listened I felt like an outsider, for I was still living in the war. I was with those patient men who made it possible for Americans to be back to books and art and business and society. I knew that to most of the unwounded soldiers with whom I had talked, the war was still a vivid thing; that in a sense they felt they were living in two worlds. How would it be with these wounded men—the backwash?

Therefore, as I stood in that white ward, I had the impulse to taste what is one of the chief pleasures we overseas people are going to know for the rest of our lives—fighting our battles o'er.

"I wonder," I asked, "if any of you soldiers were in the town of Beney, in the St. Mihiel drive?"

Immediately three men reared high in their beds, and said:

"I was."

I sat down beside the nearest boy, a big, dark fellow, with a sober face and quick eyes. Afterward, the beautiful girl who was escorting me said of him:

"How perfectly wonderful that the one they call the roughneck talked to you! Generally when visitors come he turns his back and throws dice."

I don't think I'd be able to tell a roughneck now from any other soldier. We women who have been overseas never, I think, will look down our noses at any one again. We have been taught how magnificently "common" men can behave under fire, under nerve-racking toil and hardships; we have seen their unselfishness, their patience, their loyalty to their "outfit," their chivalry to women. I can never again say the word "common" with any sense of superiority. To me the word now carries an entirely new and honorific connotation. The big, dark boy said slowly:

"Say, lady, I remember you. It was you working every night with the Y man in that German kitchen in Beney. Only you not having a helmet on, I didn't recognize you at first."

"Say, didn't they shell—didn't they shell Beney to beat the band, though?" said another of the Beneyites, a curly-haired boy. "That was the worst-shelled town in the whole salient. When did you get in?"

"Friday, about six hours after you boys took it."

Again the ward vanished. It was the thirteenth of September, and I was driving with that magnificent civilian soldier, Clyde Hobart, head of the Y. M. C. A., Eighty-ninth Division. Our little Y car, packed with supplies, was creeping over a road literally being made across the green, treeless meadows, first by tanks, then by wagons. The salient feature was a great gun drawn by twenty horses and escorted by forty men, who pushed at it when it bogged down. On both sides, long stretches of bare, autumnal, trench-slit landscape, yesterday in the hands of Germany and to-day still offering up derelict hiding Germans. Up somewhere ahead, no one was certain where, the enemy. On the road as far as the eye could reach, trucks and *camions* and machine guns and water-carts, all creeping with innumerable steps, accompanied occasionally by irritable cursing at whoever or whatever it was that caused the delay. Such a road! At times about as narrow as a mountain creek. We stole space when we could from the down-coming traffic, and whenever we did that, our hubs were within an inch of the hubs of other vehicles. There were times when I had to literally push the heads of mules and horses off my shoulder. But for all the maddening halts it was a glorious drive. Looking for the front was exhilarating; every step of the way was a reminder of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

success. It was a triumphal progress that gave one a sense of power, a feeling of

> Time and I against all the world,
> Chance and I against time and you.

There was all the insolence of undefeated youth in that kind of emotion and I believe it was stirring in every one on that road.

"Didn't any one try to stop you?" asked a third soldier, a boy whose eyes smiled first and then his mouth.

"They were so frantic with work that I don't believe they knew whether the car was a water-cart or a Ford, or whether I was a woman or a sack of cocoa. There was one big dark, stern-looking major who strode forward and looked as if he was going to stop us, but I threw him a bar of chocolate and all the sternness left his face and he smiled like a seraph. I believe if I'd had a cigaret left for him he'd have burst into song."

I told the boys how, toward twilight, we came to the head of the procession and found ourselves quite alone except for a French officer, who stared at us, his jaw dropped. Behind us was that long coil of interminable traffic; on each side a meadow in which sat a few tanks and batteries of seventy-fives which were sending over iron messages to the Germans. In front of us was a long, lovely green avenue, at the head of which was a sign which read "Five kilometers to Thiaucourt."

We didn't know whether Thiancourt was in our hands or the Germans', but we found out presently, because they began to shell. That wonderful green darkling avenue! It was all a panorama of swift motion and keen color—the deep red of the road, the autumn-touched green of the trees and sward, the crimson of our fire, the crimson of the German fire! Somehow I could not believe in the danger, despite geysers of reddish earth and the sharp banging of the shells. It would be just too wasteful for anything to happen until we got hot cocoa made.

The rapid descent of a hill; the crossing of a narrow stream; Thiacuourt, and the road beyond. No beauty on this road; desolation and cold and loneliness. I thought of "Child Roland to the Dark Tower came." There wasn't any dark tower in the landscape, but there was gloom and dreariness and chill. If you've ever dreaded, not shells, nor physical danger, but spiritual loneliness, or a cold human atmosphere, you will understand the impression that stretch of road conveyed. And then suddenly it was peopled. In the ditches on each side of it were soldiers. They were sitting or lying on their raincoats, or were wrapped in blankets. Some were eating "corn-willy" or hardtack; a few were smoking cigarets, the fire of which they concealed with their helmets. Soldiers sitting in a ditch need not necessarily change the effect of a landscape, but those lads did. Somehow they made me feel as if all the Germans in the region were scurrying toward Metz.

AND then Beney, a little town that ordinarily shelters less than a hundred people; Beney with its cobbled street, its ghostly houses that melted with a curious lack of perspective into the blue-black deeps of the sky.

"Some place, Beney," said the curly-haired soldier. "Do you remember the way we used to plunge into that dugout under the *mairie*—that is, until that hard-boiled captain took it over for regimental headquarters, and told us that we'd have to look for other dugouts. He knew darned well that there were only about two others in the whole village."

"Say," put in the smiling boy, "do you remember those French civilians? Did you ever hear anything like the way they chattered? The only thing that kept them still was when a shell came over."

"Did you ever hear what our losses were?" the dark boy asked. "I heard they went as high as fifty one day. It was my first taste of feeling how rotten it is when you can't hit back."

YES, we had plenty of that ruthless, maddening war in Beney, when there was nothing to do but pick up the dead and wounded and be silent. The soldiers never knew what each day's toll of loss was, though indeed it did go up to fifty! The wounded were quickly gathered up and sent to hospitals; the dead were quickly buried; the shell-holes were filled up. There remained only some stains of red that would not leave the pavements, and the wounds in the hearts of the people at home.

Always when those boys died it seemed a loss that ought never to be reckoned in percentages. There was a doughboy I passed in the main street in Beney one day. We were both slithering along the walls of the houses. He was just a slack-mouthed, unhealthily-complexioned lad, who slouched as he walked; but to me the khaki idealized him, or perhaps the imminence of death! At any rate, when, five minutes later, I saw them taking him limp and wounded into the dressing-station dugout, I could not feel that he was less precious than the most handsome and gifted youth on the field of battle.

In fighting the battles o'er, the most significant question is: "Where did you get yours?" Overseas that question did not necessarily have any companion, but now it is coupled with, "Have you got a good job?"

The smiling boy said, "I got mine at Romagne, the thirtieth of October, when our company was going up. Just a bit of shrapnel. It wasn't much, only I got a little infection and I've been slow getting well."

"He's a lucky guy," said the dark boy. "He came over in June. Got in as a replacement early in September and was the mascot to the whole company. No shells ever came where he was. All the fellows just naturally snuggled up to him. He walked through the St. Mihiel drive without a scratch. He likes hiking, so he didn't mind the march from that sector over to the Argonne. Then just on the eve of the last smash he gets this cute little cut with shrapnel and exits to a job his brother stayed out of school to hold for him. He was born lucky."

"Oh, well," said the smiling boy, "I should worry. I went to school and I went to work and I went to war, and now I'll go back to work."

When I came to know the smiling boy better, I saw that the remark was pretty significant not only of his attitude, but of that of a good many soldiers. They have taken the war more or less like any fact of their lives; it's just experience, and now that it's over, it seems not to have made an unusually deep impression upon them. Perhaps some instinct of self-protection made them live it through with the surface of their minds. At any rate, it has left them in character and in nerves more or less untouched. They come home and fit easily into the places they left or they find similar places. The United States does not seem to them to have changed or to have need of change.

"Do you remember Romagne?" asked the smiling boy in that chatty voice with which one says, "Do you remember that dear little suburb near St. Cloud?"

Did I remember Romagne! I entered it first on the gray afternoon of the thirty-first of October. A long muddy main street flanked with houses that had been heavily shelled. As two Y men and I set up our cocoa outfit in a tattered building, the shelling began again, and one high explosive knocked off a corner of our kitchen. That afternoon and night is full of vivid pictures for me: That grimy kitchen which we cleaned of masonry with shovels; the little dark room with its crimson coals on the hearth, where I had supper by the light of two candles, with some officers of the gas regiment—and that they were in Romagne warned me that something vital was impending. I can see their tired, intent faces now, shadowy in the flickering from the hearth. They were waiting for the beginning of the last phase of the drive. We were all waiting for the greatest barrage of the war. At three in the morning I climbed from the dugout where my kind Y friends, Mr. Keich, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Spicer, of the Eighty-ninth Division, had bestowed me, and stood in an old stone doorway.

AS I watched the scene, the threshold under my feet trembled as if a hand had shaken it. The solid earth vibrated. The circular sweep of the horizon, the arching dome of the sky were accentuated by the great banners of rose and crimson that swung wide and high. Never have I seen such regal color changing the blackness of the night. Under the rose and black and a kind of sudden gray half-light, the landscape took on strange shapes—here a broken building looked like the prow of a great ship; there a shattered tower loomed like the skeleton of some prehistoric animal. It seemed incredible that terror and annihilation followed this beauty; that death was being dealt out to the Germans; that our men, standing in that horseshoe-shaped line reaching from Champigneulles, to north of Bayonville, and down again to Aincreville, were waiting to breast the German shells and machine-gun fire.

No, I never could forget Romagne, nor the wan light of morning, nor the first wounded coming in, nor the trip that splendid Y worker, R. J. Porter, and I took in an ambulance to the first-aid station in the Banthéville Woods. Those two gaunt barracks beside a grove; the mule ambulances coming down from and going back to the front, the motor ambulance going down to the field hospital; the sea of mud churned by the feet of the litter-bearers who carried in the wounded, our own men and the Germans. More and more of these wounded, till we had so many that some of the lighter cases stood outside. The horrible vividness of the blood and the mud on the khaki! The speed with

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I could see them rushing up the shell-torn hill.

which we fed the wounded, Mr. Porter and I.

A boy died as I was giving him cocoa through a tube, and I rose from my knees beside him and passed on to the next man, using the same cup and tube. Water was scarce; we had brought it for miles in our ambulance. Time was racing. There was that German boy crying like an animal for cocoa which I could not give him till our own men were served. Time after time he pleaded and I had to pass him by, for our own men were coming in and going out so fast. Perpetually shifting figures; a moan here and there; the whine and crash of the shells; that boy with the face that I knew had been beautiful, but now his eye was gone and his jaw crushed in. He sat in such an attitude of despair!

Oh, why couldn't I have thought of something to say to him when he refused the cocoa? But there was the half-delirious boy just behind him begging for it and calling for his mother. When I got back to the place where the boy with the ruined face had been, he was gone and another boy was there with a terrible breast wound, who smiled and said: "Don't you let them cut away my sweater. My girl made that for me."

And the three boys who stood by the clump of trees outside the building where the heavily wounded were. I passed them with my tray of cocoa, asking them to wait for three minutes till I served some of the bad cases. A shell was whining even as we spoke, and we all ran to cover, but they were wounded. Their blood; their helpless twitching. Only it wasn't my work to pick them up. I must go on serving the cocoa quickly.

Oh, yes, I remember Romagne, and the Banthéville Woods! I remember them because there was emphasized the realization I had of the dauntless, selfless and debonair soul of the American doughboy.

And further, here in these places I suffered the most passionate reaction I have had against the wastefulness of war. Men may ignore the horrors of war for national reasons, for business reasons, for any reasons you choose. A woman can not ignore or forget it on any score whatever.

To us, nothing is so precious as human life that women pay dearly to bring into the world, and that men and women both pay dearly to worship. When the world drops into war, it drops out of civilization. We women are supposed to bind up the wounds of the world—and that ancient figure of speech is drawn from ancient wars. But hereafter, forever, our mission should be more fruitfully reconstructive—that of helping to prevent further wars.

"And where," I asked the big dark boy, "did you get your wound?"

"Oh, the day we took the crest of Châtillon Hill," he said easily. "I was sent out on patrol with a squad to enfilade with automatic rifles some enemy machine-gun nests. They were making a fierce counter-attack on our company. I jumped into a shell-hole and set up my rifle. Four Germans rushed me, but I managed to get them all. One of the squad was badly wounded. He wasn't in a shell-hole. I went over to help him and dragged him into mine, but I was out of luck, for pretty soon a shell hit us both and just about made mincemeat of my ankle."

Just a bare account. I don't wonder it couldn't mean much to one who has never been close to the front. But one who has could see it all: The company in scant cover, two-thirds of the way up the shell-torn slope; the officer in charge reading the order from the commanding officer, then calling for volunteers, then from the volunteers picking eight men. I could see them rushing up the hill, taking momentary refuge in this and that shell-hole, not giving the German machine gunners on the crest time to get the range on them. Then the dark lad's final leap into a shell-hole that commanded the machine guns; his rapid adjustment of his rifle; the flashing run from the crest of those four figures in gray; the swift turning of the gun upon them; the rapid sighting; the succession of shots that killed them. Then the cry from the figure in khaki lying there in the open; the [illegible] to his side, the crouching return to the shell-hole. The giving of first aid to the wounded man, and then the shell. Pain and suspense, nerve-racking endurance for hours until it was safe for a litter-bearer to come and get them.

"It must have been a pretty bad wound to keep you in the hospital so long?" I said.

"Well, it's been mighty tiresome," he replied. "Sitting here thinking is pretty nearly as bad as lying in the mud thinking used to be, except that it was misery then and it's comfort now. What I mean is, I feel as if my life hasn't started again yet. I am just waiting, as I used to wait there, for things to get on a little."

"It does take patience. I hope you have plenty of friends here, and that you'll find a good position waiting for you when you get home."

"Oh, people come here all right," he said. "What makes me sick is that they don't realize what we've been up against. That's why I shoot craps when visitors come. There was a lady come here and she looked around and said:

"'Why, you boys don't look very bad! I've seen lots worse cases than you.'

"Then she turns and walks off. We're not a good enough show for her, you see. If she can't have the worst horrors to go home and talk to her friends about, she ain't going to bother with us. Hell, no! If we can't measure up to lots of gore, she ain't going to waste her time with us.

"As far as my job goes, I think I'll be all right, though I ain't had my furlough yet, and so I can't be sure. I was a machinist before the war, and I had a pretty good boss. My job was a standing one, and with this leg I'd never be able to stand, but I think he'll give me a job I can sit down at. I guess I'll find my home folks all right. I can't be as much use around the house as I used to be, but I guess they'll stand for it."

I talked later with that soldier, and I found that he was like a good many of the unwounded returned soldiers I had met—ready, if family and friends and job remained the same, to be glad he had gone overseas, and prepared, if that civilian

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A road literally made across the meadows, first by tanks, then by wagons.

world were inhospitable, to repent of the sacrifices he had made overseas.

He was less articulate than Jim, another soldier whose point of view was like his own —suspended. This soldier, an Argonne veteran, was still in the hospital, but had been out on furlough. He had come back disappointed, baffled, and the nurse in his ward told me that he was not getting on as fast as she had expected.

"Getting out on furlough was a great eye-opener," he said, "and coming home hasn't been what I thought it would be, I'll tell the world that. The people on this side meet us at the boats and cheer, and they cheer when the fellows march up Fifth Avenue with the wounded in automobiles. Also, when you get to your own home town, there's a band to meet you, and cheers and eats, and every one glad to see you. It's grand for a few days. Then you hobble down-town. You go into the cigar-store to see your friend, Fred, that wasn't drafted. Fred gives you the glad hand, asks you where you got your wound, listens while you tell him about the Argonne push —but, gee! He doesn't see it. He's been reading war stuff for four or five years and he thinks he knows what you're talking about when you mention shell-holes and whiz-bangs and machine-gun nests. I bet if you asked him to tell what any of them looked like, he'd be stumped. Fred listens just a minute, and then he begins to tell you about a second-hand car he and another fellow are going shares on. The rest of the talk is home-town, present-day stuff and, of course, you're glad to hear it.

"Then you go around to see your ex-boss. He promised that you could have your job back. Well, he gives you the glad hand and his best chair and a cigar from his real box, and you're feeling warm and prosperous, but when you ask him when you can have that job back, he clears his throat and kind of wiggles and says:

" 'Well, boy, I know I promised it to you, but I gave it to Al Meyers, that wasn't drafted. As soon as he got it, Al was married to that girl he's been engaged to forever, and now they've got twins. Al doesn't do any better work than you did, but he does as good, and he's on to all the recent developments in the firm. Now, boy, I'm prepared to keep my promise to you—the interests of the soldiers ought to come first—but if I turn Al off, I don't know where he'll get a job. He's got these two children, and pretty heavy expenses. You've got no dependents, and there'll be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

plenty of people ready to give work to a returned soldier.'

"Well, after a spiel like that, what's a fellow to do? You don't want to turn Al out of his job and have his wife and teething infants on your mind. You know if you did turn him out, there'd never be the right relations between you and your boss. You grin, and get out of there *tout suite*, but being still on crutches you don't feel up to having any more rebuffs while looking for a job. You finish your furlough, letting your mother feed you hero stuff. She always would, anyhow. From all I hear, the hero stuff doesn't always last inside a fellow's home, and it certainly doesn't last outside."

"But, laddie, the shell-fire and the horrors of war don't last either," I reminded him.

"Maybe not, but they are more near than just history to the fellow that's passed through them," he said. "I don't know just how it is exactly, but there's something wrong. I sort of feel I don't belong here, as if there wasn't a place for me, and yet it's the country I came pretty darn near dying for."

"It's because you haven't your full strength yet. When you're well, you'll go out and get a good position just in the same way you used to take your objectives."

"Maybe," he said, but he spoke without conviction.

Jim, like so many of our soldiers, is at the cross-roads of a new attitude toward life. They have come back; the family circles have closed lovingly around them, but the business circles regard them as units, returned home disconcertingly fast, upsetting a carefully achieved balance—welcome, of course; but then it is not militarism that is master now, but business, and nothing must happen in any way destructive to that aforesaid balance. But very many of the soldiers have not thought at all about that balance. They have been thinking in terms of the war and of home to a degree that civilians scarcely realize, and which they may be slow to admit. They forget the selfishness, the graft, the unemployment, all the defects germane to any human institution. They come back after that terrible interlude that has sucked their vitality, and they are daunted if they have to gather up their forces and search for work. The work, they feel, should be waiting for them with open arms. For thousands it is waiting.

Between all soldiers and all home-staying civilians there is a difference in point of view which only time and patience and tolerance and sympathy can adjust. When the men went to France they took their civilian selves for granted; they took their military training for granted; but now that they have returned, they do not take their present civilian selves for granted. They are thinking, as they never did before, of their country, of what it owes them and what they owe it; of the deeps of business and society and life in general; questions that do not occur to the average man in his early twenties.

My friend Jim is one of many just in this tentative attitude. He is at the critical point in his progress as a citizen and as a human being. The war has carried him a certain distance. Future events will carry him either forward or back. There can be no standing still.

As I offered Jim what philosophy I could, I kept wishing that I could furnish his employer with the vision to see into the boy's employment for the past two years. Like Jim, I wouldn't want Al with the twins to be turned out of his position. But if Jim's employer could have imaginatively realized just one of the scenes Jim had been through, he would have risen from his comfortable chair and never rested again until he got the boy a job which was at least the equal of what he had held.

I would stand that employer beside Jim, for example, on that moonlight night in Champagne, when his battalion knew that there was nothing between it and the enemy but some barbed wire; that the Germans meant to send over a tremendous barrage and then attack. Let him stand there with Jim all that long night waiting, waiting. Let him hear footsteps coming down the trench—the commanding officer, and with him the man of God. Let him hear the whispered question of the commander: "What are the orders here?" Then the whispered reply, "To fight it out where we are, sir." "To stay here till we're all dead, sir."

"And are we going to do it, boys?"

"Sure, we are, sir."

Then the words of the man of God: "Good luck. God be with you. Say a little prayer for yourself."

Then the long waiting for the day and the barrage. Jim's employer would learn how many months of stored-up vitality suspense could steal away in a night! Then the barrage and man after man smashed into a bloody pulp! Soldiers' nerves paying not only for the horror of seeing comrades killed, but for the wild hunted feeling of suffering loss and not being able to hit back. Let the employer go under the shells side by side with Jim, who is a runner between the trench and the P. C.

Let him share Jim's gash in the arm which Jim won't have dressed because so many of the runners have been killed, and his services are needed. Let him then accompany Jim on the journey from Champagne to La Ferté. Let him ride up from there to the woods on the *camions* behind the Chinese drivers—a bad omen, the soldiers said, to have Chinese drivers. Let him share the long night of digging in under intense fire, the long wait till later the next afternoon, the advance through the woods with the red marks on the trees, and the steady rat-ta-tat of the German machine gunners ranging by those marks. Let him push by Jim for six hundred yards and see a man go down for every yard—six hundred casualties out of two thousand men before dark.

Let him encounter not only the machine-gun fire but hand-to-hand bayonet fighting. If he went even this far, he would not need to share Jim's work in the St. Mihiel drive and the Argonne drive, to convince him that Jim not only deserved to have as good a job as the one he left, but deserved to have it ready to his hand.

Jim is a type of soldier who, if his bad luck persists, if he feels a lack of understanding, of sympathy on the part of his community, may become embittered and cynical, and he may become worse—he may become an active menace to the country he fought for. He may combine forces with those lawless elements, mostly from other lands, that are threatening to disintegrate the present forces of society and of government. Faulty as these may be, they are the best we have evolved so far and they need the backing of all good men and true until we have evolved something better.

In a park the other day I met Harry, a wounded soldier who is again typical of several others I have talked with. He has spent long months in various hospitals, with fourteen wounds received in the Argonne, which have necessitated operation after operation. I know, partly by hearsay, what he has been through, and the rest I know because, as we returned ones like to say when disputing a war point, "I was *there*." I knew him in Alsace in the spring and early summer of 1918. He had been a casual and his back pay had been held up. Moreover, he had had not a word from home. He used to worry for fear if he hadn't got his mother's letters

(*Continued on page 76*)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyrighted, by Underwood & Underwood.

"Good-by, dear," says Lou Tellegen to his wife after breakfast. "I must go down and earn our daily bread." "Wait a mo for me," says Farrar, "for I must earn the butter."

Bread, with Butter

By Peter Merritt

REALLY, without wishing to appear cynical or bitter or anything of that sort, we should like to inquire where it is all going to end—all this art-domestique?

When the Castles, now, alas! but a lovely memory, first appeared and sold the married co-star idea to a doubting world—that was one thing! They were so slim and delightful and so astonishingly able in their own inconsequential way that their being married was only a charming incongruity that set them off as a gingham pinafore does a pretty girl.

But, Heavens, what a matrimonial landslide their careless heels did knock off! Everybody proceeded to do it.

The line at the Little Church Around the Corner formed at the left. All the unmarried actors and actresses in the world married and got themselves billed together and had themselves "caught" by handy photographers breakfasting doveishly together in boudoir caps and batiked dressing-gowns. And all the married ones poked around in old address-books and raked up mislaid husbands and wives, and dusted them off and took them out to dinner and told the world that Mr. and Mrs. Starissimus would henceforth be seen together in This-and-That.

Geraldine Farrar married. Well, that was all right. She is obviously one of those people who have made the vow in their cradles to try everything once. There were half a million women who didn't see why the diva (whatever that is) couldn't have contented herself with a mere business man and left the most subtle and terrifying love-maker on the American stage at large a while longer.

But they forgave Farrar. After all, their spheres didn't touch. She had her Metropolitan Opera House, and Lou Tellegen trod the boards of the legitimate stage some distance off.

But they might have known that, like platonic love, this couldn't last. Who were the Lou Tellegens to withstand the lure of double-star head-lining?

"Two can live so much cheaper than one," said Mrs. Geraldine; and, "there is the loveliest suite over the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City, California."

"I didn't care for movie acting when I tried it before, dear," replied her husband, "but it will be so different with you!" So off they went and there they have been all summer playing opposite each other to the tune of the grinding camera. And presently we shall all have a look at what they have been up to.

We wish them luck.

But we hae our doots.

What is the use of our becoming downhearted when she sends him away forever, up there on the screen, when we know for a certainty they are going to sit down to chops and peas together that very evening?

And what boots it, howsomever passionate the last fade-out clinch, when we, who can read lips, distinctly see Geraldine say to the hero as her arms wind round his neck, "I am pretty sore at you, Lou, for not ordering those new tires. Before we were married you always remembered every little thing."

Maybe, since all this married co-star business has done away with the fan's incidental excitement—that of speculating as to whether the hero is *really* in love with the heroine, etc., etc.—the picture people will be forced to give us real acting that can stand up under the strain of any amount of conjugal certainty.

We fling this idea out to producers and directors carelessly, as it were—and free of charge.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Pursuit *of* Knowledge

By Mary Brecht Pulver

". . . the bond of the soul is loosened by learning and by experience and by discipline."
—Discourses of Epictetus.

THROUGH the thin floor from the room below there floated to Jasper White's ear a confused babble of sounds—juvenile squeals, a scuffle of chairs, shrill sobbing, noisy feet—and the rasping metallic commands of his landlady, Mrs. Keyes.

Now Jasper lifted his head in enforced resignation and removed his green eye-shade as the altercation grew shriller, sharper-pitched.

It was Beulah-Blanche, the refractory, of course. Beulah-Blanche in the insolent pride of fifteen years—hastening from brook to river as rapidly as her wayward feet would carry her; Beulah-Blanche who hated dish-washing, who smeared red stuff on her lips, and made sheep's-eyes at the "hands" already.

"I tell you I won't——"

"Then you're a bad, good-fur-nothing girl, an' I'll git your pa to make you. What you need is a whippin', anyhow. Every night this week you've traipsed off to the movies or somewheres, an' me not stirrin' a foot out. You can jest mind your baby brother one night—leave go there, Ben—leave go of him, I tell you—Oh, you kids'll drive me crazy! You two go over there and set in the corner——"

"'Twas him, Ma—he pinched me. I didn't do nothin' at all!"

"Shut up—you did, too——"

"You two set in the corner— Now I'm tellin' ye——"

"Well, I guess I gotta have my chance like any other girl. It's a pity Thays can't look after the baby——"

"Thays looked after him every God-blessed night this week. I'm ashamed of you——"

The words trailed away, blurred to confusion.

Jasper sighed and rose. It was May. The single window of the shabby bedroom stood wide open, admitting a soft, sweet night, turning a mysterious deep blue. The air was warm and mild, with a hint of erotic suggestion—of that languorous atmospheric mood that precedes rain in early summer. Through the thin clear air Jasper caught the far-away whistle of the "down" train at David's Bend. When it came to you that way it meant a weather change. But Jasper did not dwell on the weather. He was caught for a moment by the night itself. Vaguely he realized that there was no moon. Not that it made any particular difference. He was not interested in moons.

But he realized that he was, curiously enough, more in sympathy with this dark lightless night than with one of the dazzling besilvered ones. It was, he thought, like his life; uncharted, obscure of detail. You could see into it but a little way.

For some minutes he stood looking out silently, his hands in his pockets—a tall, rangy young man of twenty-two, in badly fitting, glassily brushed clothes and ready-made tie. Above his too-wide collar his neck emerged with that peculiarly tense, alert look the Yankee's often takes, giving his head a back-flung angle, his profile a hint of the hatchet.

His features were big, sharp cut, but his brow was beautiful beneath thick chestnut hair, and his eyes, dark gray, long-lashed, deep-set, held a curious ardent flame that continued the challenge of his pose.

The babble below stairs drifted away. The stamping had subsided into a single rhythmic thump—Mrs. Keyes jerking her last-born to sleep upon her knee. A door slammed somewhere—Beulah-Blanche, her point won, making for some festivity. Silence from the rest.

There was no reason now why he should not continue his study.

And still he stood. The air was as soft as a cat's fur against his face. The night offered a strange allure, a compelling invitation to go out and forsake this stale, stuffy house. But after a bit he turned resolutely back across the room.

It was a poor place, bare of floor except for a crisscross of carpet strips. Two iron cots, a brace of pine bureaus, a camel-back trunk, a motley of disfigured chairs, and his little table, covered now with lamp and books.

He taught the school here in the acid-factory settlement of Cayler's Point, and shared a room with Smoke Farrell, one of the factory hands. It was cheaper so. He could stretch his meager compensation farther, and what with the monthly allotment carefully laid by, also his books and extras, living thus was a necessary evil. But he hated it. The invasion of his privacy, the inroad on individual mood and habit! He loathed "doubling" just as intensely as he loathed his surroundings, and strained toward something better, finer.

Below the edge of Smoke's cot stood several pairs of broken, mud-fouled shoes. A jumble of disheveled work-clothes hung from pegs above it. A soiled motto, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," hung crazily askew near by, partly obliterated by an ancient cosmetic calendar bearing a curvilinear lady in pink. The top of Smoke's bureau was a crazy hodgepodge—greasy ties, pipe ashes, a blackened cob, apple-cores, playing-cards, some fragments of orange-peel. Jasper's share of the room was in meticulous contrast. His scanty supply of clothes hung from metal hangers above his bed, and the top of his bureau sported a clean towel, a full-shouldered celluloid collar-box, a shaving-mug and implements, a nail-file, an ebonoid brush, a neat pin-tray, and surmounting all—from the mirror's frame—a single photograph.

It was a young lady's portrait—a country-made affair of harsh glazed surface, from which emerged a small, pensive, rather sweet face, with a wave of thick dark hair brushed over one temple. Below the face was a pretty bare throat rising from a vignetted arrangement of white muslin, with—like a Croix de Guerre—a small gold watch fastened at the left with a fleur-de-lis.

The picture was the only thing Jasper was conscious of in passing—more acutely conscious now than he had been in some time—and when he had reseated himself, he opened his table drawer and took out a small, thin, gray book.

"Selections from the Discourses of Epictetus," the cover proclaimed, and on the fly-leaf was written:

To Jasper
With Best Wishes
From his true friend
Winifred

Winifred had given him the book the first Christmas after they had met. He remembered now how her cheek had colored, how her hand had trembled a little, as she put in into his.

"I wanted you to have this," she had said, "because it will help you, Jasper—with what you're trying to do. It's lovely. I read it last summer. And I wanted to be the one to give it, because *I* want to help you with what you're trying to do, too."

Just friends then—in spoken word. But he had known even then. Now, there was Winifred's latest letter lying against the inscription. She had written from Bradford's Bend, where she was teaching:

DEAREST JASPER:

I am so tired to-night, but I must write you a line. I wonder what you are doing this evening. The weather has been very inclement and the children have been restless and hard to govern. Sometimes I get so tired of teaching I can hardly bear it. In the spring one feels it more, I think. Then I remember the better days that are coming; I think of them so much—when you have finished college and found your work and we have our little home together. I love you so much, Jasper. Sometimes it all seems very far away, but I keep on loving you.

The letter dropped from his hands. He sat with his head buried in his palms, his elbows pushing aside his books.

"It seems very far away!" Indeed, and truly. Too far away!

A wave of bitterness engulfed Jasper and sent a choking to his throat. Why was it some men must serve so long an apprenticeship for the things others won so lightly? Love, for instance—one's own woman to love and to share with! Work—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Ruby Laverty here wants ye shall come and dance wid her."

intelligently chosen work that should help one to climb up and improve. These were gifts tossed at the fortunate of earth—to be served for wearily by the Jacobs. If he and Winifred ever accomplished their dream, it would still be years and years! It was too hard. On both of them. On Winifred especially. She was young and pretty now, but she got a great deal too tired. And too often. He knew what school teaching did to girls. It would wipe the bloom from her face like a pinching wind; it would shrivel and nip her, until only her tired, lovely eyes were left of her young hopeful self. And he could not change it—could not protect her.

College—why, he was only entering in the fall! There would be four years of it. Still others stretching away to uncertainty. And now he was young—in the high tide of youth. Both of them. Life called, but they could not take it. Why, plenty of fellows at his age were free to marry—did marry; took a chance. But there was no such chance for him. He and Winifred had talked it over; Winifred had called it madness. She was right, of course. But he was sick—sick of it—of the long waiting, the vagueness—and on a night like this!

He pulled his books forward. There was a little heap of school papers he had finished correcting, and with them a higher algebra, a geometry, a Gray's Field Manual of Flowers, a rhetoric, a Cæsar opened where he had been translating. He caught up his thread:

"*Quam ad diem ei legioni quæ in præsidio relinquebatur frumentum*——"

There was a knock on the door. It was his landlady's second daughter, Thaïs—a little whitey-brown girl in a whitey-brown calico.

"Here's Smoke's new shoes," she said, and proffered a parcel-post package, partly erupting through broken pasteboard. One saw plainly the vivid glories of excruciatingly yellow shoes within.

Jasper rose and took the shoes.

"Thank you, Thays," he said kindly.

She was a shy, overworked little creature, with whom he felt a curious sympathy. He pronounced her name as her mother and every one hereabouts did. It was a local flowering of romance, culled from a magazine page; and had Jasper met it in the course of study, he would have painstakingly assorted its phonic quality, but it, too, had fallen into the illiterate daily routine.

The little Thaïs—or "Thays"—looked up, twisting her calico in two fingers.

"Smoke's goin' to wear them shoes to the dance——"

"Is he?"

"Yes—that's what he got 'em fur. He tole Ma. You don't go to the dances, do you?"

"No, Thays—I can't dance."

"You had ought to learn. Beulah-Blanche says the girls all says if you danced you could be mos' any girl's fella. 'Cause you got more ways off a genelman than the hands has——"

"That so? Then p'raps I'll learn, and take you to a dance some day."

The little girl laughed, faded into the dingy hallway and Jasper closed his door. But he could not pick up Cæsar again. He stared instead at the faded wall-paper—at a discolored patch above the table where the spring thaw had soaked under the clapboards and stained it. He did not see the stain. Instead there sprang before his eyes a series of pictures built by memory. His life—certain milestones in it.

He saw himself a little boy after his father's death, sitting in the winter evenings in the kitchen belonging to the austere aunt for whom he "chored"—studying his school-books, stirred already by the embryo passion that was to rule his life.

Odd scraps rose to memory out of the books he had studied:

> Out spake the Consul roundly,
> The bridge must straight go down.
> For since Janiculum is lost . . .

Even then, while other boys were riding down the frozen hill on planks, he had hugged his text—had let his mind stray into the dim rich tapestry of a classical past. What manner of place was this Janiculum? What was Rome? A consul?

He was answered soon enough. There had been a teacher to set his feet on the way—a man "with a cough" who had come into the hills to teach. He had given Jasper the first glimpse of his vision.

Work there had been in plenty in his meager youth—cutting wood, running chores, stabling stock, tending fires; summers at clerking in the general store; driving quarry teams, shoveling charcoal in the acid factory, helping farmers with their crops, shifts at the creamery. He had worked as hard as any "hand" at incessant magpie labors through his adolescent years that he might ultimately have the things he wanted—learning, knowledge, the freemasonry of books and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

educated people—that elusive something better toward which he yearned.

He had followed it faithfully. Summer nights when other lads had "fooled round" in the station, at the drug-store, pool-parlor or cheap restaurant, taking cheap soft drinks, and larking it with the village belles, he had plugged faithfully at his text-books under a hot oil-lamp. He had crawled through the first two books of Cæsar all by himself, the year he went down to Angelsville High School to try for a teacher's-course certificate. He had worked out his board as usual—and had made it in the end.

At nineteen he had bought his first "custom-made" clothes—which lifted him in some indefinable fashion from his rubber-collared ready-made environment. With a bag of books he had gone over to teach the little school in Owl Hollow. That was a dark and lonely winter—ill paid, too, among ignorant, uncongenial people, but it had given him ample opportunity to study and reflect. In the summer he had kept books at the Angelsville sawmill, and in the fall had gone to a better teaching position at Morgan's Eddy.

And there he had met Winifred, at a little "social" party given by "Mrs. Doctor" Prentice, for the B. P. Y. U.

He had worn his carefully brushed "custom-made," and taken his initial step into society. There were other girls, but he was conscious only of Winifred.

"Meet Miss Pell, who teaches in Bradford Bend."

HER profession linked her indefinably to him. They were the only pedagogues present—the rest, just heedless ordinary young folks. He had kept rather closely to her side. Winifred herself seemed to recognize the bond, deferring to him a little, exchanging scholastic views, comparing notes.

She was very pretty. He liked the soft wing of dark hair over her temple; her strong, slim little figure in her white "hand-embroidered" waist and maroon cloth skirt. She had worn her little watch and fleur-de-lis as she did in the picture. He liked her manners, too, so ladylike and efficient; her table etiquette, so dexterous and sure among the others; her way of saying, "Not any more, I thank you"—where he had merely said oafishly, "Great plenty." He liked the way her little finger curved out as she lifted her teacup; his own hand looked like a coarse lump of earth, he thought. And, oh, especially, he liked her eyes, so sweet and warm and interested as they talked together after supper, and he told her shyly, awkwardly, of his ambitions to learn, to make something of himself. She had fired up so quickly. He had faltered out a half-fledged ambition to go on teaching—to work up to a principalship; but Winifred thought differently.

"You must go to college," she had said; "do the *real* things. You must go there first—when you've finished you'll know better what to do."

He had gone to call upon her over at Bradford Bend, to talk about it some more. And after the first night he had gone every two weeks. She was the only girl who had ever figured in his life. But she was very real—a necessity, shortly. That was the Christmas she had given him Epictetus, and in the spring——

He had come to call the last Sunday before she went home. Her mother was a seamstress at Fayette and she had sent Winifred a new dress—a blue lawn, with little flowery ruffles. The color of her eyes, he thought, looking at it; and as they rocked on the porch together, the idea of their separating seemed insupportable, and suddenly he found himself telling her so.

"I can't stand it," he had said miserably. "I can't stand it!" And she had told him she loved him from the beginning.

"And of course I'll wait for you, Jasper. There's nobody else—I don't care how long it takes. It's just you, dear—*darling* Jasper——"

But that had been two years ago. He had taught two years more—skimping, saving his money to enter the university in the fall. Two years! Two years of work, of denial—and he might never win through—and he was young. He wanted life—human happiness!

There was a thunder on the stairs and Smoke Farrell burst into the room. Smoke had come off the seven-o'clock shift, had cleaned up with pumice and brick at the tin basin down-stairs, had had his supper and was now ready to begin his usual Saturday festa.

Jasper knew the ritual perfectly. The finer ablutions at the wash-bowl, that should remove all traces of labor in the "licker" except the black rims about Smoke's nails, where his work tending still left ineradicable trace. There would be the sacred anointing of Smoke's person with sickly, sweet pomade and lilac toilet-water; the donning of a silk-front, purple-stripe shirt, a shamrock-of-Ireland tie, brassy gold links, blue serge, and the El Dorado splendors of the "mail order" shoes, that Smoke might tread the light-fantastic over Hobson's, the company store!

Smoke was peeling his shirt as he came in—a bull-necked, magnificent young animal, with a copper-red flush on each cheek and upstanding hair like autumn gorse.

"Aha—at the books agin! By Gorry, I believe yez eat print, professor! Yez ought to come out and play round a night like this!"

"Everybody to his fancy," said Jasper dryly. He did not dislike Farrell, who was a bouncing, cheerful, good-natured soul, but toward whom he maintained a politely tolerant attitude.

"As the ole woman said whin she kissed the cow." Smoke had bounced to his bureau and produced a cake of profanely perfumed pink soap.

"I don't min' tellin' ye this is one night yez couldn' keep yours truly home ef he had to crawl through hell back'ards to git out. Soft like black silk, it is, outdoors—turnin' to rain. God, it's no night fur indoors. Why don't yez git out a bit? Ye'll be an old stick-in-the-mud before your time——"

"I've explained before, Farrell, that I've got better things to do. Besides, I don't dance."

"Then why in hell don't ye?"

Smoke threw a splash of water into the wash-bowl and bent to it, bare to his waist. He withdrew his face, red and sputtering, buried in a towel.

"'Tain't no harm in dancin', schoolmaster—fur what I can see. Keeps ye young leggin' round. Out with the boys an' girls. An' to-night, boy-oh-John, I'd crawl through hell back'ards——"

"You said that before," said Jasper coldly. "If you'll excuse me."

Smoke was cheerful. "Not wishin' to bother ye, only it is some night. An' to think she's come back to-night—Ruby Laverty, I'm referrin' to," he added, sitting on the edge of his bed; then, as Jasper made no reply, "Yez never had the pleasure o' meetin' her, I'm thinkin'. Gone with her folks a year, and come back Chuesdays— By God, I wonder who'll be the first fella kisses her to-night. I'll be in the runnin' meself, I can tell you—I'm goin' to see will she walk out with me come Sunday——"

"That's no way to speak of a lady," said Jasper coldly.

"Who said she *was* a lady?"

Smoke puckered his lips and began to whistle softly. "But she's some girl, boy-oh-John. Why, last year——"

Jasper closed his ears. He waited silently until the Irishman had finished the *grande toilette*, to the last sprig of pink in his buttonhole and the too-gold watch-chain in his belt. He stood good-naturedly in the doorway to fling a bit of chaff at Jasper.

"You don't have nothin' at all, no good time at all, I tell ye. Whyn't you come out with the fellas wance?"

"Thank you, I'll do very well," Jasper answered.

But now Smoke was gone, the night oppressed him more than ever. He could not study. He must go out. A walk would set him up. He blew out his lamp and flung down-stairs.

THE scattering, tawdry street of the settlement lay obscured in the darkness. Only a lantern burned before Hobson's store, but through upper windows came a glare of light; there was a steady thumping of heels, the sound of laughter—a pervasive, cicada-like, whanging buzz—Beulah-Blanche called it "jazzing." Voices came floating out with the stamping:

"Oh—sis-ter—Sus-ie's
Sew-in' shirts
For sold-ieersss!"

Broken-down piano and drum and the tin jazz-tube!

Jasper had never gone to a dance. Only cheap wasters—hoyden sons of the moment, like Smoke Farrell—went to the village hall and idled their precious time away.

But to-night something new mixed with his scorn. Some bitter restlessness stirred in his heart. After all, why was he so contemptuous of something he had not even looked upon? Not that he could ever change his mind about it, but he ought at least to understand it, the more fully to empty the phial of his scorn—to realize the utter gulf between himself and these people, to draw new strength therefrom.

He turned and went up a narrow flight of stairs spattered with peanut-shells and bits of soiled paper.

In the low-ceiled upper room a hundred young people gabbled and postured. Couples sidled, crab-fashion, hideously about the room. Others on camp-chairs or window-sills cat-called, flirted, devoured, made love facetiously. There was the steady crunch of peanut-shells,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"What chance have I got here? An' I'm young, an' I want to live, too—like everybody."

pervaded by the whanging that connoted Sister Susie hard at her sewing-machine. He saw Beulah-Blanche go by—too tightly held—in the clutch of Shand Wilson, a raw-boned young Scot. Her head was thrown back, her eyes were a lotus-eater's. Her lips were thickly pasted with scarlet paint. Most of the girls, he noticed, had those bands of hideous artificial vermilion on their mouths. In the foggy, dusty light it lent them an impalpable quality—as though the only reality in the room were these imitation lips—dozens of laughing lips—of wooden scarlet. Then he saw a girl near the piano who had none, and he lost sight of the others.

She had lately been dancing, but had sat down between two cavaliers—Smoke Farrell and another. The youths were feeding her. Smoke was shelling peanuts, filling one great palm with kernels and clapping it suddenly over her mouth, choking her laughter. He kept his hand there until she had swallowed his offering, whereupon she would throw back her head and laugh afresh until her second devotee clapped a similar palmful of pop-corn into her mouth and repeated Smoke's performance.

Their laughter was very loud and the girl was beautiful. He had never seen her before. Her throat, when she threw back her head, was something to catch one's breath away—the line of her little chin, her open laughing lips, things to stamp themselves on one's memory. There was a grace, an ardor one caught even in a passing glance. Nothing in common with the coarse village beauties—like the Trevor girls or the Beulah-Blanche ideal. Jasper set his lips contemptuously. A lily—a lily-rose of a girl letting a big common Irish "hand" paw her like that!

A sick disgust, quite disproportionate to its importance to himself, arose in him. He felt suddenly a towering anger; a strange new hatred of Smoke's type.

Then he saw that he had been observed. The young Irishman got up, a shade reluctantly, and teetered over to him.

"Well, yez tuk me advice, professor—an' you'll be stealin' our girls away, I'm thinkin'. Dog-gone ye, ye got the chance a'ready! Ruby Laverty here wants ye shall come and dance wid her."

Jasper glared at Smoke. "I don't dance; you know that," he retorted; "and if I did I wouldn't dance in a million years with a girl that lets fellows sit there and do what you're doing to her. I'm looking for some one."

"The hell you say," Smoke whistled cheerfully. "Well, I'll be tellin' the lady."

The music went on. Jasper, turning away, heard some one say: "It's the teacher." Two or three young people drew aside aloofly to let him pass. There was a gulf—even *they* realized.

He went down the stairs more bitter than ever; left the lights behind.

It was, he thought, a hideous carnival; a travesty of pleasure; utterly banal, cheap, dreary. He thrust it from his mind; yet, irritatingly, one detail recurred as he struck out doggedly into the hills—one picture stamped ineffaceably on his mental retina: A girl—a "lily-rose of a girl," he caught back his own phrase, sitting with her head tipped back in laughter, all her lovely, lovely throat showing, with a great coarse hand pressed over her mouth.

II

AT FOUR o'clock of the next day, while correcting a stack of slates in the empty schoolroom, Jasper looked up to see some one mount the schoolhouse porch and stand in the doorway.

It was the girl he had seen last evening. Although it was early summer, with rich greenery over the hills, she wore a woolen tam of scarlet pushed back from her forehead. Her clothes were poor and shabby; her shoes coarse and unshapely. Yet she was very lovely—graceful and vivid—in spite of her shoddy garments. She had her hands thrust into her jacket pockets and stood surveying Jasper gravely, thoughtfully. Her eyes, he saw, were blue, and her hair the same color as Winifred's, nor was she any taller; but here resemblance ended. There was about her a wild tang, an exotic quality that Winifred would never possess. And even as he meditated thus she stepped inside, opened her lovely flower-like mouth and spoke: "I'm Miss Ruby Laverty," she

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

said coldly. "I wanna be sure I ain't makin' a mistake. It *is* the genelman that was at the dance last night and made that remark about me an' them two fellas?"

Jasper stumbled to his feet. "I—I——"

"They tol' me you came up here to do extra work Sundays. So I thought I'd walk up"—a wave of color flowed across her face—"an' tell you what I think o' you, an' give you a piece o' my mind, an' I'll tell you right now. It's none o' your darn business what I do—get that?"

"Yes—I—why, of course——"

"Well, then," she threw back her head as she had done last night and laughed scornfully—"'ju know when Smoke tol' me, what I thought? I thought, if you'd ha' waited a minute longer, I'd ha' made you dance with me—don't you think I could ha'? I ain't never met no fella yet I couldn't make do what I'm a mind to. 'Ju believe that?"

"I'm—sorry if I hurt your feelings," he said stiffly.

"Oh, sorry's nothin'," she said lightly. She went over and perched herself on one of the desks and sat swinging her feet with idle grace above the floor. "I ain't hurt so bad I'm a cripple for life, only—well, no lady's gonna leave a genelman stand there an' say things like that—an' jus' take it."

"But I was right," indignation boiled into Jasper's veins. "You oughtn't have been sitting there letting those boys touch you that way. It's too familiar—it's cheap. They're—roughnecks."

"Mebby I'm a roughneck, too. How can I help it if that's the only kind of fella wants to sit by me? When anybody else *does* come—he only takes a look an' says somethin' mean, an' then walks out again."

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry, but you don't care—eh? Yes—it's nothin' to smart Alecks and school-teachers what kind of a time a girl has—or what people she goes with here in the settlement. Look at me. I quit school at twelve—when Ma died. I got Pa and the boys and the whole house on my hands. He's drug us from piller to post fur more'n a year, an' now he's come back to help Cassidy run the 'vaporator, an' look at me! What chance have I got here? An' I'm young, an' I want to live, too—like everybody."

SHE sprang to her feet, both arms extended, and Jasper felt oddly troubled. She was like some young hamadryad with mingled bitterness and passion in her lovely face.

"I want to live!" Only last night the same cry against limitations had risen in him. She broke his thought, turning like a young whirlwind.

"Why didn't you want to dance with me last night? Ain't I good enough?"

"Good enough— Oh, don't say that—I—it was just—I don't dance myself—I don't go to those dances."

"I s'pose not. You're above 'em—those girls an' fellas. But if I don't go out with 'em, what have I got left? I never had much, anyhow—like some folks. Books—or the chance to learn anything—" There was a break in her voice, a sudden sob, and Jasper took a little nervous step forward.

She had subsided in a little heap on the desk again, knees drawn up, her chin in her hand. Her lids were dropped, her long lashes on her cheeks. Were there tears? Perhaps. She put up one hand—brushed her eyes with the back of it.

"Look here," said Jasper, "look here," then stopped.

There was an odd constriction in his throat—an immense wave of pity engulfed him. She was so wretchedly poor, so ignorant, so crude and yet so young, so vital, so full of bodily beauty.

"Look here," he said a little unsteadily, "don't cry—don't do that," as a tiny sob reached him. "You know—there's lots of other things than that, I mean besides going to cheap dances—and playing round with these working men."

"What things?" Yes, there were tears in her eyes. He could see them now—and her eyes were not like Winifred's—a much darker, deeper blue.

"Things in books," Jasper spoke eagerly. "Oh, don't sneer—you don't understand. You mustn't condemn things you don't understand. You can get what you want—by learning, by knowledge."

He was not aware of the quick flame in his ascetic young face—the hungry ardor in his eyes.

"If you—you come to understand books, and love knowledge—you can get any—any comfort you like from them."

"They do all that fur you?" she asked gravely. Jasper winced, but nodded.

"But I hate 'em," she flashed; "they had to whip me to make me go to school. 'Sides, I'm too old now. 'Tain't any use fooling with books. I ain't got any chance."

"But I could help you—" it was odd in what a torrent his words came—"perhaps you weren't taught right—perhaps you only need a chance to see for yourself properly. I hate—" he hesitated, then swept on—"I hate to see a girl like you going to *waste*—like last night. You're too good for that." Then, as though the words forced themselves out, "You're too beautiful."

The girl's face quivered—softened. "Me?" she said. "You're callin' me—beautiful?"

"You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen." Jasper's voice trembled.

"Me?" she repeated wonderingly. "Why, nobody never called me that before."

"Well, it's true. It's your eyes and—and your mouth. And the way you laugh—and your throat. I noticed you—last night. Why, a girl like you ought to—to look ahead. You ought to be above cheap things. You could make something better of yourself. Don't you know—if you go on this way there's just two things for you. You'll be a working man's wife before you're twenty—you know what that life means for a girl round here. And if it's anything else—" he made a sudden sharp gesture, "oh, I can't bear to see you throwing yourself away—blindly. Not if there's a chance to—to improve things."

"A chance," she said with sudden passion; "much chance I'd get, with the boys an' the whole house on me! How can any one learn or improve—if they couldn't be in school? That's too late."

"But it isn't too late," Jasper spoke insistently, "you're just a girl, and if you're a little patient and took the trouble to read and study—oh, just odd times—I could lend you plenty of books," he added quickly.

"An'—an' you'd help me yourself?" she shot him a swift, humble glance. "You'd pick 'em out fur me? An' learn me what I ought to know?"

"I'd help you," said Jasper, "all I could."

"I could come up here Sundays—" she said thoughtfully.

"People might talk—but, well, I could see you somewhere else, and—and hear you the lessons. Perhaps in the woods somewhere——"

"They's a place over at Buell's Pond—an' ol' sawmill. Nobody ever comes there——"

"Well—yes—" Jasper had gathered three books from his desk.

"I could—I could walk over there. Now these books— If you'd take them home with you, and look them over—the beginnings—just for review? And perhaps I can make some sort of plans for you. I want to help you," he said again and he came down and stood beside her, "I want to help you and I'm sorry if I hurt you—last night."

She had turned away, as though fighting tears, but took the books from him silently.

"I gotta be going," she said.

"I'LL walk along down with you." Jasper got his cap and presently turned the big iron key in the door. A hill path sloped before them.

They could see the receding folds of hills marching to distant purple—in the foreground the gray blot of factory settlement.

"I never knew no school-teacher before," the girl said softly.

"They're not much to know," Jasper said, and suddenly they both laughed.

There was a little clump of rock columbines dancing at the path's edge—a red-and-gold embroidery.

"You like flowers?" Jasper asked.

"Crazy about 'em."

Jasper knelt stiffly to pick them. "These have extra long spears, Aquilegia Canadensis," he pronounced didactically.

"Aqui—what? Oh, my God!"

"Look here—you mustn't speak like that—say such words," he reproved bitterly, "because you don't know the real name of a thing——"

"I'm sorry," she faltered and bit her lip.

The columbines exactly suited her as she stood there pressing the gay tangle to her breast—like a penitent child, he thought. After all, she was only a child; just raw virgin material, untouched, unstamped. Jasper softened. He might do great things here. His would be the hand to mold her, teach her some of the beauties of his quest. It was like taking a soul into his custody—a sacred charge, and he would keep it; guide her, and set her feet on finer paths; help her to find herself. She would make a fine woman—a brave, noble woman. Like—like Winifred!

He noticed now that the clear sunless air, so soft and languid, was going grayer. The sky was a cool dun. It would rain shortly. It was curious, but the fragrant grayness brought a touch of sadness. He fell to talking quite soberly—gravely.

At the foot of the hill their paths diverged, and Jasper lifted his cap, watched

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

her take an old wood-road to the left.

"Buell's Pond—Sunday," he said.

He spoke crisply, in a matter-of-fact voice, but his thought was quite other. She had a walk, a lithe movement, that exactly suited the hill country—springy, that was it. At a bend near some rhododendrons she turned and gave him a little wave of the hand. It brought that curious sensation to his throat once more.

Then he turned abruptly and plunged downward.

Always coming down from Sunday-afternoon tasks in the schoolroom he felt a slight sag, a reaction; a faint questioning as to life and its purposes. It was not strange that he should feel so now. Sunday was always dull, and when there was no sun——

He would go to service after supper, he thought, and then—his usual custom—write to Winifred. Winifred always wished to hear the week's tale. He told her everything—it was his buckler and shield against petty worries.

Well, he would have things to tell her now, about this new pupil he had come upon. Winifred would share his enthusiasm. She, too, lived for and loved his quest and would wish to help another toward it—"Poor thing," he said irrelevantly, and his lips curved slightly. Winifred would feel almost a motherly interest—she was like that in her teaching. She was motherly even to him. He wondered just how one got to Buell's Pond!

The girl, Ruby Laverty, after that last glance, had not looked back again. She had walked leisurely on up the wood-trail, but at a point where an elbow of beech and hemlock jutted had stopped a moment. From her careless hand the columbines drooped—so listless it was, indeed, that they had fallen, one by one, like drops of blood. Now there were only two left, and with an idle gesture she flung them away into the brush. Then she laughed. Tipping up her vivid face till all the line of throat showed, she laughed.

It was such a laugh as *Vivien* might have uttered when she left *Merlin* in the enchanted forest.

A drop of water smote her face. She frowned. "It's gonna rain," she said, "it's gonna rain like hell——"

Then she laughed again and sped up the trail.

III

IT WAS so clear that every sound from across the valley floated out clear and tiny on the lazy afternoon air, and a bee-song from a near-by clover-head assumed the soft booming note of a cello's G-string.

Jasper, his hands laced behind his head, leaned against a tree. It was an afternoon for drowsy reverie, for idle meditation, difficult to keep the mind from straying on erratic paths. Yet he had been painstakingly, precisely, at the task he had set for himself. Only a moment earlier he and Ruby Laverty had been reading. Rather, Ruby had been reading aloud from a Fifth Reader—Jasper correcting, interpreting:

"Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes——"

Even to Jasper it had occurred how remote and irrelevant the *Cratchits* and their Christmas goose were to an American hill-factory settlement salt-pork and warmed-over potatoes. Rather quickly he had left the *Cratchits* to their devices and had spoken of other things—English customs, the celebration of the Yule. Absurd, he thought, in a riotous Maytime, with the hills garnished with flowers!

Then she threw back her head—as he had seen her do that first evening, and looked into his eyes.

It was his second Sunday at Buell's Pond, but the fifth time of his meeting Ruby, for he had found a short cut, and had devised a plan for some extra after-school hours.

They had gone very well—the lessons—at first. Only to-day he found it strangely hard. Grammar, geography, arithmetic—he had not met with great success. Ruby's attention strayed; he found her mood wayward.

Now, with the flowers around him, he amused himself afresh. Botany, a subject to be neglected by environment, must have its dues. On a newspaper near by lay some uprooted plants, and Jasper, taking them up, tried to continue some earlier suggestions—the matter of species and genus, family relationships. But Ruby remained remote, detached.

"This is the crowfoot buttercup—*Ranunculus bulbosus*—and this is *Symplocarpus fœtidus*, you remember——"

"All that for skunk-cabbage," she said, with a little vexing laugh.

"You're not paying attention," Jasper reproved her. She had only laughed again, sitting curled up with her round chin in her cupped palms.

"I ain't so crazy to learn to-day—I guess."

"But you told me last night——"

"Oh, well, that was last night," she said, stretching lazily.

Last evening after supper he had gone to Ruby's home for the first time. There had been a book—"Twice-Told Tales"—

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

he had mentioned earlier, and he had carried it to her. Her home stood somewhat aloof—a shabby hill-cot of weathered shingle, ill-kempt, shaggy, forlorn. His throat had constricted as he approached, to think of her young loveliness prisoned here—carrying on a woman's burdens in such unlovely surroundings.

The glimpse he had gotten through the open door had shocked him even more. It was untidy—yes—dirty, actually. A disorderly clutter of dishes covered the table—a great platter of greasy gravy, with charred pieces of meat in it; a dish of burned potatoes. There was corn-bread lying on the table in a welter of crums; a lamp with a smoked shade. The floor was grimy and he could see shoes and garments tumbled about. An unspeakably soiled little boy had answered his summons, and thereafter a lean giant of a man, in overalls and jumper, with acid-blacked hands. A second child lay sleeping on the floor in the corner.

"Ruby? She's up-stairs gittin' ready to go out an' gallivant somewheres——"

But Ruby, coming down, denied, with a flush of indignation. Her lip had trembled a little.

"I jus' run up-stairs a minute while they finished eatin'. I run up to look at somethin' you was speakin' of—in my book of 'Vangeline.' I was studyin', paw——"

She had come out on the porch to Jasper and thanked him with humble eagerness for the book. She did not ask him in, but leaned against a pillar, and told him again how she wanted to study and improve herself.

Her face was flushed and damp as though she had been interrupted in washing it—the hair about her temples had curled into little tight rings, and he saw a fleck of soap-lather. The cheek nearest him was like a rose, smooth and moist, and Jasper stared, irresistibly fascinated. Yet he had gone away with doubt, with keen disapproval in his heart. Ruby was shiftless, even untruthful, in little matters—and she was not caring for her little brothers. Indignation had welled up in him, remembering that sleeping child, that unlovely table. He thought of it all now, as a bar of sunlight pierced the foliage and touched her hand. How well tended, for a country girl's, her finger-nails were. A momentary dejection seized him—a sense of the spurious, of base metal here. He hesitated, then——

"Ruby," he said, "don't you think—speaking of last night—don't you think you ought to—couldn't you, well, keep things tidied up more—I mean for the boys. Help 'em more—they're such little fellows."

"There you go—findin' fault," she said.

"No, I'm not—really. But it seems—well, I hate to think of you living like that. You ought always to be in—in surroundings that suit you——"

"There's a lot about me that you seem to hate," she took him up softly. "Ain't I tryin' to please you?"

Well, but of course she was. His indignation with her slipped away. He could not be angry long, looking at her. There was that about her touched the very springs of his pity, that hint of grace, of hidden fineness. There must be in her soul things that matched the outside loveliness. Not that this last was his concern—it was only that he must try to liberate this unseen beauty.

Winifred.

"Look," he said suddenly, "look, Ruby—we're wasting our time. Let's try something else. Let's have a look at the history."

"I guess I ain't got the right feelin' fur books to-day." She uttered a sullen little laugh. "I wisht—Ben Wisburn—he asked me to come up here to-day."

"Ben Wisburn! Why, he's a factory hand! You promised me you wouldn't let those fellows take you out."

"I said I wouldn't if you an' me—" she broke off.

"Well—and so we have. Here we are," said Jasper, "and you won't even look at the books."

"Oh, books!" she sneered. "This ain't no afternoon fur books."

"For what, then?"

"Ben Wisburn would know," she said, with a sly little laugh. The name on her lips sent an extraordinary tremor through Jasper. Something—some unguessed depth in him—was stirred, sent forth a queer filament of hate, and he spoke without volition:

"If that's the case, I can take my books and go. If you prefer Ben Wisburn——"

She laughed again—quite differently—a little throaty, tender laugh that sent his blood into his heart.

"Oh, now you're mad!" she said.

"Not mad," he fought to speak calmly, to conquer his absurdly mixed emotions.

"You don't understand me, Ruby. I—I don't care in the least with whom you spend your time. Not in any personal way. It's only—that I hate to see you waste yourself. It's only—I want to help you. And I'm so poor at it. I know somebody else would be so much better. I know a girl—a young lady—she teaches at Bradford Bend. If she were here, she could help you so much. She could show you the things one girl can show another——"

"Is she your lady-friend?"

Ruby had crept quite close to him. Her knee touched his; her face was tipped forward scrutinizing his—very close. He thought he had never seen a face so like a flower—so full of soft curves and tender lines, nor eyes so deep and jewel-like in the sun.

"Yes—I—we—I am engaged to her," he said in a stiff, unnatural voice.

She bent forward with a little shrug, tore a patch of tiny lichen from the earth.

"That's it, then," she laughed softly; "that's why you don't hold with dancin' an'—an' love-making!"

"Love-making," Jasper swallowed abruptly, drew away from her.

"Yes—ever hear of it?" She shot him a swift, amused glance and threw the little cluster of lichen at his face.

It struck his cheek with a soft fillip and he turned deathly pale. He bent elaborately to gather up his books.

"If that's the mood you're in," he said breathlessly, "I guess I'll be going down."

"Oh, I'm goin' down, too," she said lazily. She got upon her feet and took a little running step toward the woods at her left. Jasper, his back turned, still at his books, heard the light crash of undergrowth, the smashing of a broken bough—then her sharp cry:

"Jasper—oh, *Jasper!*"

He was at her side almost with the word. She was lying in the young ferns beside a dead log.

"I'm hurted—I turned my foot, I guess."

He tried to draw her up. She hung upon him, a dead weight.

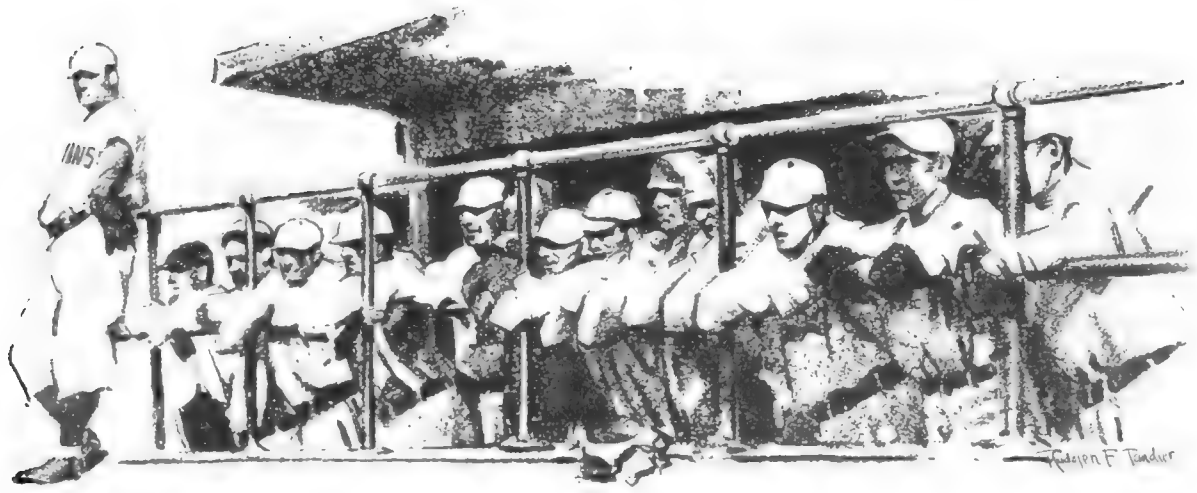
"You gotta carry me, I guess," she whispered, and she put her arms close around his neck as he lifted her. The pounding of his heart before had been as nothing to this, here with her softness in his embrace, her hair on his cheek.

"I'll—manage," he said in a voice he had never heard before. But he could not move.

Then she threw back her head—as he

(Continued on page 83)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Nothing But a Prayer

By Lawrence Perry

ANAK RAWLINS, one of the pitchers of the Puritans, en route east from a city in Ohio, gazed somberly down the length of the dining-car at the tables at which sat the members of the team. In look, in demeanor, they suggested a beaten outfit, and that is precisely what they were.

They had dropped the third successive game of the World's Series to the Grays, and the one-sided scores which had characterized each of the three defeats gave little hope for the deciding game of the series, to be played in the Puritans' home city on Monday.

The Puritans, in fact, were not a heavy-hitting team; nor was it a star aggregation in any department—merely a hard-working, resourceful outfit which had won the pennant in its league through indomitable plugging. It had been a bitter struggle, and the issue had not definitely been decided until the final game of the schedule; the Grays, on the other hand, had clinched the pennant in their league early in August, and had thus been in the happy position of loafing through to the end, saving their best pitchers and in general preparing for the crucial event of the season against the outstanding nine of the rival league.

But the very impulse which had sustained the Puritans throughout the league race stood them in stead in the opening games of the famous series, and much to the surprise of every one—including the Grays, who, it is to be confessed, were caught overconfident and flat-footed—they had taken the first three games. But even so, the betting, which had stood at two to one in favor of the Grays, did not change materially, it being the theory of the wiseacres that the Puritans were playing better than they knew how, and that eventually they would, to use a sporting term, blow.

And blow they did in the fourth game. The stalwart Grays rose in their might

and pounded out an eight-to-one victory. The next game they won handily, five to nothing; and the sixth game had been a veritable rout, the Grays romping to victory to the score of twelve to two. The swift rataplan of ash against horsehide was still ringing in the ears of the Puritans, as silent and gloomy, they addressed themselves to their plates.

At the table next to the door Jim Carrick, the manager, Mr. Carruthers, principal owner of the club, and Yank Ferguson, the captain, were discussing plans for the coming game, and their faces did not indicate that they were deriving any amount of comfort therefrom. As Anak rose from his seat and walked down the swaying aisle, the three men glanced at him a moment, and then lowering their eyes went on with their conversation.

The big pitcher needed no one to tell him that he was not included in such plans as they might be formulating. For Anak was an aged man; he was thirty-three years old—and he was through. For seven of the ten years as pitcher with the Puritans he had been a mainstay, one of the leading moundmen in baseball. He had been slipping for three seasons and he knew it. Last year he had dropped seventy per cent. of his games; the year previous, sixty per cent. This season having been retained as a mark more of gratitude for past services than anything else, he had lost seven straight games and had then been put on the shelf, so to speak, his function being to go in and pitch out games already lost, or to pitch to batters in practise. In the present series he had not been used at all. It would be his last season with the Puritans, of course; it would be his last year in major-league baseball. Rawlins knew that, too. He was through.

He passed out of the diner, encountering a group of newspapermen talking and smoking in the vestibule. He had known most of them for years. But he nodded shortly; they made no effort to detain him, as they would have done in the old days. Baseball reporters are like everybody else: they must keep their thoughts and actions abreast of the times; back-numbers meant nothing to them—at least not until they, too, became back-numbers.

The porter had made up the berths in the players' special car. Anak stood for a moment, watching the quivering curtains;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

then suddenly he stretched his long arms above his head, flexing the shoulder muscles. And as he did so that curious little pain crept down the right shoulder; that pain which he could not locate, and yet when he pitched a ball with anything on it filled him with unbearable agony, with agony that robbed him of control, and made of pitching a most damnable torture. It had come first one damp rainy afternoon three years before. The club trainer had been able to keep it in check for a time. Well? Anak scowled. He was not a deep thinker. Yet on the other hand he did not lack intelligence. At least his sensibilities were of a sufficient fineness to enable him keenly to feel in every detail the bitterness of his lost estate.

There was the personal aspect, of course—humiliated pride and all that sort of thing. But there were other angles. For instance, there was his mother. There had been a time when she had meant everything to him. But now— Anak's hand rose involuntarily to his face as though to brush away an unpleasant picture. He sat down upon his berth and took off his shoes. He undressed partially and threw himself upon his face.

His mother! He couldn't keep her from his mind. This big-league career, all the glory of it and the excitement and the multiplied incident, both on and off the field, had rather turned his head, he guessed. Money had come plentifully to him in his time; but it had gone—where?

He had seen his mother, in fact, three times in the past three years. The last

time was in the middle of the winter. He had found her worried over finances. The general store which she had conducted since the death of her husband, had a progressive rival, and business was beginning to flow away.

"I have the good-will of everyone, Anak," she said, "but I haven't the capital to stock up as I should. Then, improvements are needed—Oh, I know what I should do; your father often said I had a better business head than he had. But I haven't the money. The time'll come, I suppose, when—when—" She had stopped there, saying no more.

Something in the tone and manner of this woman who had always been so brave and serene and resourceful had impressed Anak. He was the more impressed through realization of what he might have done had he saved his money—or even a part of it. But he hadn't. Later, had come the surprising spurt of the Puritans, which for the first time in the club's history had won for them the pennant. That meant World's Series money; at least four thousand dollars if the club won; at least two thousand if they lost.

Four thousand dollars would enable Anak to make a supreme act of atonement for past waywardness; four thousand dollars would put his mother and the store on Easy Street; he himself would retire and help her run it. His prestige in the village as a famous big leaguer would help a lot. The more he thought, and he thought of it constantly—it came to be an obsession—the more rosy appeared the future. He had not written to his mother; it would be a surprise, a great, big, wonderful act of the sort he had read in the books of his boyhood.

Anak tossed in his berth, crumpling the corner of the pillow in his big hands. Chances of those four thousand odd dollars had grown as slim as one could imagine. Of the two thousand there was now the absolute assurance; he owed some money. What remained would help. But it wouldn't help enough. He had gone over the store and its stock with his mother; a clean thirty-five hundred had been her estimate and he had seen nothing to indicate that it was not modest.

God! If he could only pitch! He lay immobile for nearly half an hour, his fingers still clinched in the crinkling pillow. At length, hearing steps in the aisle he rose to a sitting posture and looked out. It was Carrick, the manager.

"Jim," he said, "if you don't care, I'll get off the train at Trenton and spend Sunday with my mother."

"All right." Carrick nodded shortly and walked on, his manner suggesting that he cared not a whit where his pitcher spent Sunday or any other day.

Anak Rawlins stepped from a trolley-car which had halted in the center of a south Jersey village, and stood for a moment transfixed as the mellow notes of a bell, swinging in the square steeple of a white church down an elm-shaded street, flooded him with surging memory. From his earliest childhood the life of the village had revolved around the clamor of that old bell. It had sounded the call for town meetings, for patriotic exercises; it had been the tocsin of momentous events; its wild alarm had summoned the villagers to fires. Now, slowly, solemnly, it was calling them to divine service. Nothing could have brought Anak Rawlins more completely to a sense of home, nor stirred him more profoundly.

Never in his experience had his mother been late for church. He glanced at his watch. Then peering down the street, he saw, in the wake of a knot of stragglers, She waited by a tree until she

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

came up and then stepped to her side.

"Anak!" Her eyes lighted. "My boy, I'm so glad to see you! You're coming in with me?"

"Yes." Anak fell in at her side, seizing her hand and holding it just as he had done when a little boy. Then she had towered over him. Now he towered over her, stalwart, erect in all his glory of athletic manhood, his high bronzed cheek-bones, square jaws and clear gray eyes. They went into the church, hand in hand, the music of the organ pulsing about them, Anak gazing down at the woman, a curious soft light in his eyes. How white her hair had grown! He could remember when it was a glowing brown. It seemed only yesterday.

There were lots of white heads in the congregation which were brown when he knew them. There were women who had been girls with him.

It was with no feeling of pride that his thoughts ran back over his life since he had sat here as a boy with his mother. He had lived, yes. But what sort of a life? He tried to determine, but stopped abruptly as thoughts of his life came to mind—his wife, who had been a vaudeville actress, and was now the property of a bookmaker.

They were rising to sing:

> Oh, God, the rock of ages
> Who evermore shall be—

Anak didn't sing, but his fingers were gripping the front of the pew. His mother bent toward him, hesitating, smiling.

"I'm going to pray for you all through the service, Anak."

"Why?"

"Because you have never come home except when you were in trouble. . . . Have you any special need?"

Anak's mother believed in prayer. She believed in it the more strongly, perhaps, because invariably she concluded her petitions with this reservation: "If it is for our good." Which after all may involve the wisdom of all ages and all destiny.

"Special need? I'd like to be able to pitch once again." Thus humoring his mother, Anak smiled grimly. "Yes, I'd like to pitch one more good game."

"You shall," she said, and closed her eyes.

Anak sat as one dreaming during the sermon, and when the benediction came he rose, combating the illusion that time had turned back in its course, and that all the things he had known and done and loved were awaiting him intact, unchanged.

"It was so little to ask—pitching." His mother was smiling at him. "Well, you *will* pitch, Anak—if it is right you should."

"As easy as that, eh!" Anak laughed a bit gloomily as the two began their homeward walk under the great elms.

The woman seemed occupied with her thoughts and made no reply. Presently, however, she turned to her son.

"Anak, you say you can not pitch. I don't know much about baseball, haven't had the time—I suppose if you can not pitch you can not play baseball?"

"That's about the size of it." Anak nodded gloomily.

"Why can't you pitch?"

"I don't know—a bum shoulder; something hurts like the—the deuce," he answered.

"Something, Anak?" She waited a while and then looked up at him with a queer smile. "So big you are, boy! I don't know where you got it—except perhaps from your Uncle Jason; he was big, too. I can remember when I carried you in my arms; then later you used to sit on my lap and tell me your troubles. You used to have to do that more than the rest of the children, always confiding and being comforted. Then you got too big for that—or thought you were. That was a sad day for me, Anak; I suppose it is for all mothers. You were so big and strong you didn't have troubles you couldn't take care of, I suppose."

Anak strode on doggedly.

"Too big even to tell your troubles to God. Yet He's bigger than you, Anak. Have you ever got on your knees before your God, Anak, and talked to Him as you used to talk to me? Have you ever prayed?"

"Takes more than a prayer to bring a pitcher back. In fact, they don't come back."

"'To Him all things are possible.' You have lived by the flesh, boy, and by the flesh you will perish. Pitch! All the years you have been pitching for yourself. Some day you pitch for the glory of God—then see."

"Prayer, eh?" Anak regarded her gravely. "It hasn't given you the capital for the store."

She smiled composedly.

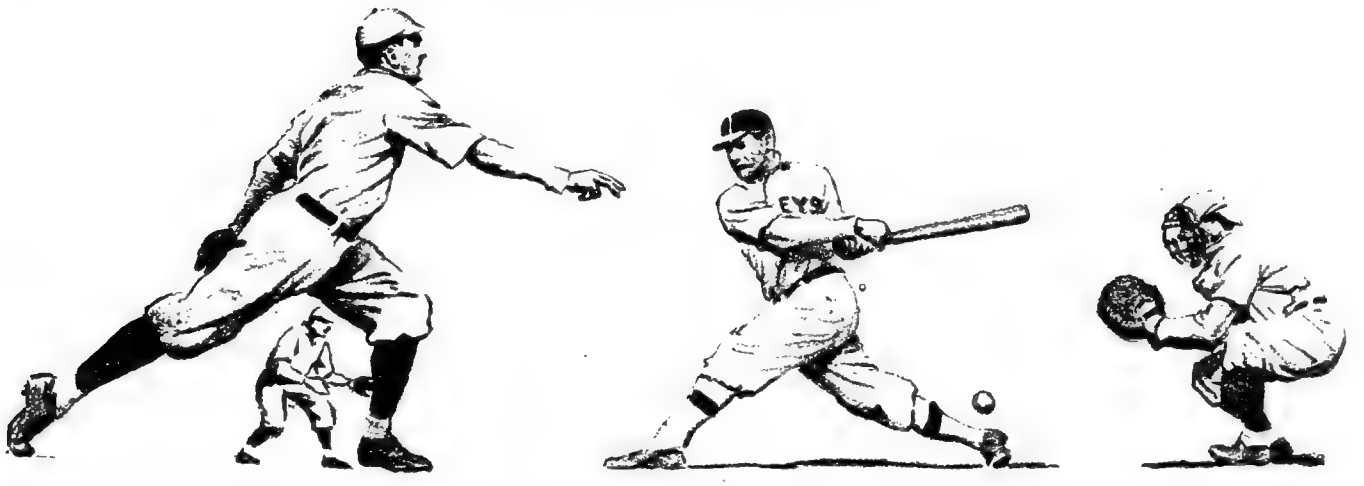
"It has given me what is good for me. God moves in mysterious ways. I am not discouraged—I am waiting. . . . Anak, you're only a little boy, after all."

He smiled sheepishly, pausing as they reached the trolley tracks.

"I'll be going back to the city."

"You'll be coming home with me, Anak. My arms ache for you. They can hold you, big as you are. You'll tell me

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



everything, every single thing—just as you used to do. And perhaps we'll talk to God, together."

And when the sunlight of a wonderful afternoon had deepened into a copper glow, bathing the countryside in serenity, a great, stalwart athlete suddenly lifted his head from the lap of an elderly woman and stared at her wonderingly. Her eyes were closed, her lips were moving in prayer, her face was lighted by a supernal sweetness.

Later Anak Rawlins went out into the night under the clean stars. His foot kicked against a stone. He picked it up and threw it; it whistled through the air; it crashed against a board fence—he heard the splintering of a plank. No pain—not a twinge.

"Oh, God!" He lifted his face upward.

THROUGH the various entrances to a great ball park streams of humanity were flowing into stand and bleacher. Already—an hour before this deciding game of the World's Series—they were more than half filled.

There were groups of rooters with fish-horns and ear-splitting rattles. Song-boosters, aided by the band which was encamped at one side of the press stand, were singing the latest ballads through megaphones, and through all the confusion came the staccato clatter of telegraph instruments sending introductory "stories" of the game to every large city in the United States. Players were posing singly or in groups for the camera men, and the movie operators were plying their trade from grand-stand to outfield. The tangy breeze of early October stiffened the flags and tugged at the bunting. The atmosphere was tense with excitement, suppressed and unsuppressed, in accordance with the nature and temperament of the component elements of the ever-increasing multitude.

The regulars and substitutes of the Puritan team were advancing to the batting-cage for practise. Anak Rawlins, his eyes burning with an unnatural light, watched them go. His gaze wandered to Mike Cushing, the regular catcher, who was backed against the press box, receiving for Sneeden. His leathery face revealed no emotion whatever as the balls thudded into his mitt, but suddenly, as the pitcher turned to pick up a muffed ball, Anak saw him grimace at Carrick, who moved slowly to the man's side. There was a brief interchange of words and then the manager walked away, standing for a moment or two behind Cray and Lake. Presently he shrugged.

"Rawlins."

"Yes?" The big pitcher turned toward his manager, glowing with expectancy.

"Go out to the mound and pitch to the batters."

The light died on Rawlins's bronzed face. He hesitated, and then with a shrug turned toward the diamond.

"Hurry up, Anak, old boy!" Yank Ferguson, the captain, brandished his bat. "Remember now, every ball in the groove."

In the groove! That had been his job all season—putting them in the groove. Sure! But that time had gone. Something had happened to Anak; he didn't know what it was. He had sort of a suspicion that he had gone crazy. He had no memory of the processes by which he had reached the field. All that was clear was a night alone, in the fields, under the stars, with the wind blowing through his soul.

In the groove! And the players would stand at the plate and lean against the balls, sending them flying through space in long, white streaking lines, while the addle-headed fans would applaud and the players would saunter away from the plate in smiling insouciance, as who should say: "That's the sort of hitters we are."

"All right there, Anak." Ferguson was poised at the plate, swinging his black bat. Ferguson's groove—each batter, of course, has his individual groove—was a fast ball high on the outside. Anak liked Ferguson. Of all the team, he alone had been sympathetic and kindly and thoughtful. Perhaps this was because Ferguson, too, was growing old in the game.

Anak scowled, glanced down at the half a dozen or so balls lying in the box, wound up—and fed the man what he wanted.

Crack! The glistening sphere flew on a straight line to the right-field stand, into which it disappeared. Anak watched it, quivering with inward rage. A sharp, resounding impact like that, to a high-strung pitcher in practise or in earnest, is like a lash to a thoroughbred horse. Ferguson grinned modestly as the clapping of hands was wafted across the field. He glanced at the pitcher, waiting for the second ball. Anak scowled. One groover was all he intended to give to his captain; friendship had ceased. Ferguson missed two that whistled under the letters on his shirt like bullets. The batsman was a fighting man. He didn't protest; he nodded defiantly at Anak.

"All right," he said. "Anything you've got."

Rawlins, who had been standing with his eyes closed, stooped and picked up a ball. He took a long wind-up and delivered it, crouching low as it left his hand, studying its flight with straining eyes. It was coming just where Ferguson wanted it.

Taking a toe hold he swung prodigiously. But the ball, instead of staying in the groove,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

dropped inward; the bat missed it by inches.

"Rawlins—" Ferguson's angry voice was cut short by Carrick's incisive bark.

"Come in out of that box, Rawlins."

Anak hesitated, and then seeing another pitcher making his way out to the mound, he walked over to the manager, who stood between first base and the plate.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked angrily. "I sent you out to groove the ball, didn't I? What do you think you're going to get at this stage, trying to make monkeys out of the hitters and get their goat when they need all the nerve they've got? You're nothing but a plain dam' fool. And those three strikes on Fergy will cost you twenty-five dollars apiece."

"Jim, look here—" Anak held out his hand as the manager started to turn away. "I've got it," he went on earnestly as the manager paused. "It's come back. I've got it, I tell you."

"You've got it! Just because you double-crossed a man who was looking for a groover, you kid yourself you've got it. What've you got, your glove?"

"Yes, my glove—" Anak paused, his eyes smoldering. "My glove—and prayer."

Carrick crashed his palms together.

"Prayer! You big farmer! Look here, Rawlins, you were good once, I'll hand you that. The club's appreciated it by keeping you on for two years while you died on your feet. I'll let you off the fines. Now go on to the bench and keep your mouth shut."

"I can pitch, I tell you!" Anak Rawlins's voice rose. "Sneeden and McIntire and Lake have all been knocked out of the lot. They've got nothing the Grays can't hit. Cray's got nothing at all; I've been watching——"

"Rawlins—!" Carrick checked the profanity that trembled upon his lips and, swinging around, was about to walk away when Ferguson sauntered up.

"I think Anak's got something, Jim. He never pitched to me as he did today——"

"Why, you great big joke!" Carrick's eyes were blazing. "Are you trying to alibi yourself for striking out?"

Ferguson, who was the quiet, intense type of ball-player, fixed his manager with his sharp-shooter eyes.

"You never heard me make an alibi in my life, Jim. You——"

With a low exclamation Rawlins advanced close to the manager. "I'm going to pitch to-day, Jim. Do you get that? I'm—" He thrust a gigantic hand, the fingers half clenched, writhing, under the man's chin. "I'm going to pitch. I'll kill the man who tries to stop me. I'll kill you. I'll choke you like a rat, right here before the crowd. Do you get me? I can pitch. I've got it, I tell you—got everything I ever had, and more."

"He can pitch for my share of the World's Series money." Ferguson struck the pitcher a stinging blow upon the back.

Carrick, at loss for a decision for the first time in his life, stared from one to the other. He leaned forward, peering curiously into Anak's eyes, eyes alight with a fire which the manager had never seen in them. For a full minute he held his gaze, then with a shrug he beckoned to Cushing.

"Mike," he said, "warm up with Rawlins; see if he's got anything besides a glove and—and a prayer."

Half an hour later as the Puritans came in from their practise in the field, and the band and the camera men were cleared away from the plate, and a silence settled upon the multitude, the umpire, a rotund man in blue, faced the grand stand, removed his cap and spoke as follows: "Ladies and gent'mum. The bat-trees for ta-day's game are: Puritans, Rawlins——"

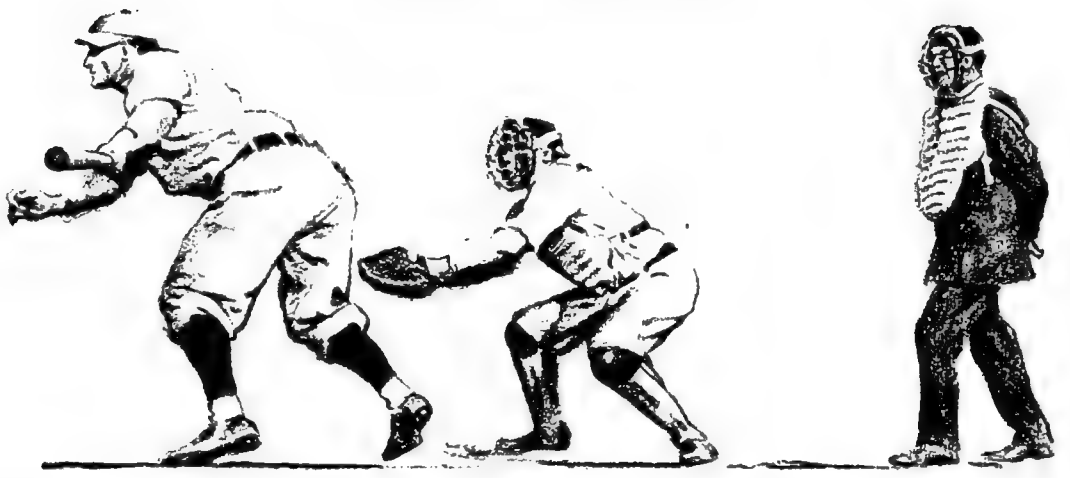
A roar, half of amazement, half of indignation, engulfed the umpire's further words. Rawlins! The back-number! The man who had been put on the shelf two years ago! Rawlins!

"Get a pitcher!" A man with a megaphone shouted this from the lower stand wall. "What you doin', Carrick, throwin' the game?" This from a bugle-voiced rooter back of the press box. The reporters, who had seen Anak's workout with Cushing, pushed their pencils with feverish intensity.

Anak stood immobile in the center of the diamond. He was not getting much help from his fellow players as they went to their positions. They had pulled for Cray and resented the chance Carrick was taking on a "dead one." The team, indeed, had come as near to a revolt as a team could which had been developed under the manager's iron discipline. Only Ferguson's voice from second base carried the note of friendship and confidence.

And now Corridon, the Gray's lead-off

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



man, famous as a player who stood first in his league in getting to base, stepped to the plate.

"You big back-number. We'll send you to the water-bucket in the first inning. . . . You've got no arm and your yellow streak is a foot wide."

Anak turned and regarded the Grays' coachers without the slightest expression. He wasn't worrying about their kidding. He was thinking about Corridon. Not having been counted upon as a pitcher

in this series with a team of another league, he had not been coached as to the sort of balls not to pitch to the various batters. Carrick was trying to signal the information to him; but Anak never accepted coaching from the bench. He had always relied upon his own judgment exclusively. He did so now. He could tell by the action of the batter's shoulders where his groove was. That man would get nothing that did not skim the outside corner of the plate, low.

He wound up; he let go the ball; as though shot from a rifle it went precisely where Anak had aimed it. A warm thrill surged through him. His arm had come back! Corridon didn't like the ball, didn't offer at it; the umpire called it a strike. And so he called the next one. The third ball came in the same place and Corridon, knowing he had to hit at it, swung viciously, the result being a foul fly—back of the plate.

"Oh, you Rawlins!" The stands rocked with his name. The stout man armed with a megaphone, who but recently had been so pessimistic, mounted the field rail of the stand, shouting, "Rawlins! Once a champion, always a champion!"

The throng took up the cry. Anak grinned. He had heard them cheer him before this; he had heard as well their curses. But Ryan was facing him. Ryan was one of the free-hitting sort, one of the sort whose grooves are legion. Anak struck him out with fast balls which hooked in under the man's bat. Rendall, the next man, went out on a puny roller to the pitcher.

Carrick was gyrating like a dervish as the team came into the dugout.

"Boys, Anak's there! Catch it. He's there! He's got it! Get behind him. Don't be a bunch of quitters. We want runs—runs! Stengle has got nothing but his nerve."

The answer came in a series of growls.

"We'll get him." . . . "We're back of you, Anak." (It hadn't been "Anak" for two years.) "Stick to 'em, old boy, and we'll pound that big stiff out there to a whisper."

Anak said nothing. When Carrick hit him upon the back, he turned and regarded him with the vague gaze of a stranger.

But Stengle was not in the box to be pounded to a whisper. He was tuned to the minute for this game, and he mowed the Puritans down in order in the last half of the first inning. Anak in the first half of the second struck out three men on eleven pitched balls.

"See him! See him!" Carrick fumed and cursed. "Can't you hit behind that sort of pitching, you yellow dogs! Even if Rawlins strikes out every man you can't win—unless you hit back of him. What do you say, eh? Are you going to lay down?"

The Puritans ground their teeth and yapped back at the manager, smote one another upon the shoulders, howled from the bench at Stengle until the umpire stopped the game bidding them cease. They were desperate men; too much so, perhaps. They landed on the ball hard, but their blows with deadly persistency went direct to some fielder of the Grays—and as a fielding team the Grays were unsurpassed.

The innings went on. Through the haze which seemed to invest everything but the home plate and the men who faced him and the ball he held in his hand, there came to Anak in the sixth a vague sensation of pain—that damnable pain in his pitching shoulder, a hint of that deep-seated, nerve-tearing, lancing twinge, to feel which had invariably been to experience the very essence of agony.

But now it was veiled—perhaps it was a warning rather than an established sensation. Whatever it was it spelled—what? Anak's brows were drawn into ridges. He needed not to seek an answer to his question.

"Hit the ball! Can't you hit the ball?" He glared at his team-mates on the bench.

"Sure we'll hit it, old man. Don't worry about us. Think of your job. We'll connect all right."

But they didn't. And this made them nervous, affected their poise in the field. There were two errors in the first half of the sixth, harmless, as it turned out, but none the less an evil augury of the future. Anak felt compelled to put more and more on the ball. Ordinarily this might have meant loss of control, but control was not bothering Anak this day. But it did involve a greater strain upon nerves and muscles—and this meant more pain. Once there came a twinge that

(*Continued on page 100*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bon Voyage— If Any

By Anne Herendeen

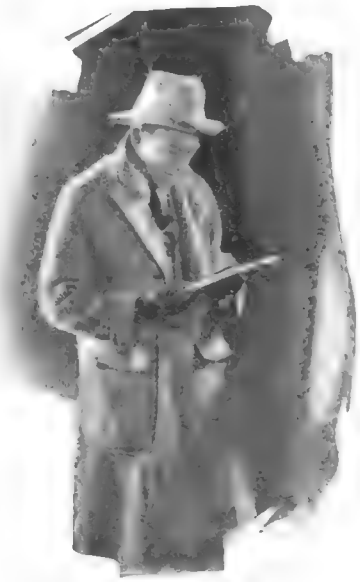
Photographs from Goldwyn

Lady lecturers and journalists, no matter how erudite, could not go if husband was over there.

IN REGARD to the gentle art of passport-spearing, so popular ever since the armistice, the State Department of the U. S. A., while occasionally reversing itself on unimportant matters, has been entirely consistent throughout in its main underlying contention of "America for Americans." The department seemed to feel that, given, as they were, a lovely big continent in a fine state of preservation to travel in—meaning North America—its citizens were fractious and unreasonable to be fretting so about foreign parts. In addition to the forty-eight states of the Union, by way of full measure the department threw in Cuba, the West Indies, Bermuda, Latin and South America (except Mexico) and the Orient (except Siberia), whither one could fare, even taking along the wife and little ones, for no stronger reason than "health" and "recreation."

To secure a passport for the rest of the world during the post-armistice period, it has been necessary to submit what the department calls "documentary evidence in support of the necessity of the trip." Right there is where the sport begins, for what tradition and common sense would indicate to be strong evidence, for more than one poor thwarted tourist has turned out to be the worst little break in the world.

For instance, business.



Bankers could go, but, oh!—

Certainly all good Americans have been brought up to reverence "business reasons." Even in these enlightened days of feminism all wives believe that Atlantic City exists purely for business men to hold conventions at. From the time we were told "not to disturb papa; he is talking 'business,'" to the first evening our husband was late coming home because "he had to see a man about a dog," we have regarded "business" as an excuse above examination and beyond question.

It is no wonder, then, that thousands of us have felt the necessity of going abroad "on business," asked for our passports on that account, had our pictures taken on "thin paper and a light background" and settled back and waited for the faithful postman to speed it up to us from Washington.

When it didn't come and we scurried to find out why, we were told, "The department does not deem it advisable at this time to issue passports for any of the following reasons: Attending to legal business; looking after personal property; renewing leases." No, business, in the old sense, didn't stand a ghost of a chance. But business in a newer, more sprightly sense,

Drummers, excuse us, salesmen, were showered with passports.

i. e., salesmanship, ah! that was a different matter.

Did you want to sell soap, clothing, notions, motion-pictures, motor-cars? Right this way and we will fix you up in a jiffy. I don't pretend to understand. It's just simply that shiny new businesses, all done up in tissue-paper and gilt cord, got by, while old-established, moss-grown, weather-beaten ones did not. This isn't quite true (no general statement made about passport-getting is quite true), for there is one old kind of business that continued to have the right of way right through everything. To wit: banking. But it is hard for the general public to disguise as bankers. The make-up is so expensive.

Next to "business," the general public during the past ten months has felt the urge to travel abroad in the interests of "journalism."

Taking their pens in hand, the world and his wife in hundreds and thousands have

(*Continued on page 79*)

Nobody could take a wife even as a very private secretary.

Well-behaved journalists received their passports "in due course."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This is a glimpse of the human element in a film drama on the way to the company kitchen.

Money in the Movies

By Herbert Corey

THIS is to be an article about the motion-picture industry in the United States.

There! The text has been read. The target, so to speak, has been pinned on the wall. A park has been provided in which I can mobilize my ideas, because I know that only by an effort can I keep my mind on the real subject of this writing. The moment the pressure is relaxed I shall begin to talk about money. And I shall deal in enormous figures. Ten hours after I began the work of inquiry I had a stub of soft pencil and was writing huge sums on the table-cloth. There is an intoxication, a glamour, a sort of necromancy about the business. A million becomes domesticated, and you can pet it. Smaller sums are kept in the barn. No one mentions two dollars at all.

The money is real, too. Or most of the money is real. Only the conditions seem absurd and romantic. If you can imagine a gigantic Monte Carlo in which all the players are constantly winning, and in which, by some upheaval of natural law, the house is winning too, you can get an idea of the motion-picture business as it seems to one who looks on from the outside. Perhaps the gambling simile is not a good one. Think, then, of a farmer whose crops grow passionately through sun and frost and rain and dry weather, and are always sold for increasing prices. Think of a perpetual bull market. Think of mines from which you take the raw gold with a spoon. Think of bucketsful of diamonds——

There is another side of the business, of course, but it is modest and unobtrusive. Now and then one hears of a man who entered the industry with $100,000 and came out with a stock of experience not worth a nickel. Or of the companies that sank fortunes so deep that not even the bubbles came up. Or of men who in all sincerity introduced their friends to magnificently sure things, and thereby committed the friends indefinitely to lives of honest toil. There are as many stories of this sort as of the other, perhaps, but they do not circulate so freely. They seem to lack appeal.

"What has become of Tom Jones?" you ask. "The man who made so much money last year?"

"Busted," is his brief epitaph. "Have you heard of Bill Smith's new film, 'Sinning and Winning'? He already has money in forty banks."

The truth seems to be that the industry is still in the formative stage. Only its present bigness and its future possibilities are now clearly discernible. Eventually it will be stabilized as was the oil business. To-day, many picture producers are still wildcatting, except that they are looking for ideas instead of oil. Such men insist that each fresh production is a fresh gamble. Others are of the Rockefeller type. They look forward to a safe commercialism. When that day comes the profits may trickle in rivulets instead of leaping in cataracts, but the investments will be comparatively secure.

Before I get down to the real telling of this story, it may be well to offer presumptive evidence that I am sane. When the reader reads that four persons in the moving-picture business are each being paid salaries approximating one and one-quarter million dollars; that actresses unknown to the stage spend $50,000 for dresses in a season; that an attractive title has been thought worth $5,000; that one of the great stars thinks $10,000 a fair price for an idea around which he can build a comedy; that a chain of theatres was recently capitalized at $15,000,000——

Well, the reader is apt to suspect that there is something wrong somewhere. But these things, and more, are true. The explanation is that there are 14,000 moving-picture theatres in the United States. Really, there are about 17,000 according to fairly reliable estimates, but many of these are "store shows" which can hardly be classed as theatres. It is a conservative estimate to say that the film theatres will average 700 seats each, and one of the most unexcitable distributors told me that each theatre will be filled twice a day for 325 days in the year. Many give four and five performances, and Sunday shows are permitted in many states.

Very well, then. Fourteen thousand theatres of 700 seats filled twice daily for 325 days gives a total of 6,370,000,000 paid admissions annually. Every ticket of admission was sold for ten cents or more. The nickel show was almost out of business before the war, and the war-tax definitely put an end to it. No doubt there are survivals here and there, due to exceptional circumstances or a willingness to give something for almost nothing in order to make a profit some other way, but the survivals are few. If only ten cents were paid for each seat, the total would be the impressive sum of $637,000,000. Moving-picture men insist that in annual intake the industry is fifth in the United States. That is not probable, but it may certainly be classed somewhere near the tenth place.

To bolster up these figures it may be said that a five months' survey showed that 2,550,000 passed Chicago's turnstiles weekly, and yet the total population of that city is not all of 3,000,000. Ninety-six thousand people paid to see one picture in Washington, District of Columbia, in two weeks, and the other film theatres did not complain of decreased attendance. The white population of the city is but 310,000, and colored folk are not allowed on the ground floor of the better theatres.

Such figures explain film prosperity. More people go to see motion-pictures than are interested in any other form of sport or amusement. Think of it! Baseball, tennis, golf, catboating, all dwindle into insignificance when compared to 6,000,000,000 paid admissions a year. The spoken stage is completely swamped by its modern rival so far as mass figures show. Its theatres are open for eight or nine performances weekly at the most. Children are rarely able to attend the theatres except under the guardianship of their parents. On the other hand, there is a film theatre under each child's nose, and the hours of performance are adapted to their hours of school leisure.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This looks like a scene of destruction, but it is only part of the interval given up to the preparation of lunch.

No wonder that ten film theatres are being built for one of the other sort, and that they are usually handsomer and more commodious. Five hundred thousand persons are employed directly or indirectly in the motion-picture industry. Fifty thousand work on the Western coast in the production end alone. One million dollars is spent weekly in productions. But the totals of to-day are infantile compared to what the motion-picture men believe will be the sums dealt with to-morrow.

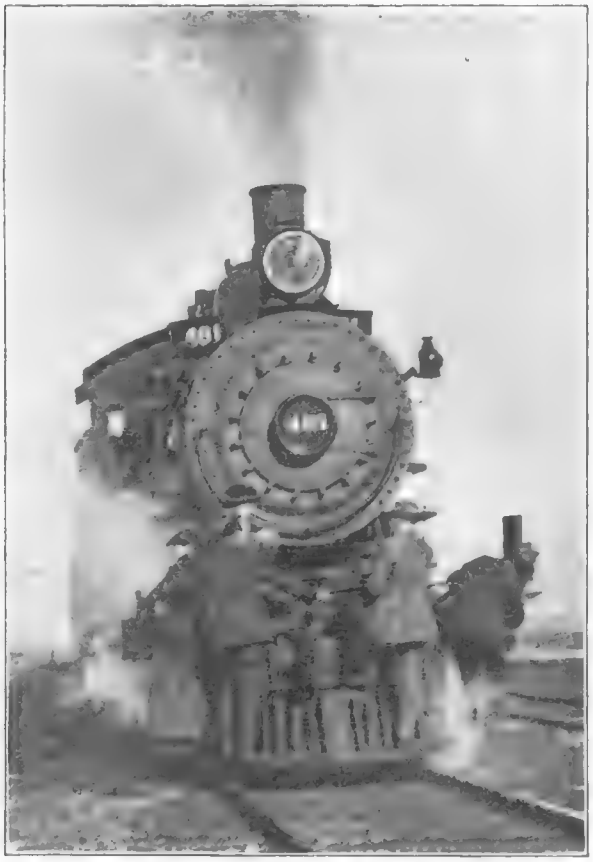
"Not more than twenty per cent. of the people of the United States are regular attendants at the film houses to-day," said the manager of one of the great studios. "We distinguish between the regular and the fan. The first goes at fairly even intervals to see pictures, but the fan has an unquenchable appetite. We believe that sixty per cent. of the population will be fairly regular film-goers in the next few years."

The backbone of to-day's business is in the attendance of young people from seventeen to twenty-three years of age. At twenty-three other interests develop, and they are unable to see the pictures as regularly as during the six years preceding, according to those who have studied the tables of attendance. But they remain as constant in their devotion to the flickering goddess as conditions permit, while their places as regulars are being taken by the generation growing up. It is only a matter of time, then, when the greater part of us Americans will be fairly constant picture-goers. Most of us see a few pictures a year even now.

With almost 20,000,000 paid admissions a day and with a reasonable hope of 60,000,000 paid admissions daily in the not-too-distant future—these figures are furnished by motion-picture men—the picture people have felt themselves justified in taking chances with money. The war interfered with them somewhat. Previous to the conflict, the sale of foreign rights was an item of vast importance in each producer's budget, but during the past four years that source of income has been practically non-existent. That it will be reopened is indicated by recent activities, however. One great producing-house hss already formed distributing agencies in Great Britain, France and Italy, and others are following suit. The American film is better liked in England than is the home-raised product. For proof, read the biting editorial comment in many English papers. The American film has its distinct place in every other European country, too. Under normal or

D. W. Griffith, Czar of directors, watching the "shooting" of one of his pictures which have revolutionized photo-play.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The camera on the extension at the right is filming "action" in the train windows.

pre-war conditions, success was opulently rewarded. D. W. Griffith probably spent $200,000 in producing the "Birth of a Nation," but the rentals brought him in $4,000,000. William Fox expended close to half a million dollars in filming "A Daughter of the Gods." Such productions as "Intolerance," "Joan the Woman," "Hearts of the World"—a dozen or more might be named—entailed investments of $250,000 each, before the first shadow fell upon the screen. But it is quite safe to say that the profits were more than one hundred per cent. A few years ago the film sought chiefly to register motion. Then it responded to the urge for magnificence. A gaping public became acquainted with huge temples and prehistoric cities of plaster. Nowadays, the tendency seems toward a truly realistic art.

So great was the return from a genuinely successful production when the foreign rentals were included, that the directors lost all caution. Money was expended in the most reckless fashion. One producer had canals dug near New York for filming a Venetian scene. The idea was an excellent one, and the canals would have fooled the grandfather of all the gondoliers—except that it happened to be winter-time, and the night before the picture was to have been taken, the canals were frozen over. Companies were carted all over the country. Expensive properties were purchased. One man bought the entire contents of a bankrupt restaurant, from fish studies to tapestries.

If the original idea proved worthless, the directors were given *carte blanche* to keep mulling away before the camera until some marketable thing was produced. Sometimes the result bore not the slightest resemblance to the raw material furnished the master of ceremonies. For one year "Mickey" kicked about the studios, for camera experts held the story could not be that produced on the screen. Finally, Marshal Neilan made it a million-dollar success. But he worked at it for eighteen months, and spent $100,000. If a studio found itself definitely committed to the production of a doubtful story—often the commitment was only in the stubbornness of the studio manager—the receipt for success was to employ a popular star.

"I do not believe that the moving-picture stars are paid the prices one hears," I said to manager after manager.

"We must pay them," the managers said wearily. "or some one else will get them. Or they will go to work for themselves."

It is not many years ago that Marguerite Clark was the pretty and tiny foil for large De Wolf Hopper. It is doubtful if her salary ever exceeded $300 a week in those days, and at the very best, the theatrical season is but forty-five weeks long. Some one tempted her into pictures, and it was found that she "filmed" well. No one knows just why one person films well and another does not. It is easier to pass on with the statement that one good-looking girl is good-looking on the screen, and that her equally good-looking sister is not. Sometimes a man who is definitely homely in real life is a manly masterpiece on the screen.

But this is getting away from Marguerite Clark. Nowadays she is paid an annual salary of $300,000, for which she makes twelve pictures. All the technical details, and all the cost of production are for other people to worry about. Miss Clark has but to decide upon the plays she wishes produced, dress her parts, and appear before the winking eye.

Nazimova was never paid more than $1,000 weekly on the legitimate stage, but in the pictures she once received $100,000 for four weeks' work. Her present annual salary is $600,000. Elsie Ferguson made a success in a lovey-dovey sort of play, but even with her percentage of the profit she only netted $1,000 weekly. To-day she is being paid $8,000 weekly to work before the camera. William S. Hart no doubt considered himself ill-used when he was paid but $200 weekly in the legitimate, but it is doubtful if his earnings totaled more on a yearly average. His contract now calls for $600,000 each season. Norma Talmadge receives $200,000 for each negative and is under contract to make five negatives a year. W. S. Farnum's stage salary was $400 a week. Now it is $300,000 a year.

The reward of the lesser lights in stagedom is no less preposterous—preposterous from the view-point of the average man. Mae Murray as a chorus girl received perhaps $35 a week, for she was pretty and clever. Now she is paid $1,500 for the same period. A twenty-dollar-a-week burlesquer paid for a Dakota ranch in two years. Three years ago an actor sat for hot day after hot day in the stuffy office of a Broadway producer. If he had secured the engagement he sought, he would have worked for forty weeks for $75 each week. He went into the pictures in preference to other forms of toil when the stage failed him. Not long ago he fretfully approached his manager.

"I've just come to tell you," said he, "that I will not work any longer for this measly salary."

A realistic battle-scene, upon which money was expended in the most reckless fashion.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"All right," said the manager, with equal fret. "All right. I'll not pay you a penny more than $750 a week."

One hears the most astounding things and discovers that they are true. A pretty girl worked on a Los Angeles "lot" for ten dollars a day as an extra woman. A studio needed a woman to do a particular bit, and found that she filmed well. So it was decided to make her a star. Her contract called for $150 weekly for the first six months, rising to $500 at the end of the second year. After the second picture she demanded $500 at once and $1,000 weekly at the year's end.

A "type" hired a taxicab to hurry him to the lot on which a picture was being "shot." Ordinarily types ride on street-cars, for the best of them are rarely paid more than fifteen dollars a day. The United States senatorial type can be had in quantities at ten dollars for the day's work. But this

A new idea in the movies is that of special plays for children, which are adapted to their hours of school leisure.

From a production which is presented with the exquisite art of the modern movie.

type was late and feared to lose his job. A bawling manager met him at the door.

"You—you—" began the manager. Then his eye fell upon the chauffeur.

"You're just the type I want!" he shouted. "Come with me!"

Eventually the chauffeur consented to run his cab back to the garage and walk on in a scene as a type of something or other. He was not a bit flustered about it. It had been carefully explained to him that he need neither think nor act. The director does all that for the movie people. He tells each when to enter, what to do, how to do it and where. In order that the characters should not forget his instructions he repeats them through a megaphone during the progress of a scene. One of the sights of the studios is said to be D. W. Griffith forcing grief or some other emotion into the eyes of his characters.

The chauffeur filmed well. Therefore he is now being paid $400 weekly, though his heart is said to be with his taxicab. A bartender made a few dollars one day shaking up cocktails before the camera. His features came out with cameo clearness, and he followed the director's orders with the careful obedience of a good child. That made him a film actor. Now he can depend on an income of $15,000 a year.

Theda Bara was never paid more than $40 a week on the stage. Then a star was needed for the type now known as the vampire, and no star was available. A studio scout found Miss Bara, she proved to be a success, and extravagant advertising made her a star overnight. A bank clerk traded his $100-a-month position for $150 a week. Little Miss Madge Evans, aged nine years, is paid $35,000 a year—or at least her guardians receive that sum. A freckle-faced kid appeared in one picture recently in a type part. He was supposed to be just a kid—just hanging around. But he was self-possessed, engaging, impudent, and had a really extraordinary equipment of freckles. His weekly salary is now about equivalent to the monthly sum paid his father as cashier of a small-town bank.

These salaries are paid because they are subject to the operations of the inexorable law of supply and demand. One would think that the woods would be full of actors who can act perfectly well before a camera. That seems especially certain when one learns the methods of the studio. A film play is never worked through in consecutive incident, as is a drama upon the legitimate stage. A moment's reflection will serve to show that would be impossible. Half a dozen episodes may take place in the master's study and the remainder in an open field. So, the pictures located in the study are worked off in a batch, no matter what may be their sequence in the play. Then the company is transported to the fair country, and does its bit before the director. Often the finale of a play is enacted first. Sometimes the director elects to begin in the middle and work both ways.

Acting under such conditions resolves itself into implicit obedience to the director. Often the actors have only the haziest idea of what they are supposed to be doing. But the effort of the performer is far from being purely mechanical—a mere reaction to megaphoned demands. If he is called upon to register grief or love or happiness, he must register exactly, or the screen knows him no more. Chaplin's face is so extremely mobile that there are moments when it is almost embarrassing to watch him. If a friend commits a social blunder, the evidence of the crime appears in Mr. Chaplin's automatic eyebrows. Another actor was a star upon the speaking stage when Chaplin was an inconspicuous item on that stage's backdrop. He contracted to work for ten weeks at a salary of $10,000 a week. After the first week he did not work at all, although he continued to draw his salary. His face was not equal to the demands made upon it. He did not film well.

It is in this fact that one person films well and that another does not—and in the complementary fact that there is a continually growing demand for the ones

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that do—that has forced the managers to pay the extraordinary salaries of to-day. Miss Pickford had had some slight success in pictures when Mr. Belasco induced her to return to the stage to act in one of his plays. It seems incredible now, but after having won a certain standing with the public through the pictures, she demanded and received only $150 a week. She was not a great success on the stage. Not many months afterward she approached Adolf Zucker, then the guiding spirit in the picture-producing company which employed her.

"I am so unhappy," she wept.

Mr. Zucker was sympathetic. He patted her bright head. He told her he would do anything in his power to relieve her distress. "And what has made you unhappy, Mary?" he asked.

"I have just heard that Charlie Chaplin gets eight thousand dollars a week, and I only get six," she sniffled into an extravagant bit of lace.

"And what will make you happy, Mary?" asked the paternal Mr. Zucker.

"Ten thousand dollars," said Miss Pickford.

For a time the greater artists of the film were content with the few thousands of dollars they were paid weekly for their services. Perhaps they were dazzled by their bank-balances. But eventually they discovered that their producers were not only making as much money from the foreign rights of their films as they were receiving in salaries, but that they were being used as carts to carry lesser artists. That worked out this way: A distributor might have one great star and several lesser twinklers. The exhibitor preferred to purvey a steady diet of Harts and Mixes and Nazimovas to his customers, but there are not enough films of this sort to go around.

"If you get one big star, you must take four little fellows," said the distributor.

One consequence was that the minors obtained more money than the majors believed them worth in the open market, while the income of the majors was correspondingly decreased. An exhibitor might be able to rent a Chaplin film, for example, for $500 if he took that film alone. But if he obligated himself to take four other films of less consequence along with Chaplin, the big picture might be billed to him for $300. The majors realized they had been unjust to themselves. So Miss Pickford recently refused a contract for three years of a million dollars a year, and Fairbanks turned down an equal sum, and Chaplin declined to renew his contract at a million and a quarter dollars for about a year's work. They have organized themselves as the Big Four, with David Griffith as the Big Fourth.

"In this way we will get all the money," they said to themselves.

Up to this time, not a great deal of attention had been paid to the rights of the author. It is true that large sums have been paid for the picture rights to well-known plays and stories, but the money was really paid for the advertising the properties had received. The picture people for the most part had a singular indifference to the feelings of an author.

Time after time an author parted with the picture rights in all good humor, only to learn that an autocratic director differed with him as to the manner in which the story should be treated. All directors believe firmly in the virtues of a happy ending. It is thought to have a most benevolent effect upon the box-office.

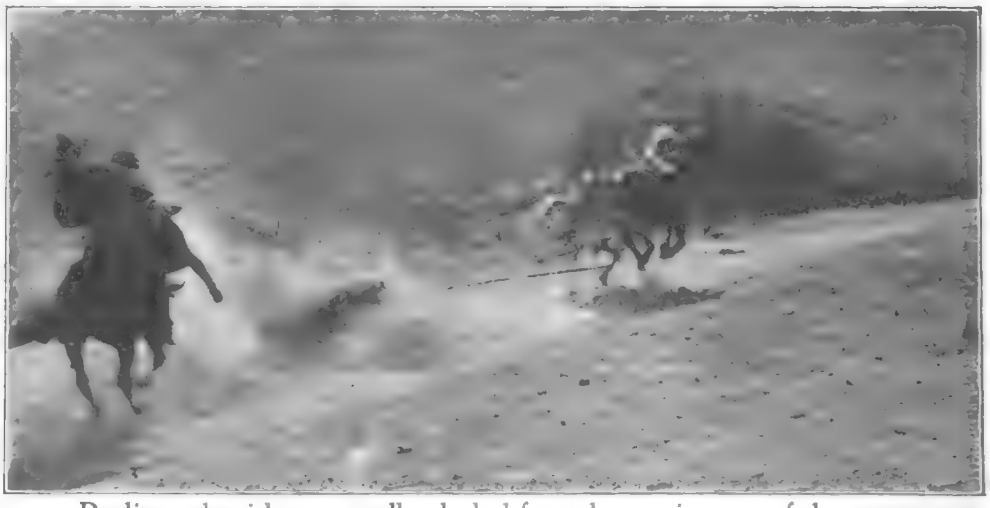
Even yet, the directors hold firm to their theory. Perhaps they are right. Griffith alone has had enough courage to challenge it, in "Broken Blossoms." This is a bit of bare and brutal realism. Its sordid and depressing story is relieved by one glint of sunshine. It is conceived with such exquisite art, however, that even its critics admit it marks an infinite step forward. But they insist it will not pay.

As one result of the managerial attitude, some authors preferred to forego the money to be gained by selling screen rights. Others sold the rights and carefully avoided seeing the pictured results. They knew their ugly heroine—in a story in which the whole point was that the heroine was ugly—would swish through in a Paquin gown, and languidly lift a perfect arm against a background of velvet to call attention to a classic profile. Also, authors were not always treated with loving care by the producers. There is an historic instance of one author who wound up $40,000 out of pocket. He does not know precisely how.

But the combination of big stars was followed by a combination of little stars, and so producers were set a-thinking. It was obvious that authors could not combine of themselves, first because authors could never agree, and secondly because there is no form of organization copious enough to take in all who write for the pictures. But producers might combine groups of authors. That has been done. Rex Beach and Gertrude Atherton—who, having become a film writer, recently drew a passionate indictment of the snobs who refuse to see the films—and Stewart Edward White and Emerson Hough and a raft of others have already been put under contract by various producers. As an added attraction, it is announced that these authors will personally supervise the production of the pictures based on their stories.

"That means trouble," said one emperor of the camera. "Smith held us up for three weeks and cost us $22,000. Finally we had to make over the ending to suit him."

Unfortunate movie actors were forced to stay in this burning house until it was pulled over.



Realism—the girl was actually plucked from the running-gear of the wagon.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A sensational stunt in Western drama. The man, hanging head downward, was actually roped by the cowboy star, the rope thrown over the flagpole.

"How did you make it over?" I asked.

"Like it was in the book," said the emperor.

The important fact underlying this grouping of authors is that the producers have come to the conclusion that the story is as important, almost, as the star. In this, they are following the example of the legitimate stage. Not many years ago emphasis was placed upon the name of the star in theatrical advertising. To-day far more is placed upon the excellence of the story. One of the most successful of the picture magnates holds that the star is becoming increasingly unimportant. To-day the producer must pay through the nose for "personality," but he hopes that to-morrow conditions will be better. A story by a well-known author or a play that has had a popular success will always be profitable on the screen, he says—granted that it is artistically produced—whether a well-known actor appears in the cast or not.

One reason for this somewhat belated recognition of the value of the author and the story is that many of the first producers in the picture field have dropped out, or are no longer active in studio management. Many of these men were of the street-fair class—gamblers by instinct and strollers by profession—who had seen a magnificent opportunity to make easy money when pictures first became popular. The fact that a motion-picture actually moved was its principal appeal to them, as it was to the first audiences.

Then they began the production of slapstick comedy, and the most lurid of pictured melodrama, and finally found in the sex dramas a source of further profit. But they wholly failed to keep abreast either of the advance in the art of the film or in the quality of the audiences. Their mentalities would not stretch to fit progress. Their formula to gain success was to hire a well-advertised actor and a successful director, cover the billboards with red and white and black, and do odd things with the ledgers. Tame scenario writers sat in back rooms and "adapted" stories. That is a handy phrase—to "adapt." It covers many things. Sometimes the adaptation was so complete that the outraged authors found the words of their stories in the subtitles of the films.

Then the supply of uncopyrighted stories and easily stealable stories and cheaply purchasable stories ran out, and producers began to pay for scenarios in real money Not in large sums of money, you will understand. The rule was to treat the author like a stepchild, and beat him down as far as possible. But the money was real. Literary men, however, are impossible persons to deal with. Writers found that producers cheerfully spent and wasted $50,000 in the production of stories for which they had reluctantly paid $300, and a regrettable prejudice against producers grew in the literary breast. They continued to sell to the films in many cases. Business, you understand, is business. But they were unhappy in their dealings. Not long ago the producers awakened to the fact that the readily available supply of stories had been depleted. Old films were pulled out of cubbyholes and made over. Pictures that had been forgotten were advertised as revived masterpieces.

"We have 2,000 old films for sale," said an agent of one of the earliest producing companies. "The film is worthless, of course, for it is broken and brittle. But some of the stories are worth doing over."

Upon examination, one producer determined that in the 2,000 ribbons perhaps 300 stories were available for remaking. He made a verbal offer of $35,000 for the lot and the agent accepted it. A check was sent, but in the meantime the agent had fallen ill. His substitute at the office examined the situation, refused to be bound by the original agreement, and returned

(*Continued on page 72*)

Filming the head-on collision of an automobile with a post.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Man *for the* Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "Eben Holden," "The Light in the Clearing," etc.

CHAPTER NINE

(Continued)

SAMSON spoke not more than a dozen words on his way back to New Salem. Amazed and a little shocked by his own conduct, he sat thinking. After all he had heard and seen, the threat of the young upstart provoked him beyond his power of endurance. Trained to the love of liberty and justice, the sensitive mind of the New Englander had been hurt by the story of the fugitives. Upon his hurt the young man had poured the turpentine of haughty, imperial manners. In all the strange adventure it seemed to him that he had felt the urge of God—in the letter of Lovejoy, in the prayers of the negro woman and the minister, in his own wrath. The more he thought of it the less inclined he was to reproach himself for his violence. Slavery was a relic of ancient imperialism. It had no right in free America. There could be no peace with it save for a little time. He would write to his friends of what he had learned of the brutalities of slavery. The Missourians would tell their friends of the lawless and violent men of the North who cared not a fig for the property rights of a Southerner. The stories would travel like fire in dry grass.

So, swiftly, the thoughts of men were being prepared for the great battle-lines of the future. Samson saw the peril of it.

As they rode along, young Mr. Biggs took a flask half full of whisky from his pocket and offered it to Samson. The latter refused this tender courtesy, and the young man drank alone. He complained of pain, and Samson made a sling of his muffler and put it over the neck and arm of the injured Biggs, and drove with care to avoid jolting. For the first time Samson took a careful and sympathetic look at him. He was a handsome youth about six feet tall with dark eyes and hair and a small black mustache, and teeth very white and even.

In New Salem, Samson took him to Dr. Allen's office and helped the doctor in setting the broken bone. Then he went to Offut's store and found Abe reading his law book, and gave him an account of his adventure.

"I'm both glad and sorry," said Abe. "I'm glad that you licked the slaver and got the negroes out of his reach. I reckon I'd have done the same if I could. I'm sorry, because it looks to me like the beginning of many troubles. The whole subject of slavery is full of danger. Naturally, Southern men will fight for their property, and there is a growing number in the North who will fight for their principles. If they all get to fighting I wonder what will become of the country. It reminds me of a man who found a skunk in his house. His boy was going after the critter with a club.

" 'Look here, boy,' he said, 'when you've got a skunk in the house it's a good time to be careful. You might spile the skunk with that club, but the skunk would be right certain to spile the house. While he's our guest I reckon we'll have to be polite whether we want to or not.' "

"Looks to me as if that skunk had come to stay until he's put out," said Samson.

"That may be," Abe answered. "But I keep hopin' that we can swap a hen for the house and get rid of him. Anyhow, it's a good time to be careful."

"He may be glad to live with me, but I ain't willin' to live with him," Samson rejoined. "I ain't awful proud, but his station in life is a leetle too far below mine. If I tried to live with him, I would get the smell on my soul so that St. Peter would wonder what to do with me."

Abe laughed. "That touches the core of the trouble," said he. "In the North most men have begun to think of the effect of slavery on the soul; in the South a vast majority are thinking of its effect on the pocket. One stands for a moral and the other for a legal right."

"But one is righter than the other," Samson insisted.

That evening Samson set down the events of the day in his book, and quoted the dialogue in Offut's store in which he had had a part. On the first of February, 1840, he put these words under the entry:

"I wouldn't wonder if this was the first trip on the underground railroad."

With red cheeks and bright eyes she was a glowing picture.

SYNOPSIS

A LETTER from his grandson to Mr. Bacheller tells how this story came to be written; how a young wounded soldier in France urged his grandfather to aid the cause of humanity by writing the life of America's greatest democrat—Abraham Lincoln—in the way that only a man with the kind of information Mr. Bacheller possesses could do it. The beginning of the story follows: It tells how Samson Henry Traylor, his wife Sarah, their two children and their dog Sambo, in the year 1831, journey from Vermont, through the wilderness to the land of plenty in the West. They have numerous adventures; meetings with interesting characters; the fever and ague; and their first sight of a steamboat and locomotive! They find Harry Needles, a handsome Yankee lad, wandering sick and alone, and they take him in, nurse him till he is well, and then add him to their company. Finally, the Traylors reach New Salem, Illinois, where they are heartily welcomed and urged to remain. They are introduced to the Rutledges, who keep the inn, Jack Kelso, the scholar, Bill Berry of Lincoln and Berry's store, and at last to Honest Abe himself. That evening Samson gets his first glimpse of the latent power in the big, ungainly but very kind-hearted youth. Soon after their arrival the Traylors build a home with the help of their neighbors, work on which is interrupted by a number of intoxicated young men from Clary's Grove. A fight follows, in which Jack Armstrong, the leader and a bully, is downed by Abe; and Samson, even more powerful than the giant Lincoln, lends an iron hand which speedily disposes of the rowdies. The Traylors give a house-warming when their home is finished. Among this company of Lincoln's friends is the charming Bim, daughter of Jack Kelso, who falls in love with Harry Needles.

Life for the Traylors becomes settled—they are now part of New Salem, but they have not lived there long, before Samson obtains a glimpse of the underground railroad, about the time of its beginning, when two fugitive slaves come to him seeking shelter, and aid to escape from their cruel owner.

CHAPTER TEN

In which Mr. Eliphalet Biggs gets acquainted with Bim Kelso and her father.

IN A musty old ledger kept by James Rutledge, the owner of Rutledge's Tavern in the year 1832, is an entry under

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the date of January thirty-first which reads as follows:

"Arrived this day Eliphalet Biggs, of 26 Olive Street, St. Louis, with one horse."

Young Mr. Biggs remained at Rutledge's Tavern for three weeks, with his arm in a sling, under the eye of the good doctor. The Rutledges were Kentucky folk and there the young man had found a sympathetic hearing and tender care. Dr. Allen had forbidden him the use of ardent spirits while the bone was knitting, and so these three weeks were a high point in his life, so to speak.

It had done him good to be hurled against a barn-door and to fall trembling and confused at the feet of his master. He had never met his master until he had reached Hopedale that morning. The event had been too long delayed. Encouraged by idleness and conceit and alcohol, evil passions had grown rank in the soil of his spirit. Restraint had been a thing unknown to him. He had ruled the little world in which he had lived by a sense of divine right. He was a prince of Egoland—that province of America which had only half yielded itself to the principles of democracy.

Sobriety and the barn-door had been a help to his soul. More of these heroic remedies might have saved him. He was like one exiled for a term from his native heath. After the ancient fashion of princes, he had at first meditated the assassination of the man who had blocked his way. Deprived of the heat of alcohol, his purpose had sickened and died.

It must be said that he served his term as a sober human being quite gracefully, being a well-born youth of some education. A few days he spent mostly in bed, while his friend who had come on from Hopedale took care of him. Soon he began to walk about, and his friend returned to St. Louis.

His fine manners and handsome form and face captured the little village, most of whose inhabitants had come from Kentucky. They knew a gentleman when they saw him; they felt a touch of awe in his presence. Mr. Biggs claimed to have got his hurt from a fall from his horse, pride leading him to clothe the facts in prevarication. If the truth had been known just then, Samson would have suffered a heavy loss of popularity in New Salem.

A week after his arrival, Ann Rutledge walked over to Jack Kelso's with him. Bim fled up the stick-ladder as soon as they entered the door. Mr. Kelso was away on a fox hunt. Ann went to the ladder and called:

"Bim, I saw you fly up that ladder. Come back down. Here's a right nice young man come to see you."

"What kind of a looking fellow is he?" Bim called.

"Oh, purty as a picture, black eyes and hair and teeth like pearls, tall and straight as a yardstick, and he's got a b-e-e-autiful little mustache."

"A mustache! Gosh!" Bim shouted. "I wish there was a knot-hole in this floor."

"Come on down here," Ann urged.

"I'm scared," was the answer.

"His cheeks are as red as roses, he's got a lovely ring and a big watch-chain—pure gold and yaller as a dandelion. You come down here."

"That'll do," Bim answered. "I'll be down as soon as I can get on my best bib and tucker."

Jack Kelso found Abe sitting alone with his Blackstone in Offut's store that afternoon.

She was singing "Sweet Nightingale" as she began "to fix up," while Ann and Mr. Biggs were talking with Mrs. Kelso.

"Ann," Bim called in a moment, "had I better put on my red dress or my blue?"

"Yer blue; and be quick about it."

"Don't you let him get away after all this trouble."

"I won't."

In a few minutes Bim called from the top of the ladder to Ann. The latter went and looked up at her. Both girls burst into peals of merry laughter. Bim had put on a suit of her father's old clothes and her buffalo skin whiskers and was a wild sight.

"Don't you come down looking like that," said Ann. "I'll go up there and 'tend to you."

Ann climbed the ladder and for a time there was much laughing and chattering in the little loft. By and by Ann came down. Bim hesitated, laughing above the ladder for a moment, and presently followed in her best blue dress, against which the golden curls of her hair fell gracefully. With red cheeks and bright eyes she was a glowing picture. Very timidly she gave her hand to Mr. Biggs.

"It's just the right dress," he said. "It goes so well with your hair. I'm glad to see you. I have never seen a girl like you in my life."

"I can't help being homely," said Bim.

"That's what you are *not*, and I guess you know it," he answered.

"Do you like cows?" she asked with a playful look in her eyes.

"I hate cows—I've got a thousand cows and I see as little of them as possible," said he.

"It is such a pleasure to hate cows," Bim exclaimed. "There's nothing I enjoy so much."

"Why?" asked Ann.

"I am not sure, but I think it is because they give milk—such quantities of milk! Sometimes I lie awake nights hating cows. There are so many cows here it keeps me busy."

"Bim has to milk a cow—that's the reason," said Ann.

"I'd like to come over and see her do it," said Mr. Biggs.

"If you do, I'll milk in your face—honest I will!" said Bim.

"I wouldn't care if it rained milk. I'm going to come and see you often if your mother will let me."

"You'll see her scampering up the ladder like a squirrel," said Mrs. Kelso. "She isn't real tame yet."

"Perhaps we could hide the ladder," he suggested with a smile.

"Do you play on the flute?" Bim asked.

"No," said Mr. Biggs.

"I was afraid," Bim exclaimed. "My Uncle Henry does." She looked into Mr. Biggs's eyes.

"You like fun—don't you?" he said.

"Have you got a snare drum?" Bim queried.

"No. What put that into your head?" Mr. Biggs asked, a little mystified.

"I don't know. I thought I'd ask. My Uncle Henry has a snare drum. That's one reason we came to Illinois."

Mr. Biggs laughed. "That smile of yours is very becoming," he said.

"Did you ever dream of a long-legged, brindle cat with yellow eyes and a blue tail?" she asked as if to change the subject.

"Never!"

"I wisht you had. Maybe you'd know how to scare it away, it carries on so."

"I know what would fix that cat," said Mrs. Kelso. "Give him the hot biscuits which you sometimes eat for supper. He'll never come again."

At this point Mr. Kelso returned with his gun on his shoulder and was introduced to Mr. Biggs.

"I welcome you to the hazards of my fireside," said Kelso. "So you've come

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

from St. Louis and stopped for repairs in this land of the ladder-climbers. Sit down and I'll put a log on the fire."

"Thank you, I must go," said Biggs. "The doctor will be looking for me now."

"Can I not stay you with flagons?" Kelso asked.

"The doctor has forbidden me all drink but milk and water."

"A wise man is Dr. Allen!" Kelso exclaimed. "Cervantes was right in saying that too much wine will neither keep a secret nor fulfil a promise."

"Will you make me a promise?" Bim asked of Mr. Biggs as he was leaving the door with Ann.

"Anything you will ask," he answered.

"Please don't ever look at the moon through a knot-hole," she said in a half whisper.

The young man laughed. "Why not?"

"It will give you a cross-eye. It is worse than playing the flute."

"Don't be alarmed by my daughter's fancies," said Kelso. "They are often astonishing. She has a prejudice against the flute. It is well founded. An ill-played flute is one of the worst enemies of law and order. Goldsmith estranged half his friends with a grim determination to play the flute. It was the skeleton in his closet."

SO MR. ELIPHALET BIGGS met the pretty daughter of Jack Kelso. On his way back to the tavern he told Ann that he had fallen in love with the sweetest and prettiest girl in all the world—Bim Kelso. That very evening Ann went over to Kelso's cabin to take the news to Bim and her mother, and to tell them that her father reckoned he belonged to a very rich and a very grand family. Naturally, they felt a sense of elation; although Mrs. Kelso, being a woman of shrewdness, was not carried away. Mr. Kelso had gone to Offut's store and the three had the cabin to themselves.

"I think he's just a wonderful man," Bim exclaimed. "But I'm sorry his name is so much like figs and wigs and pigs. I'm plum sure I'm going to love him."

"I thought you were in love with Harry Needles?" Bim's mother said to her.

"I am, but he keeps me so busy. I have to dress him up every day and put a mustache on him and think up ever so many nice things for him to say; and when he comes he doesn't say them. He's terribly young."

"The same age as you. I think he is a splendid boy—so does everybody."

"I have to make all his courage for him, and then he never will use it," Bim went on. "He has never said whether he likes my looks or not."

"But there's time enough for that—you are only a child," said her mother. "You told me that he said once you were beautiful."

"But he has never said it twice; and when he did say it I didn't believe my ears, he spoke so low; acted kind o' like he was scared at it. I don't want to wait forever to be really and truly loved, do I?"

Mrs. Kelso laughed. "It's funny to hear a baby talking like that," she said. "We don't know this man. He's probably only fooling anyway."

Bim rose and stood very erect. "Mother, do you think I look like a baby?" she asked. "I tell you I'm every inch a woman," she added, mimicking her father in the speech of *Lear*.

"But there are not many inches in you yet."

"How discouraging you are!" said Bim, sinking into her chair with a sigh.

Bim went often to the little tavern after that. Of those meetings little is known, save that with all the pretty arts of the cavalier, unknown to Harry Needles, the handsome youth flattered and delighted the girl.

This went on, day by day, for a fortnight. The evening before Biggs was to leave for his home, Bim went to eat supper with Ann at the tavern.

It happened that Jack Kelso had found Abe sitting alone with his Blackstone in Offut's store that afternoon.

"Mr. Kelso, did you ever hear what Eb Zane said about the general subject of sons-in-law?" Abe asked.

"Never—but I reckon it would be wise and possibly apropros," said Kelso.

"He said that a son-in-law was a curious kind o' property," Abe began. "'Ye know,' says Eb, 'if ye have a hoss that's tricky an' dangerous, wuth less than nothin', ye can give him away er kill him; but if ye have a son-in-law that's wuthless, nobody else will have him, an' it's agin the law to kill him. Fust ye know, ye've got a critter on yer hands that kicks an' won't work, an' has to be fed an' watered three times a day. He ain't content with food; he devours yer happiness, an' is wuth a million dollars less than nothin'."

There was a moment of silence.

"When a man is figurin' his assets, it's better to add ten dollars than to subtract a million," said Abe. "That's about as simple as adding up the weight o' three small hogs."

"What a well of wisdom you are, Abe!" said Kelso. "Do you know anything about this young Missourian who is shining up to Bim?"

"I only know that he was a drinking man up to the time he landed here; and that he threatened Traylor with his whip and got thrown against the side of a barn—plenty hard. He's a kind of American king and I don't like kings. They're nice to look at, but generally those that have married 'em have had one h—l of a time."

Kelso rose and went home to supper.

Soon after the supper-dishes had been laid away in the Kelso cabin, young Mr. Biggs rapped on its door, pulled the latch-string, and sat down with Mr. and Mrs. Kelso at the fireside.

"I have come to ask for your daughter's hand," he said, as soon as they were seated. "I know it will seem sudden, but she happens to be the girl I want. I've had her picture in my heart always. I love your daughter. I can give her a handsome home and everything she could desire."

Kelso answered promptly: "We are glad to welcome you here, but we can not entertain such a proposal, flattering as it is. Our daughter is too young to think of marriage. Then, sir, we know very little about you; and may I be pardoned if I add that what we know does not recommend you?"

The young man was surprised. He had not expected such talk from a ladder-climber. He looked at Kelso—struggling for an answer. Then—

"Perhaps not," said he. "I have been a little wild, but that is all in the past. I am not ashamed of anything I have done."

"Nevertheless, I must ask you to back away from this subject. I can not even discuss it with you."

"May I not hope that you will change your mind?"

"Not at present. Let the future take care of itself."

"I generally get what I want," said the young man.

"And now and then something that you don't want," said Kelso, a bit nettled by his persistence.

"You ought to think of her happiness. She is too sweet and beautiful for a home like this."

There was an awkward moment of silence. The young man said good night and opened the door.

"I'll go with you," said Kelso.

He went with Mr. Biggs to the tavern, got his daughter and returned to his home with her.

Mrs. Kelso chided her husband for being hard on Mr. Biggs.

"He has had his lesson; perhaps he will turn over a new leaf," she said.

"I fear there isn't a new leaf in his book," said Kelso. "They're all dirty."

He told his wife what Abe had said in the store.

"The wisdom of the common folk is in that beardless young giant," he said. "It is the wisdom of many generations gathered in the hard school of experience. I wonder where it is going to lead him."

As Eliphalet Biggs was going down the west road next morning, he met Bim on her pony, returning from the field with her cow. They stopped.

"I'm coming back, little girl," he said.

"What for?" she asked.

"To tell you a secret and to ask you a question. Nobody but you has the right to say I can not. May I come?"

"I suppose you can if—you want to," she answered.

"I'll come and I'll write to you and send the letters to Ann."

Menton Graham, came out of the woods just then and saw them.

"Good-by!" said young Mr. Biggs as his heels touched the flanks of his horse. Then he went flying down the road.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Wherein Abe makes sundry wise remarks to the Boy Harry, and announces his purpose to be a candidate for the Legislature at Kelso's Dinner Party.

HARRY NEEDLES met Bim Kelso on the road next day, when he was going down to see if there was any mail. She was on her pony. He was in his new suit of clothes—a butternut background striped into large checks.

"You look like a walking checkerboard," said she, stopping her pony.

"This—this is my new suit," Harry answered, looking down at it.

"It's a tiresome suit," said she impatiently. "I've been playing checkers on it ever since I caught sight o' you, and I've got a man crowned in the king row."

"I thought you'd like it," he answered quite seriously and with a look of disappointment. "Say, I've got that razor and I've shaved three times already!"

He took the razor from his pocket, drew it from its case and proudly held it up before her.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Howdy, Harry!" said Abe. "You look kind o' sick. Come into the store and sit down. I want to talk to you."

"Don't tell anybody," he warned her. "They'd laugh at me. They wouldn't know how I feel."

"I won't say anything," she answered. "I reckon I ought to tell you that I don't love you—not so much as I did, anyway—not near so much. I only love you just a wee little bit now."

It is curious that she should have said that. Her former confession had been conveyed only by the look in her eyes at sundry times and by unpremeditated acts in the hour of his peril.

Harry's face fell. "Do you love—some other man?" he asked.

"Yes—a regular man—mustache, six feet tall and everything. I just tell you, he's purty!"

"Is it that rich feller from St. Louis?" he asked.

She nodded and then whispered: "Don't you tell!"

The boy's lips trembled when he answered: "I won't tell. But I don't see how you can do it."

"Why?"

"He drinks and he keeps slaves and beats them with a bull-whip. He is not respectable."

"That's a lie," she answered quickly. "I don't care what you say."

Bim touched her pony with the whip and rode away.

Harry staggered for a moment as he went on. His eyes filled with tears. It seemed to him that the world had been ruined.

Down by the tavern he met Abe, who stopped him:

"Howdy, Harry!" said Abe. "You look kind o' sick. Come into the store and sit down. I want to talk to you."

Harry followed the big man into Offut's store, flattered by the attention. There had been something very grateful to his wounded spirit in the sound of Abe's voice and the feel of his hand. The store was empty.

"You and I mustn't let ourselves be worried by little matters," said Abe, as they sat down together by the fire. "Things that seem to be as big as a mountain now will look like a mole-hill in six months. You and I have got big things to do, partner. We mustn't let little things get in their way. I was once in a boat with old Captain Chase on the Illinois River. We had got into the rapids. It was a narrow channel in dangerous water. They had to keep her headed just so or we'd have gone on the rocks. Suddenly a boy dropped his apple overboard and began to holler. He wanted to have the boat stopped. For a minute that boy thought his apple was the biggest thing in the world. We're all a good deal like him. We keep dropping our apples and calling for the boat to stop. Soon we find that there are many apples in the world as good as that one. You have all come to a stretch of bad water up at your house. The folks have been sick. They're a little lonesome and discouraged. Don't you make it any harder by crying over a lost apple. You know, it's possible that the apple will float along down into the still water where you can pick it up by and by. The important thing is to keep going ahead."

This bit of fatherly counsel was a help to the boy.

"I've got a book here that I want you to read," Abe went on. "It's the 'Life of Henry Clay.' Take it home and read it carefully, and then bring it back to me and tell me what you think of it. You may be a Henry Clay yourself by and by. The world has something big in it for every one, if he can only find it. We're all searching—some for gold and some for fame. I pray God every day that He will help me to find my work—the thing I can do better than anything else—and when it is found help me to do it. I expect it will be a hard and dangerous search and that I shall make mistakes. I expect to drop some apples on my way. They'll look like gold to me, but I'm not going to lose sight of the main purpose."

WHEN Harry got home, he found Sarah sewing by the fireside with Joe and Betsy playing by the bed. Samson had gone to the woods to split rails.

"Any mail?" Sarah asked.

"No mail," he answered.

Sarah went to the window and stood for some minutes looking off at the plain. Its sere grasses, protruding out of the snow, hissed and bent in the wind. In its cheerless winter colors it was a dreary thing to see.

"How I long for home!" she exclaimed, as she resumed her sewing by the fire.

Little Joe came and stood by her knee and gave her his oft-repeated blessing:

"God help us and make his face to shine upon us."

She kissed him and said: "Dear little comforter! It shines upon me every time I hear you say those words."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The little lad had observed the effect of the blessing on his mother in her moments of depression; and many times his parroting had been the word in season. Now he returned to his play again, satisfied.

"Would you mind if I called you Mother?" Harry asked.

"I shall be glad to have you do it, if it gives you any comfort, Harry," she answered.

She observed that there were tears in his eyes.

"We are all very fond of you," she said as she bent to her task.

Then the boy told her of the history of his morning—the talk with Bim, with the razor omitted from it; how he had met Abe and all that Abe had said to him as they sat together in the store.

"Well, Harry, if she's such a fool, you're lucky to have found it out so soon," said Sarah. "She does nothing but ride the pony and milk the cow. I don't believe she ever spun a hank o' yarn in her life. She'll get her teeth cut by and by. Abe is right! We're always dropping our apples and feeling very bad about it until we find out that there are lots of apples just as good. I'm that way myself. I guess I've made it harder for Samson, crying over lost apples. I'm going to try to stop it."

Then fell a moment of silence. Soon she said: "There's a bitter wind blowing and there's no great hurry about the rails, I guess. You sit here by the fire and read your book this forenoon. Maybe it will help you to find your work."

So it happened that the events of Harry's morning found their place in the diary which Sarah and Samson kept. Long afterward, Harry added the sentences about the razor.

That evening Harry read aloud from the "Life of Henry Clay" while Sarah and Samson sat listening by the fireside. It was the first of many evenings which they spent in a like fashion that winter. When the book was finished, they read, on Abe's recommendation, "Weems' Life of Washington."

Every other Sunday they went down to the schoolhouse to hear John Cameron preach. He was a working man noted for good common sense, who talked simply and often effectively of the temptations of the frontier, notably those of drinking, gaming and swearing. One evening, they went to a debate in the tavern on the issues of the day, in which Abe won the praise of all for an able presentation of the claim for internal improvements. During that evening Alexander Ferguson declared that he would not cut his hair until Henry Clay became president, the news of which resolution led to a like insanity in others, and an age of unexampled hairiness in that part of the border.

For Samson and Sarah the most notable event of the winter was a chicken dinner, at which they and Mr. and Mrs. James Rutledge, Ann, Abe Lincoln and Dr. Allen were the guests of the Kelsos. That night Harry stayed at home with the children.

Kelso was in his best mood.

"Come," he said, when dinner was ready. "Life is more than friendship. It is partly meat."

"And mostly Kelso," said Dr. Allen.

"Ah, doctor! Long life has made you as smooth as an old shilling and nimbler than a sixpence," Kelso declared. "And speaking of life, Aristotle said that the learned and the unlearned were as the living and the dead."

"It is true," Abe interposed. "I say it in spite of the fact that it slays me."

"You? No! You are alive to your finger-tips," Kelso answered.

"But I have mastered only eight books," said Abe.

"And one—the book of common sense, and that has wised you," Kelso went on. "Since I came to this country I have learned to beware of the one-book man. There are more living men in America than in any land I have seen. The man who reads one good book thoughtfully is alive, and often my master in wit or wisdom. Reading is the gate; and thought is the pathway of life."

"I think that most of the men I know have read the Bible," said Abe.

"A wonderful and a saving fact! It is a sure foundation to build your life upon."

Kelso paused to pour whisky from a jug at his side for those who would take it.

"Let us drink to our friend Abe and his new ambition," he proposed.

"What is it?" Samson asked.

"I am going to try for a seat in the legislature." said Abe. "I reckon it's rather bold. Old Samuel Legg was a good deal of a nuisance down in Hardin County. He was always talking about going to Lexington, but never went.

" 'You'll never get thar without starting,' said his neighbor.

" 'But I'm powerful skeered fer fear I'd never git back,' said Samuel.

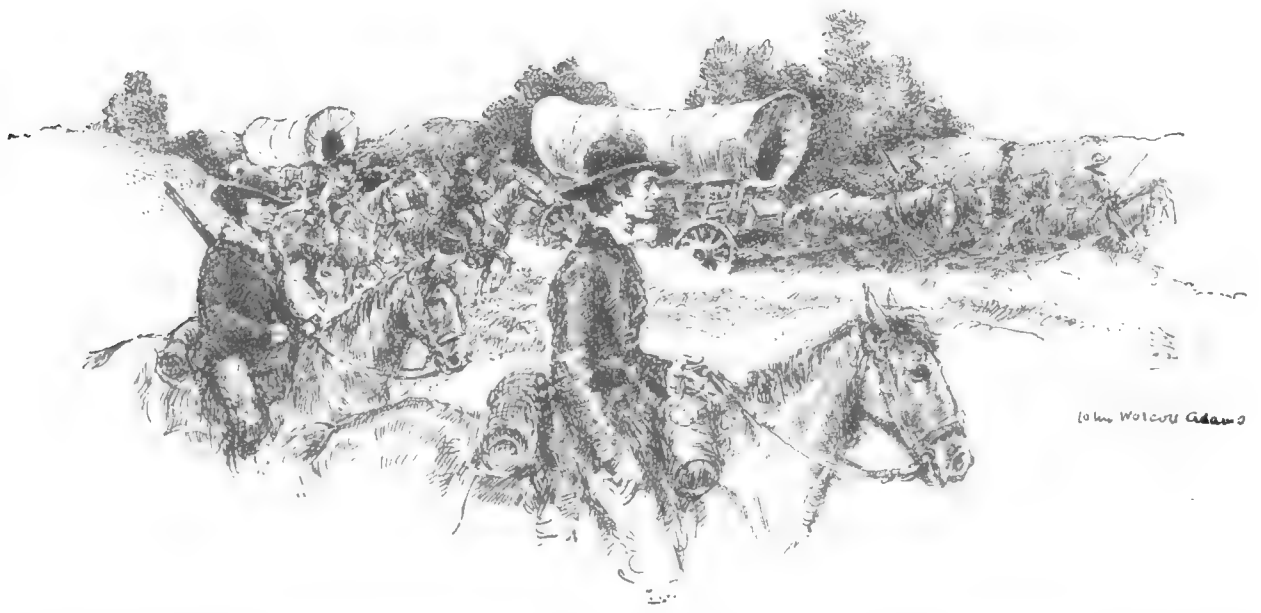
" 'You always was a selfish cuss. You ought to think o' yer neighbors,' said the other man.

"So I've concluded that if I don't start, I'll never get there, and if I die on the way it will be a good thing for my neighbors," Abe added.

The toast was drunk, after which Abe said: "If you have the patience to listen to it, I'd like to read my declaration to the voters of Sangamon County."

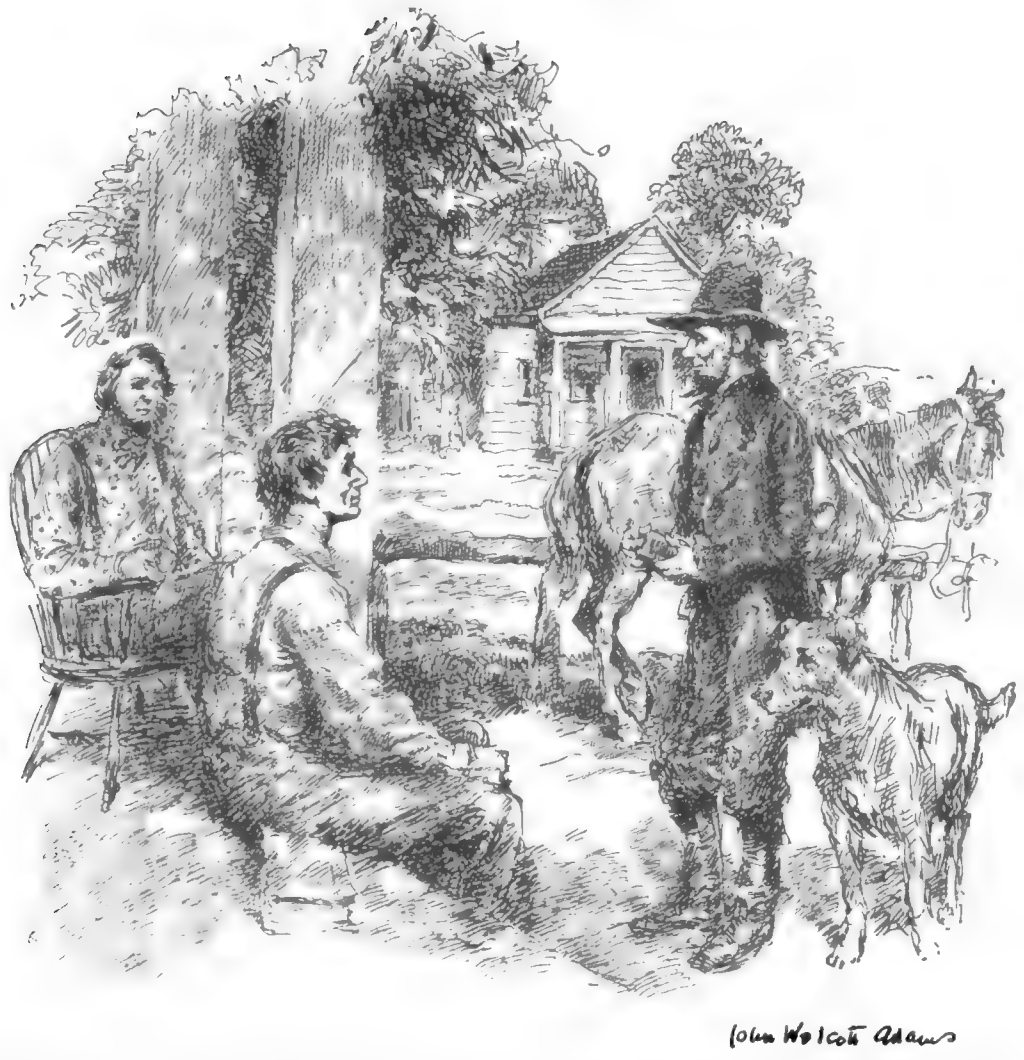
Samson's diary briefly describes this appeal as follows:

"He said that he wanted to win the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. This he hoped to accomplish by doing something which would make him worthy of it. He had been thinking of the county. A railroad would do more for it than anything else, but a railroad would be too costly. The improvement of the Sangamon River was the next best thing. Its channel could be straightened and cleared of driftwood and made navigable for small vessels under thirty tons' burden. He favored a usury law; and said, in view of the talk he had just heard, he was going to favor the improvement and building of schools, so that every one could learn how to read, at least, and learn for himself what is in the Bible and other great books. It was



In April an Indian scare spread to the remotest corners of the state, and Governor Reynolds called for volunteers.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"Don't be skeered o' this 'ere dog," said the minister. "He were tied when I left home, but he chawed his rope an' come after me."

a modest statement and we all liked it."

"Whatever happens to the Sangamon, one statement in that platform couldn't be improved," said Kelso.

"What is that?" Abe asked.

"It's the one that says you wish to win the regard of your fellows by serving them."

"It's a lot better than saying that he wishes to serve Abe," said Dr. Allen, a remark which referred to a former conversation with Abe in which Kelso had had a part.

"You can trust Abe to take the right turn at every fork of the road," Kelso went on. "If you stick to that, my boy, and continue to study, you'll get there and away beyond any goal you may see now. A passion for service is more than half the battle. Since the other night at the tavern, I've been thinking about Abe and the life we live here. I've concluded that we're all very lucky, if we are a bit lonesome."

"I'd like to know about that," said Sarah. "I'm a little in need of encouragement."

"Well, you may have observed that Abe has a good memory," he continued. "While I try to be modest about it, my memory is a fairly good servant. It is due to the fact that since I left the university I have lived, mostly, in lonely places. It is a great thing to be where the register of your mind is not overburdened by the flow of facts. Abe's candidacy is the only thing that has happened here since Samson's raising, except the arrival and departure of Eliphalet Biggs. Our memories are not weakened by overwork. They have time for big undertakings—like Burns and Shakespeare and Blackstone."

"I've noticed that facts get kind o' slippery when they come in a bunch, as they did on our journey," said Samson. "Seems so they greased each other, and got hard to hold."

"Ransom Prigg used to say it was easy enough to ketch eels, but it was powerful hard to hold 'em," Abe remarked. "He caught three eels in a trap one day and the trap busted and let 'em loose in the boat. He kept grabbin' and tusslin' around the boat till the last eel had got away. 'I never had such a slippery time in all the days o' my life,' said Rans. 'One eel is a dinner, but three eels is jest a lot a slippin' an' disappointment.' "

"That's exactly the point I make," said Kelso. "A man with too many eels in the boat will have none for dinner. The city man is at a great disadvantage. Events slip away from him and leave nothing. His intellect gets the habit of letting things go. It loses its power to seize and hold. His impressions are like footprints on a beach; they are washed away by the next tide."

There was much talk at the fireside after dinner, all of which, doubtless, had an effect on the fortunes of the good people who sat around it. The historian must sort the straws, and with some regret; for bigger things are drawing near in the current. Samson and Sarah had been telling of their adventures on the long road.

"We are all movers," said Kelso. "We can not stay where we are for a single day—not if we are alive. Most of us never reach that eminence from which we discover the littleness of ourselves, our troubles, achievements, and the immensities of power and wisdom by which we are surrounded."

At least one of that company was to remember the words in days of adversity and triumph.

The excitement which attended the candidacy of Abe was soon displaced by larger emotions: early in April an Indian scare spread from the capital to the remotest corners of the state. Black Hawk with many warriors had crossed the Mississippi and was moving toward the Rock River country. Governor Reynolds called for volunteers to check the invasion.

Abe, whose address to the voters had been printed in the Sangamon *Journal*, joined a volunteer company and soon became its captain. On the tenth of April he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and Harry Needles left for Richland to go into training. Samson was eager to go, but could not leave his family.

Bim Kelso rode out into the fields where Harry was at work the day before he went away.

"This is a great surprise," said Harry. "I don't see you any more except at a distance."

"I don't see you either."

"I didn't think you wanted to see me."

"You're easily discouraged," she said, looking down with a serious face.

"You made me feel as if I didn't want to live any longer."

"I reckon I'm mean. I made myself feel worse'n you did. It's awful to be such a human as I am. Some days I'm plum scared o' myself. I hate to have you go. I just love to know you're here if I don't see you. Only I wish you were older and knew more."

"Maybe I know more'n you think I do," he answered.

"But you don't know anything about my troubles," said she mournfully.

"I don't get the chance."

THERE was half a moment of silence. She ended it by saying: "Ann and I are going to the spelling-school to-night."

"Can I go with you?"

"Could you stand it to be talked to and scolded by a couple of girls 'til you'd like to be hung?"

"I'm willing to try."

"We'll be all dressed up and ready at a quarter of eight. Come to the tavern. I'm going to have supper with Ann. She is just terribly happy. John McNeil has told her that he loves her. It's a secret. Don't you tell——"

"I won't. Does she love him?"

"Devotedly, but she wouldn't let him know it—not yet."

"No?"

"'Course not. She pretends she's in love with somebody else. It's the best way. I reckon he'll be plum anxious before she owns up. But she truly loves him. She'd die for him."

"Girls are awful curious—nobody can tell what they mean," said Harry.

"Sometimes they don't know what they mean themselves. Often I say something or do something and wonder what it means."

She was looking off at the distant plain as she spoke.

"Sometimes I'm surprised to find out how much it means," she added. "I reckon every girl is a kind of puzzle; some are very easy and some would give ye the headache."

"Or the heartache."

"Did you ever ride a horse sitting backward—when you're going one way and looking another and you don't know what's coming?" she asked.

"What's behind you is before you and the faster you go the more danger you're in?" Harry laughed.

"Isn't that the way we have to travel in this world, whether we're going to love or to mill?" the girl asked with a sigh. "We can not tell what is ahead. We see only what is behind us. It is very sad."

Harry looked at Bim. He saw the tragic truth of the words; and suddenly her face was like them. Unconsciously, in the midst of her play-talk, this thing had fallen.

"I feel sad when I think of Abe," said Harry. "He don't know what is ahead of him, I guess. I heard Mrs. Traylor say that he was in love with Ann."

"I reckon he is, but he don't know how to show it. You might as well ask me to play on a flute. He's never told her. He just walks beside her to a party and talks about politics and poetry and tells funny stories. I reckon he's mighty good, but he don't know how to love a girl. Ann is afraid he'll step on her, he's so tall and awkward and wanderin'. Did you ever see an elephant talking with a cricket?"

"Not as I remember," said Harry.

"I never did myself, but if I did I'm sure they'd both look very tired. It would be still harder for an elephant to be engaged to a cricket. I don't reckon that elephant's love would fit the cricket or that they'd ever be able to agree on what they'd talk about. It's some that way with Abe and Ann. She is small and spry; he is slow and high. She'd need a ladder to get to his face; and I just tell you, it ain't purty when ye get there. She ain't got a chance to love him."

"I love him," said Harry. "I think he's a wonderful man. I'd fight for him till I died. John McNeil is nothing but a grasshopper compared to him."

"That's about what my father says," Bim answered. "I love Abe too, and so does Ann; but it ain't the hope-to-die, marryin' love. John McNeil is handsome—he's just plum handsome and smart, too. He's bought a big farm and is going into the grocery business. Mr. Rutledge says he'll be a rich man."

"I wouldn't wonder. Is he going to the spelling-school?"

"No, he went off to Richland to-day with my father to join the company. They're going to fight the Injuns, too."

Harry stood smoothing the new coat of Colonel with his hand, while Bim was thinking how she would best express what was on her mind. She did not try to say it, but there was something in the look of her eyes which the boy remembered. He was near telling her that he loved her, but he looked down at his muddy boots and dirty overalls. It was no time to speak of his sweet and noble passion. Clean clothes and white linen for that! The shell sounded for dinner. Bim started for the road at a gallop, waving her hand. He unhitched his team and followed it slowly across the black furrows toward the barn.

He did not go to the spelling-school. Abe came at seven and said that he and Harry would have to walk to Springfield that night to get their equipment and take the stage in the morning. Abe said that if they started right away they could get to the Globe tavern by midnight. In the hurry and excitement Harry forgot the spelling-school. To Bim it was a tragic thing. Before he went to bed that night he wrote a letter to her.

CHAPTER TWELVE

In which Bim Kelso leaves her home with Eliphalet Biggs, while Abe and Harry and other good citizens of New Salem are away in the Indian War.

MANY things came with the full tide of the springtime—innumerable flowers and voices, the flowers filled with glowing color, the voices with music and delight. Waves of song swept over the limitless meadows. They went on and on as if they traveled a shoreless sea in a steady wind. Bob Whites, meadow larks, bobolinks, song sparrows, bluebirds, competed with the crowing of the meadow cocks. This joyous tumult around the Traylor cabin sped the day and emphasized the silence of the night.

In the midst of this springtime carnival there came also cheering news from the old home in Vermont—a letter to Sarah from her brother, which contained the welcome promise that he was coming to visit them, and expected to be in Beardstown about the fourth of May. Samson drove across the county to meet the steamer. He was at the landing when the *Star of the North* arrived. He saw every passenger that came ashore and Eliphalet Biggs, leading his big bay mare, was one of them; but the expected visitor did not arrive. There would be no other steamer bringing passengers from the east for two weeks.

Samson went to a store and bought a new dress and sundry bits of finery for Sarah. He returned to New Salem with a heavy heart. He dreaded to meet his faithful partner and bring her little but disappointment. The windows were lighted when he got back long after midnight. Sarah stood in the open door as he drove up.

"Didn't come," he said mournfully.

Without a word Sarah followed him to the barn, with the tin lantern in her hand. He gave her a hug as he got down from the wagon. He was little given to like displays of emotion.

"Don't feel bad," he said.

She tried bravely to put a good face on her disappointment; but it was a wet face and a silent one, while he was unharnessing and leading the weary horses into their stalls.

"Come," he said, after he had thrown some hay into the mangers. "Let's go into the house. I've got something for ye."

"I've given them up—I don't believe we shall ever see them again," said Sarah, as they were walking toward the door. "I think I know how the dead feel who are so soon forgotten."

"Ye can't blame 'em," said Samson. "They've probably heard about the Injun scare and would expect to be massacred if they came."

Indeed the scare, now abating, had spread through the border settlements and kept the people awake o' nights. Samson and other men left in New Salem had met to consider plans for a stockade.

"Then there's the fever an' ague," Samson added.

"Sometimes I feel sorry I told them about it, because they'll think it worse than it is. But we've got to tell the truth if it kills us."

"Yes, we've got to tell the truth," Samson rejoined. "There'll be a railroad coming through here one of these days and then we can all get back and forth easy. If it comes, it's going to make us rich. Abe says he expects it within three or four years."

Sarah had a hot supper ready for him. As he stood warming himself by the fire, she put her arms around him and gave him a little hug.

"You poor tired man!" she said. "How patient and how good you are!"

(*Continued on page 93*)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

What's Become *of* "Princess Alice?"

By Maud McDougall

"WHAT has become of Alice Roosevelt—Mrs. Longworth—'Princess Alice,' of a few years ago? One never hears of her nowadays; what is she up to—socially or politically or any other way?"

The woman who knew her Washington smiled: "Mrs. Longworth is still 'Princess Alice' to the extent that she can do anything she likes in Washington."

Mrs. Longworth is what Alice Roosevelt was—herself, always herself — and essentially her father's daughter. Like him, even in the White House, she refused to allow her personality to be submerged in her position. Even there she insisted on going her ways, without reference—certainly without deference—to the white light that beats upon a throne.

She was probably glad, however, to step from the glare into the grateful shade, as the wife of Nicholas Longworth, one of the most popular bachelors of the capital, and one of the most promising of the younger lawmakers of the capital. Her husband was, and is, in politics purely for the love of the game. There was too much money already in the Longworth family for business to offer any great attraction to a man of real sporting instincts.

A dozen years have brought dignity and power to T. R.'s vivacious Alice.

As Alice Roosevelt, his wife had walked proudly, and with a high heart. The things she really did, and the things that some busy gossiper—with tongue or pen—conceived that possibly she might do, were published from coast to coast. Gradually, a sort of legend of Princess Alice was built up, in which fact and fiction were so intricately interwoven that her most intimate friends found it difficult to say where one began and the other ended.

"Alice," said the woman who is, and has been since girlhood, her most intimate friend, "is as guilelessly, and at times as impishly, impulsive, as my small daughter there—(aged six)—she does what the spirit moves her to do, and usually it is a fine, free, generous spirit, with malice toward none. She and her husband play together like a pair of children. She is a devoted wife—she practically never leaves Washington, even in the heat of the summer when the sessions are keeping him there—and a very happy one, or I miss my guess. And she's one of the best housekeepers I know anything about. She has one of the most perfectly managed households in Washington. True, she does not give up long hours to it every day, but that is because she has it so thoroughly organized.

"There have been any number of perfectly absurd stories told of Alice. She has not bothered to contradict them. She goes her way. More than any one I know she is 'dowered with love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn!'"

"She is the logical leader of Washington society, if she cared to be, but she won't take the trouble!" said a woman to whom this would be the apex of earthly ambition.

"If she would only interest herself in any great public movement, what a leader she would make!" That, with a sigh, from a notable feminist.

Perhaps the answer to both is that she is not physically strong. She has to take pretty good care of herself. She goes in for physical culture.

Princess Alice is a very clever mimic. Sometimes when her friends are all exhibiting their pet parlor tricks after dinner, she allows herself—if she is sure of her company—to show off hers. For one thing she can impersonate a baboon—hideously and wonderfully. It is a most grotesque thing that she makes of herself. A woman of any vanity would not do it.

Mrs. Longworth cares very little for society. She does not give omnibus teas, or big receptions. For one thing, her house is not big enough.

She is very loyal to her old friends—those who still call her "Alice." She is likely to drop in on them informally, take off her hat, and remark, "I'll stay to luncheon if you ask me!" Which suggests that she always takes off her hat at the first opportunity. As one friend says, "Alice doesn't wear hats; she carries them!"

She is very keen on the National Republican Woman's Executive Committee; Mrs. Medill McCormick regards Mrs. Longworth as one of her most valued lieutenants—and the two hold many a consultation at the Longworth home.

In fact that rather modest house on M Street just off Connecticut Avenue is probably one of the liveliest centers of political activity in Washington. Perhaps it would be putting it too strongly to say that Alice Roosevelt Longworth is gradually developing an interesting and powerful political salon. Probably she doesn't realize it herself. But something of the sort seems to be happening. As one person very much in the know put it, "There's more politics played at the Longworths' than anywhere else in Washington. Mrs. Longworth is a clever woman and wonderfully well informed; and if her husband's interest in the political game continues, their influence will not grow less!"

From an official "princess" to an unoffi-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

There were three young men, and two girls, whose little gold-shod feet peeped out from trailing lengths of satin and chiffon.

What Little Girls Are Made Of

By Ethel M. Kelley

IT DID not occur to me that I might some day want to marry her. It did not even occur to me that I might make her acquaintance. She sat two rows ahead of me, in the second seat from the aisle, but so close to the leader of the orchestra that he might have interfered with the long feather spike on her hat, if she hadn't removed it and held it in her lap when the curtain went up. I could see the tip of it over her shoulder, and I knew she had to dodge it adroitly every time the action was concentrated on the left side of the stage.

The girl with her was the same sort of girl, but less distinctively so. She wore a black velvet erection of some kind on her head, but it was more eccentric and less authoritatively audacious. She also had smooth blond hair folded from the base of her neck to the crown of her head in a crinkly bias fold—bias is anything, you know, that goes the cross way of the goods—and little scroll-shaped arrangements extending out over the ear toward the check-bones. This second girl was just as finished, but not quite so final, if I may put it that way. Evelyn, as I afterward found out her name was, had everything about her—every little ruffle and curl and bangle—so placed that you simply could not have conceived the most infinitesimal readjustment.

At the time all I could think was that here were another two of those wonderful girls, those pellucid, incredible, spun-sugar-candy, New York girls, groomed like the wax figures in the department-store windows, dressed, as my old French grandmother used to say, "like a raw onion."

I was getting used to them. After six months in New York, I had acquired a certain attitude of accustomedness toward them, though when I first realized the species I went rather wild for a while—in my head, I mean. I had always thought girls were divided into the two classes—women and chorus girls. (I've never had any special hankering after chorus girls. I like quick-lunch-room cashiers much better. They are the same kind of pert and pretty, and I'd rather stand at a front door where I can watch a youth in a paper cap frying pancakes through the plate glass, than to hang around the back door of a theatre, and wonder what the doorkeeper knows, and how much I can make him give up and for what consideration.)

The girls back home were women, or women in the making; well dressed or not, rich or poor, clever or stupid, they were all what I've been brought up to understand as women—natural creatures that got up in the morning with tumbled hair, and eyes big with sleep—that splashed good cold water on their faces, and allowed their little noses to take the high lights at breakfast, and played tennis and giggled and danced themselves breathless and shiny till the end of the day, like my sisters.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The girls who belonged to the chorus-girl classification were not all chorus girls, but I grouped them under that head for convenience' sake. They are all as pink and white as artificial apple-blossoms. Their make-up is simply a part of their stock in trade. Their faces are their fortune. A manicure girl, for instance, has got to look like the living exponent of the advantages of the beauty-parlor that turned her out. So with all the rest of the trade beauties.

It was not until I had settled in New York that I realized that there were more manifestations in the girl line than were dreamed of in my philosophy. There were these New York girls, non-professional, perfectly nice New York girls, who got themselves up like the last word in lilies, so smooth and slippery and crisp that your eye would hardly take them, and yet with no visible make-up—no powder or rouge or eyebrow-pencil evident to the sharpest eye. Fresh and dewy and limpid, delicate and impeccably immaculate, product of the art that conceals art—I could not believe them when I saw them, or take my eyes off of any one of them in whose vicinity I happened to be. I couldn't decide what they were made of, or where they came from, or how their friends ever got sufficiently reconciled to them to take them as a matter of course and extend to them the usual amenities.

This girl in the front row of the orchestra was perhaps the most wonderful product I had seen. She had lovely straight features and even white little teeth and a flashing smile. The play bored her, and the girl at her side was not interesting to her, but she kept her responsive clear glances ready to operate at the smallest provocation.

I began to perceive for the first time that there was something admirable in the way these girls got themselves in hand and regulated their speed and their power. It was something to be as excruciatingly bored as that girl was, and to dominate the experience so superbly. I remembered a girl from home I took to a show the month before who had not had time to do her hair right, and who thought it was tactful to gush over Otis Skinner in a rôle so painfully foreign to him that all the gallery gods were howling.

I began thinking that girls like the girl ahead of me might be a relief from the *gaucherie* of the home-town product; and when the play was done I followed her unostentatiously into the lobby, expecting, of course, to see her roll away in a waiting limousine; instead of which, a weary gray-haired man in business clothes met the two and hustled them off into the night, whether in pursuit of a bright chafing-dish full of chicken *à la* King, or the nearest subway entrance, I had no way of determining.

I went to bed that night, and dreamed of those two girls and the way they got their hats on after the performance—literally without turning a hair. Any girl from my state would have got the incline wrong, and too many wisps over the forehead, and fidgeted till she got a plate-glass window to look in and repair the damage.

Two weeks later I met Evelyn. The vice-president of my company, whose assistant I am, invited me to dinner, and I went thankfully. In New York a dinner invitation gets my serious consideration.

I live at the Claridge Club, and like the cook there, but I don't like him well enough to eat his dinners seven nights out of eight to the solemn accompaniment of the solo performance of the club mosquito, alternating with the club bore, as I did all last summer. New York is a grim place in summer, if you've never spent a winter there.

She poured a cup of tea for me, and put in one lump.

I supposed I was merely to meet Mrs. Van Buren and her daughters, but when I arrived at the portcullis of the ten-thousand-a-year apartment where my chief resides, I met a group of young people all bound in my direction. There were three young men who looked like George Arliss, Richard Carle and Frank MacIntyre respectively, and two girls, whose little gold-shod feet peeped out from trailing lengths of satin and chiffon, and whose faces wore the fashionable look of perfunctory, bird-like eagerness that I had come to recognize. One of these girls was the girl I had seen at the theatre—Evelyn Arnold, a very intimate friend of Eileen Van Buren.

"What do you like to talk about?" I asked her at dinner, when the fat man on her left became completely engrossed in the sauce Marguery that came with the fish.

"New York," she suggested; "don't you? Europe isn't exactly dinner-table conversation any more, is it?"

"I came from the Middle West," I said bluntly, "and I think there are, and always were, a good many more things to talk about than New York—and Europe."

She turned her encouraging, glittering smile on me.

"Yes?" she said.

I couldn't get the pitch, and I was angry at myself. I do believe in being what is required of you at a formal dinner. I should have done some light, bright promoting of my own country just here—the unexplored fastnesses of the states as opposed to the wracked and gutted territories that were our one-time playgrounds on the other side. I believe in seeing your own country now that Europe is closed. Why couldn't I have said so? Instead, I said deliberately:

"I've seen you before."

"Really?"

"At the opening of 'Many Minds.'"

"It was a ghastly performance, wasn't it?"

"You looked as if you enjoyed it," I persisted.

"Then my looks must have belied me. I was very much bored."

"Apparently you look just the same when you are bored as you do at any other time. I particularly watched you that evening."

She smiled as if I were conducting a conversation to her taste, which I was sure I could not be doing. She lifted her wine-glass. "That's just what you are," I was thinking. "Vintage champagne in a spun-glass container."

"The elixir of youth," I said aloud idiotically, "the wine of life in the most fragile and artificial of vessels. It bubbles, but its bubbles are absolutely calculated and conventional."

"I'm sorry they don't have those hollow-stemmed glasses any more, aren't you?" asked Miss Arnold.

"Shrimps make an offle good relish in a fish sauce," her left-hand neighbor observed at this juncture.

There was a slow anger rising in me, a resentment at the slippery, baffling surface of this girl beside me. She had lovely big blue eyes, very kind and intelligent. Her face had real wisdom in it. She looked even clever, but she was masked, veneered, groomed out of all semblance to humanity.

"There was another girl with you that night," I continued, "a girl who looked something like you."

"Margery Minton," she said, "a girl I used to go to Miss Pence's school with."

"She had on a high black velvet hat," I said. "Do you remember it?"

Her surprise would have been much greater if I had asked her the question in my mind, "Are you rich?"—I wanted to interrogate her—"or do you only have that appearance? Is it a personal maid who is responsible for all this, or could you possibly manage it yourself? They say it's extremely dangerous to touch up a woman's hair, but could the glint of that perfect curl be real?"

"I don't remember what hat Margery was wearing," she said smoothly.

"It was a very pretty hat," I clutched at my few remaining wits desperately, but made poor work of assembling them. "Your hat was very pretty, too. When

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

this dinner-party is over you will go to Mrs. Van Buren and ask her, if this man at your right was really quite sane, or merely in a condition in which he should not have appeared at her dinner-table, and Mrs. Van Buren will be entirely unable to explain to you that his wits were temporarily deflected by the problem of what little girls are made of, occurring to him in all its staggering significance for the first time."

I never expected to see the girl again, and I walked down the Avenue firmly, with the man who looked like George Arliss, discussing the country clubs within commuting distance of New York—of which I know nothing—without even a momentary regret that I had made it impossible for Miss Arnold to think of me without disgust and bewilderment. I was too old to play with dolls, I told myself severely, and that was all a further acquaintanceship could have possibly led to.

Mrs. Van Buren gave a series of days-at-home later in the season, and there was no getting out of them, of course. Teas are the price you pay for a dinner acquaintance with any woman in New York. I went to the second. Mrs. Van Buren is a tired woman who wears bushy aigrettes in her hair, and uses her arms a great deal below the elbows. Eileen was a pale girl who showed her gums, and her younger sister was all but fat. They were Western people originally, and the young ladies looked humanly capable of losing a hairpin or looping themselves on a door-knob. Miss Evelyn Arnold and Miss Margery Minton, done up in pale greens and grays and mauves, and both wearing orchids, radiated an atmosphere of immunity from all such indiscretions.

I said that I was pleased to meet Miss Minton. She said that Miss Arnold had spoken of meeting me, at a dinner, wasn't it?

I asked her if Miss Arnold had mentioned the fact that I was *not* having a lucid interval, and she said that Miss Arnold had mentioned the fact that I was very much bored and refused to behave, but that didn't matter so much at the Van Burens', did it?

I said that it didn't, and took both their teacups and held them until relief came. They ate two squashy cream cakes apiece without so much as smearing a finger-nail. I don't know how they did it, though I was watching them—every movement. I asked Miss Arnold if I might go to see her, and two days later I did so.

There was nothing so very formidable about their apartment. They had two good-looking maids around in frills, as anybody might have. Mrs. Arnold was a pretty, plump woman, not hermetically sealed like her daughter, but real and wholesome in spite of her Paris clothes. Mr. Arnold turned out to be the tired business man who met Evelyn in the theatre lobby the first night I ever saw her.

I fell in love with Evelyn the second time I went to see her. She poured a cup of tea for me, and put in one lump—then she held the other suspended over the cup while she looked at me inquiringly.

"Shall I put it in?" she asked sweetly.

"Put it in," I said; and the trick was done. What I was thinking was, "Good Lord! I'm in love with you," and it was a terrible thought to me, too. I wanted to marry a human, lovable, potential mother-woman, who my own mother could take in her arms and tell about the days before Dad made his money, when she didn't have a new dress in four years and did her own washing.

"Do you ride?" she asked, after an interval in which I had been busy reviewing my past life, and praying for mercy.

Evelyn.

"I do," I said sulkily.

"I ride in the park every morning."

"I'll ride with you," I said.

"You can't. You are too busy."

"I can Saturdays."

"That will be very pleasant."

"Miss Evelyn Arnold," I said, "do you like me a little?"

"Yes, indeed," she smiled, "I like you very much. Won't you have another brioche?"

I made up my mind that I would see that brittle girl crumpled and peeling and begging for mercy, if I gave up my life in the effort. She might not want to marry me after I had accomplished my effect, but I certainly could not ask her until I had done so.

She was more accessible than I thought she'd be. She had to be chaperoned at certain times and seasons, but I was able to pry her loose for certain jaunts I had planned without much difficulty. My first really malicious act was to spill her out of my runabout. I calculated it nicely, and caught her as she fell, and laid her under a haystack for repairs. (Suburban New York has plenty of haystacks if you know where they are.)

She accumulated one straw, and I got a little delicate smelling powder on my coat sleeve, but even her hat kept its angle. Her color came and went, but her complexion area remained exactly as usual. No pins shook out, no snap-fasteners undid themselves. Either one of my sisters would have been wearing her golden hair hanging down her back by this time.

"You don't dishevel very easily, do you?" I asked her.

"I don't dishevel at all," she said.

"But by Heaven, you shall before I'm through with you," I said to my inner consciousness. I couldn't marry a girl of glass like that, no matter how much I wanted to—I couldn't!

I made her walk the next time. I chose a blustry, snowy day on which the wind played impish tricks on every pedestrian—a day when you couldn't approach the Flatiron Building without being preceded by a scurrying hat or so, and hearing behind you the voice of the bald-headed gentleman who had parted with it unwittingly. I walked her to Times Square, and twice around the Times Building. Did her skirts swirl around her like a Dutch cheese? Did her hat dip and recover like a homing bird? Did the odd ribbons and floating ends and pennants peculiar to feminine attire stream out on the breeze? They did not. Not a lovelock came loose for my pains. Her trim young ankles showed, but, thanks to the recent edict from the Rue de la Paix, they were meant to show anyway. She seemed to be primly and correctly shod to the knees. I should have hated her if I had not grown to love her so well. She made all other women look cheap and undesirable and listless.

"You don't happen to think I'm good-looking?" I asked her one day. I'm not, by any means. My features are large and monotonous, and my summer tan never wears off. I have the kind of face that is usually summed up as "honest."

"I do," she said simply, but I believed her. I always believed her. She spoke the truth habitually. It was a part of that crystalline charm of hers.

"But is there anything you'd like to change about me? Is—is there anything too much so? Would you like to, for instance, groom me up a bit? Polish up my general appearance? I should think I'd look rather raw to you."

It occurred to me that she might have the same feeling about bringing me up to her standard that I had about bringing her down to my own. I'm not the sort of man who changes his collar after every dance, or gets his socks in a subtle variation to the coloring-matter in his tie. Nor do I wear embroidered silk pajamas. I don't try to get the freckles off my arms, either.

"No, you don't. You look to me just about the way a man should look."

"In good form and all that?"

"Why of course."

"Well, then," I plunged, "if it's good form for a man to look natural the way I do, or try to, just clean and wholesome and ready for business, why isn't it good form for a girl to look—natural, too—without any special effort?"

"It is," said my Evelyn gravely.

Some weeks later I was fortunate enough to be calling on her when the apartment caught on fire. The window curtain blew into a candle, and the whole

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

window frame, the f[illegible]e couch and the pillows on the c[illegible] all alight in a second of time [illegible]ohol container on the table t[illegible]ne, and the blaze spread. Th[illegible] were out, and Mrs. Arnold h[illegible]o bed with a headache.

E[illegible]ched to the telephone and t[illegible] back to help me. We did [illegible] team work, sparing the best [illegible] using the portières and the couch [illegible]r for smothering purposes. She thought of the fire extinguishers in the hall, and I worked them. We got the couch under control, but the table and curtain-rod were still crackling merrily when the fire department arrived and an inundation of people, hall-boys and inquiring neighbors and their maids, poured in upon us.

I became suddenly conscious of my personal appearance. My hair was singed, and I had lost the better part of an eyebrow. My waistcoat was burned through, and there was a long streak of dirt starting at my left eyebrow and making a detour by way of the temple to the corner of my mouth. I caught a glimpse of these details in the mirror over the mantel, but it was not until the last crinkly blue flame had been subdued by the strident and ubiquitous gentlemen of the fire commission that I thought to look hopefully at Evelyn. Surely this was a grand climax to my season of intrigue, this cataclysmic rough-house had produced the ideal set of circumstances in which to test the quality of my dear girl's implacable sheen. She was out of my range when I thought of it, but she came to my call, from the heart of a vociferous group of sopranos.

She took my survey calmly and inquiringly.

"You look as if you had just come out of the ice-box," I said savagely; "as crisp and uncrumpled as a heart of lettuce. I don't understand it."

"I'm sorry," she said, "if it doesn't appeal to you. At any rate, we put the fire out nicely, and mother didn't even realize it until it was all over."

"Where is she?" I asked.

"Getting dressed in order to make her appearance."

"Don't let her. Get all these people out, and don't let any one else in," I demanded; "if you love me," I added, as she hesitated.

"Well, I do that," she murmured, but so composedly that I hardly dared to believe I had heard it.

I took her in my arms as the door closed on the last inquisitive bell-boy.

"I love you," I said. "I can't hold out any longer. There was a certain thing that I thought had to happen before there was any chance of our being happy together, but I can't make it happen. You are the most perfect thing that God ever made, and I am a crude, raw-boned, exacting, domineering, manufacturing Middle Westerner, and it's against my better judgment that I want you to marry me. Will you, dear—will you, my darling?"

"I certainly will," she said, "when I find out what your objections are."

I tried to be gentle, but the feel of her in my arms was so wonderful and I was so hungry for her. She proved to be so warm and so vibrating.

"Don't be such a bear," she said, but she laughed when she said it, which did not have the effect of subduing my performance.

"I've got to know what you meant," she persisted later, when we were sitting hand in hand on what remained of the couch amid its charred fragments. "Whatever it was that you thought had to happen, ought to happen. We'll be a good deal better off if we wait for it."

"I don't know," I said, wondering if I should ever be foolish enough to tell her.

"We'll wait for it whether you tell me or not," she decided.

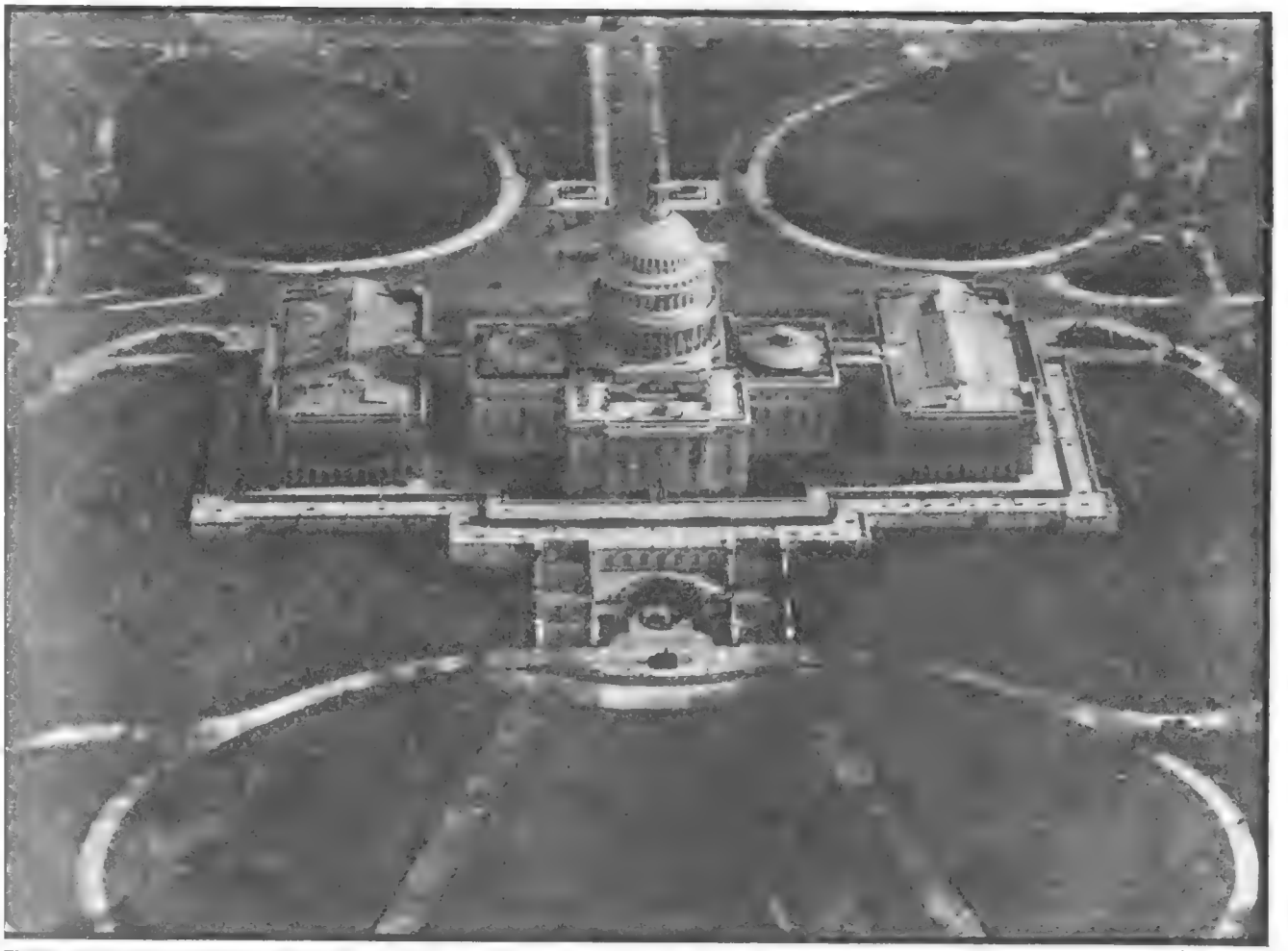
As she lifted her head from my breast, where I had been endeavoring to detain it as the conversation grew more embarrassing, I got a full look into her face, flushed and delicate and quivering—the face of the woman I was going to marry, transfigured and holy.

"My God!" I thought, and closed my eyes swiftly, with an almost nauseating sense of my unfitness. When I opened them again I saw the beloved face still near me, but I saw what I had not seen before, the hair that framed it escaped from its hairpins and racing and rippling over the forehead, and I saw, too, a ragged, triangular smudge running all the way from the brow to the chin bone.

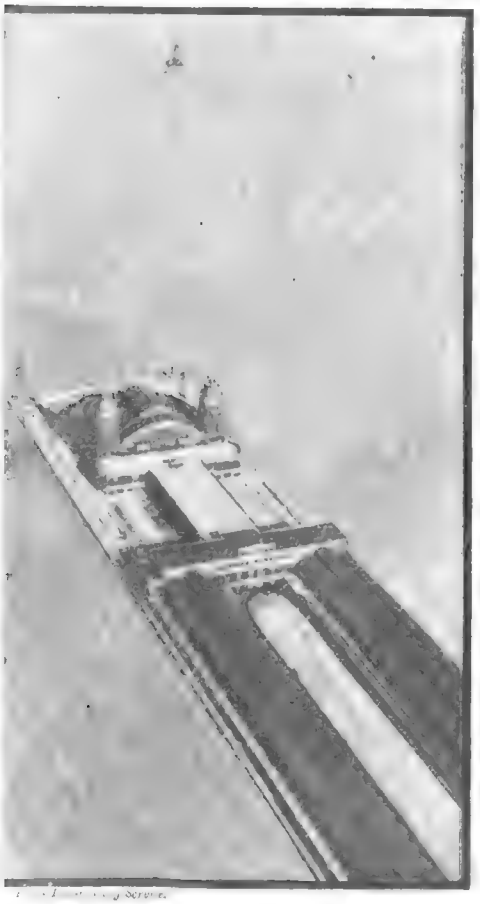
"I've messed you all up, dear," I said happily. "Believe me, dearest, you must believe me, that there's nothing in all the wide world that we have to wait for now. It's all happened."

"There's nothing in all the wide world that we have to wait for now."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The Capitol at Washington, D. C.



hicago's municipal pier. One of the umping stations for the city waterworks seen in the distance.

Chicago from the Lake front.

Digitized by Google

Rubbernecking American

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Washington Monument, Washington, D. C.

Beacon Hill, Boston, showing the State House and Charles River in the distance.

The Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.

Cities from the Air
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Cab, Sir?"

A Record of Innocent Diversion

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

REVIEWING the facts candidly, the sike now attributes his part in the crime to the stimulus of a third cup of tea. The first two he took because he was lonely. The third he had, for fellowship, on invitation from a gob and a flit who perceived his condition. They explained that they were lifelong friends, having originally met last week at a sing-song while waiting for their final discharge papers; and why not see New York first?

The sike said that he had no place to go short of College City, Missouri. The gob, it appeared, had plenty of places to go in the near vicinage, but did not wish to resume his old way of life which, he hinted, was ignominious if not actually criminal. The flit had to go to the dental clinic in the morning, so he didn't care; he was feeling reckless and suicidal. The hour was that of slack-tide on Broadway, when the chorus is just opening the second act.

"What is that which it is that we make to do this evening?" inquired the gob, as they emerged from the War Camp Community Service Club on Twenty-seventh Street.

Having taken the cantonment course in Uncle Sam's French Idioms for the Idiotic, the others comprehended at once.

"Would a bus ride be a good start?" suggested the sike.

"Take a walk and get the kinks out of us," amended the flit who still suffered from transport cramp.

"What-ho about a roof-show?" queried the gob.

Madison Square Garden loomed flatly beside them while they were still debating it by the ambulant method. A shaft of light from a side exit fell across their path. The flit blinked into the aperture and withdrew his tongue from his most peevish tooth for the purpose of remarking: "Whoa, Dobbin!"

"It's a tank," observed the sike, following his gaze. "What does the sign say?" He pointed to a placard, pendent from the creature's neck.

" 'To be returned,' " read the gob.

"To return it, you first got to take it out," argued the flit. "It spoke just in time. Maudie, I'm your little return ticket."

"You!" said the gob incredulously. "Where do you come in? Can you run that thing?"

"I can run anything that drinks gasoline."

"It looks like Providence by special arrangement," observed the gob. "What do *you* say, Buddy?"

"I told you I was for a bus ride," returned the sike under the influence of the third cup of tea.

"D'you reckon this reptile's got a keeper?" asked the flit. He entered the passageway and looked about, but found no one. "Or a mouth?" he proceeded. "We've got to persuade it to swallow us. Hey, gob; you're tender and juicy. Tackle its whiskers."

"Those aren't whiskers. Those are machine guns. Hi! Eureka! Here's the door with 'welcome' on the mat." At his touch a panel at the front slowly unfolded outward, displaying a lighted interior.

"Who'll join me in the Jonah Club?" invited the flit, plunging down the wide gullet. "It's my idea we'd better get moving before our little whale gets to whinnying and raises its master. All aboard that's going aboard. Public Library, Eagle Hotel, Soldier's Monument and way stations to the Guard-House!"

The others clambered into the monster's interior. Its mouth closed after them.

"Now, I hope the dum thing responds to gentle treatment," the flit said. "I see how she starts, but I gotta take a chance on how she steers. Are you ready? Grab and stick; she may buck. Go!"

He did something intricate and skilled to some levers. With a noise as of a boiler-shop attacked by convulsions, the tank moved majestically forth and, after a moment of doubt, which nearly cost a taxi its life, turned to the left and the bright lights. The voyage had begun.

Here, for the benefit of those who have been living, since the war began, a retired life in Tierra del Fuego or Spitzbergen, it may be well to explain the terms of the fellowship. A sike is a private of the Psychological Division of the Army Medical Corps. Morale is his special concern; he is the man who keeps things stirring in camp when it has rained for three solid weeks and the mail has gone wrong and war is all that Sherman said of it and more. He is usually a college professor who has seen a great light. This one was, and had. His name is Follansbee James. A flit is a flying and prying person who snoops about in an airplane of low elevation and manners, poking his nose into matters which it is undesirable that he should know. Such is the shamelessness of our Government that our flit, Frederick Slayter by name, had actually been decorated for his ill-bred performances. A gob is, of course —though nobody knows why—an able seaman. Mr. "Chaw" Veeder was unusually able. He had other names, but they had vanished owing to his propensity for conserving a plug of tobacco unobtrusively in his cheek. There is a deal of hidden vice in our Navy. Having thus satisfied. I trust, inquiring minds of a scientific and philological bent, I will now return to the deliberate and uproarious conveyance wherein I have left the trio.

Bhoong - barrang - whroo - oo - oom - prrrrawng - bomp - clink - whang - oomble - gawmmle-*BOOM!* The tank proceeded westward on Twenty-seventh Street at a breakneck pace of three miles an hour. Windows flew up. Pajama-clad figures, and others more frilly, appeared therein, making somnolent and wrathful gestures. Scandalized inhabitants rushed out of doorways and rushed in again, for the tank was steering wildly. The gob funneled his hands toward the flit.

"Where you going?" he bellowed above the riot.

The answer came back faint and fragmentary, "Don't — how — 'amthing — steers."

In a spirit of misplaced helpfulness, the gob seized a lever and pulled it. Straightway the tank paused, turned on its heel, executed a couple of airy pirouettes and with a metallic roar rushed up on the sidewalk and totally obliterated three garbage-cans which had been playing the extrahazardous rôle of innocent bystanders. It then cut obliquely across the corner, gently but firmly removed an electric-light pole which sought to stay its pace, debouched into Fifth Avenue, and pointing its nose up-town, resumed its sedate progress.

"Don't—excite—again," bawled the flit at the wheel reprovingly to the gob. "Flighty—little—whiffet. Letter—own—way."

Ensconced at a peep-hole the sike now delivered tidings in a strained yell, "Cavalry attack."

The flit threw off the power so suddenly that his two companions came and sat on his neck. Amidst the ensuing peace the night roar of Fifth Avenue was as the splash of ripples upon a gently sloping beach.

"Get off me!" protested the engineer. "I'm going to chin with the law."

He opened the door and a policeman's head appeared. At the same moment the sike retired and was dimly seen behind a stanchion busily writing what the gob surmised to be a long farewell to home and loved ones. The cop opened a mouth upon which lurked the suspicion of a grin.

"Where are you boys trundling your little alarm-clock on wheels?" he inquired.

"Back to quarters," replied the flit glibly.

The officer's glance fell upon the spread wings of the flit's service. "Looka-here," he observed. "You belong to the flying, don't you? You're in the wrong kind of bus."

"I'm goin' to fly this," asserted the operator blandly, "as soon as we come to a good take-off."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"It's a tank," observed the sike, following his gaze. "What does the sign say?" He pointed to a placard, pendent from the creature's neck.

"Sure!" agreed the cop. "I'd like to go up with you. Just the same, I'll take a look at your papers. Hand 'em out."

The flit's hand started to his head to scratch for ideas, when it was arrested midway by another hand pressing into it a sheet of paper. A whisper from the sike did the rest. The document was duly presented to the representative of the civil law who read therein, under the insignium of the War Camp Community Service, which looks very official and authoritative, if not too closely scrutinized, that Corporal F. Slayter of the Aero Service, Able Seaman Veeder, and Private James of the Sanitary Corps, U. S. A., were specially detailed to operate Tractor Tank No. 13 in such highways of New York City as they might select for demonstration purposes.

"That gets by with me," announced the officer. "And I'll pass the word up the Avenue. But look out for the side-streets. Some of the cops on duty there are mean, suspicious guys that wouldn't be above spoiling a pleasant evening."

"Jesse James," observed the flit, turning admiringly to the sike, after the obstacle to progress had withdrawn. "as a psychologist you're a high-class forger. That touch about 'demonstration purposes'—that's bad, I guess! We could swim the tank in Central Park Reservoir or shin it up the Obelisk on the strength of that."

"And to think," sighed the sike, "that next week I'll be burbling about ethics in a stuffy classroom.

"Maybe not," returned the gob. "If Slayter does any more of his fancy evolutions, you may be in the hospital."

"Oh, I've got her now," asseverated the helmsman confidently, starting up the machinery. "—levers," he yelled, "control-caterpillars. Pull—right—and—" He did so, and the tank, executing a right about face, chased a horrified limousine half-way up a flight of brownstone steps. "Come back!" vociferated the exasperated flit, and hauled the left lever with such telling effect that (so the gob and the sike solemnly declare) the Waldorf-Astoria leaped a foot from its foundations and then escaped annihilation only by a fraction of an inch.

"For Mike's sake!" howled the gob. "Stick to the straight-and-narrow."

They lurched back into the main current, with a noise as of cosmic dissolution, and the traffic broke and fled before their measured progress. As they went, there came from the rear of the interior a sound faint, far-away, and vague like the plaint of a discouraged cricket. It was the sike singing:

> "We don't know where we're going
> But we're on—our—way."

"That reminds me," said the flit, shutting off. "Where *are* we going?"

"Rubbernecking," suggested the gob.

"I've got an idea," offered the sike. "If the captain of this buoyant craft could steer around a corner——"

"I can steer around any number of corners," asserted the flit with a shade of offense in his tone.

"Simultaneously," added the gob.

"Looka-here, Chaw!" cried the operator hotly. "If you don't like the way I run this bus——"

"Calm yourself, corporal," adjured the sike, "and tell me, do you think you could negotiate the perilous straits that lead to the stage door of that sprightly ragtime operetta, taken from the French without opposition on their part and entitled 'Cherchez la Chicken'? I have important business there."

"Cutie in the chorus," surmised the flit, looking pained and moral. "Oh, Perfessor! I bid for an introduction. We're off!"

Cautiously manipulating the controls, the chauffeur contrived to achieve the turn into the side street with no incident or accident other than the conversion of a too torpid fruit-stand into a mixture of wood-pulp and citrus juices, the proprietor barely escaping with his life. The last act of "Cherchez la Chicken" had reached that point of delicate and original humor where the comedian, seated in a custard pie, sings a farewell to his mother-in-law while the chorus dances, when the side-alley which leads up to the stage burst into thunderous reverberations. There are numerous exits from the place—it is the one redeeming virtue of the show—and all of them promptly jammed. The comedian arose from the pie. The lobby fainted. The

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

They lurched back into the main current, with a noise as of cosmic dissolution, and the traffic broke and fled before their measured progress.

chorus dispersed. The management, wringing its already overringed hands, rushed out into the alley, now being patrolled by the tank, back and forth, amidst clamant echoes.

"Go away!" he shrieked. "What you want? Shut your noise."

The monster fell silent. From the orifice which should have been its mouth, the serious face of the sike emerged.

"Sir," said he, "last night I attended your performance."

"Who are you?" demanded the manager. "You spoil my show!"

"Four days pay you mulcted me. And you seated me behind a pillar."

"Tell your troubles to the box-office," retorted the manager brutally. "I ain't inter——"

"I willingly concede," continued the sike calmly, "that the pillar was preferable, from any view-point, to the performance. But I want my four dollars back."

"A fat chance!" retorted the manager.

"Half speed ahead, if you please," requested the sike.

"Phsrang - bang - guzzoom - warrong - kong-hong-whang!" clamored the monster, advancing upon the manager.

"Yi-yi-hi! Whoo-oo-ee-ee-ee!" sounded in piercing antiphony from within, where the soprano was having hysterics.

From the fourth rung of the fire-escape ladder the manager waved surrender with a roll of bills. "Blackmail!" he moaned as the sike selected a five and returned a dollar. "Please go away quietly."

The sike, turning, was intercepted by a small, fattish gentleman in evening clothes.

"On behalf of self and friend," said the man, "I thank you."

"You are attending the performance?" inquired the sike politely.

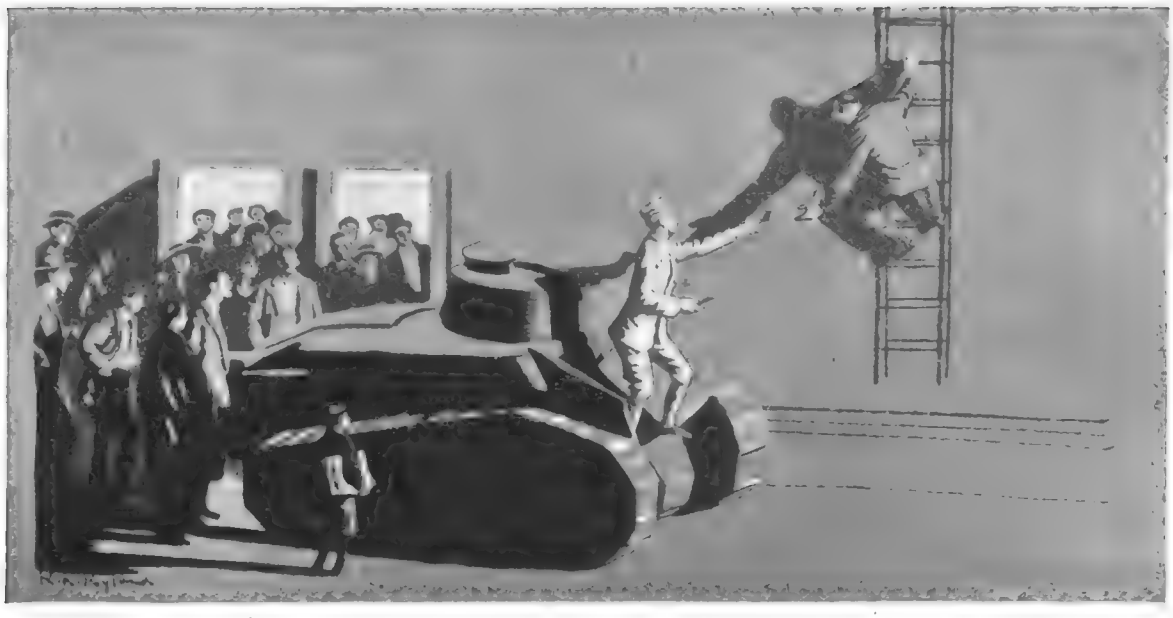
"I am. Less fortunate than yourself I did not draw a pillar. As for my friend, whom I was seeking to distract from a depression of the soul, he insulted me and fled. He is now doubtless wandering about the city, a prey to unrelieved melancholy."

"What's biting your friend?" queried the flit, projecting an interested face into the dialogue.

The stranger accepted the interrogation in the spirit of metaphor in which it was offered. "Woman," he stated succinctly. "If you should happen to encounter six-foot two of correctly attired manhood baying the moon on a street corner, that is him. Or, if not him, he. Be kind to him, address him as Reuben Renssalaer Watts, and play him your little anvil chorus. It might cheer him up. I return to my martyrdom." He saluted and retired.

In deference to the manager's entreaty, the tank backed out discreetly, making hardly more commotion than the average railway collision, and retired along Forty-fourth Street toward the Avenue. It roused a corpulent and fluffy dog, lolling richly in a waiting motor-car, who leaped out through the window with terrifying growls, and undertook to harry it, performing just in front of the left caterpillar that progressive three-legged canine dance familiar to all motorists. But a tank is not a motor-car. The fluffy dog conceived a misplaced contempt for its speed. He loitered on the way. There was a surprised and pained exclamation in the canine language, and the fluffy dog, ceasing to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



From the fourth rung of the fire-escape ladder the manager waved surrender with a roll of bills. "Blackmail!" he moaned as the sike selected a five and returned a dollar.

exist in the customary three dimensions, passed to the fourth, leaving as a souvenir only the first and second—to wit, length and breadth—upon the asphalt. He that so lately had been a beribboned and pampered darling was now as the shadow of a dream, a breath upon glass, a highly impressionistic silhouette limned against the unsympathetic pavement, above which a fat blond lady tore her costly hair, uttering tragic and vengeful cries. Hastily checking the juggernaut, the flit descended, and was promptly addressed as a murderer by the blond lady. The gob came to the rescue, and learned something to his disadvantage and that of his parentage. Then the sike tactlessly offered his hard-wrung four dollars in reparation. Him she smote upon the ear with violence, and after one ineffectual attempt to scrape Pettie from the bosom of Mother Earth retired, wailing, to her car, where she ordered the chauffeur to take her to her lawyer.

"And to think," murmured the sike, tenderly caressing the spot where the assault had taken place, "that next month I'll be instilling moral precepts into the minds of the rising generation. Such is life!"

"This is where we oil up," announced the flit, and, having herded his passengers in, went at it.

The delay was untimely. Hardly had the tank, refreshed and lubricated, resumed its way, when above the uproar was heard a sharp "ping!" It was twice repeated.

"Somebody applying for admittance," surmised the sike, in a well-attuned howl.

The gob applied his eye to a rear peephole. "It's one of those side-street cops; the bad ones our friend down the avenue told us about. He's shooting at us."

"A hold-up," observed the flit. He stopped the engine, just as a fourth bullet, deflected from the upper armor, crashed through a brightly illuminated second-story window. There was the sound of a meeting adjourning *sine die*, and an oratorically-garbed gentleman thrusting his head out of an upper window, sounded the alarum, "Bolshe*vee*ki! Bolshe*vee*ki!" in a melancholy and monotonous shriek.

The pursuing policeman rushed around to the front of the tank. "Lady says you killed her dog," he announced. "Open up."

The flit obligingly opened the door to explain. Straightway the officer's gun was brought to bear upon his head. "Now, you stay put," came the grim order. The flit stayed.

But not for long. Acting, apparently, quite on its own initiative, the machine gun of the forward turret deliberately and noiselessly swung about until it pointed accurately at the third button, counting upward, of the policeman's tunic. It is very disconcerting to have a machine gun aim itself at the pit of one's stomach, particularly when there is no evidence as to whether it is loaded or not. And a machine gun always looks loaded.

The cop blinked and wavered. A solemn voice emerged from the hollow interior:

> "'Who touches a hair of yon red head
> Dies like a dog! March on!' he said."

"Whaddye mean, 'red head'?" indignantly demanded the flit, who was sensitive on the subject; and he ducked inside seeking explanation.

The gob immediately pulled-to the steel door. "We will now parley," he announced.

The officer took off his helmet and fanned a wrinkled brow. "You gotta keep off this street," he said, but without conviction.

"Why?" demanded the gob.

"You're a truck," said the cop.

"You're another," retorted the flit hotly. "We're a pleasure-car; that's what we are!"

"Well, you're a heavy traffic, anyway," argued the cop. "You got no right here."

"Lightest tank in the service," declared the gob. "Less than six tons on the hoof. Stripped down for speed, in light marching accouterment with one day's ammunition and a marked-down meal ticket, we're only——"

"For Gawd's sake!" broke in the harassed officer; "git off my beat before I report yer, if I can think of somethin' to report that the Cap would believe."

Thus delivered from the Philistines, the equipage proceeded, amid the wonder and consternation of an ear-smitten public. But there was one who paid no tribute of notice to its thunderous progress. He stood on the corner of Fifth Avenue, and gazed into vacancy. The gleam of his candid shirt-front attracted the eye of the gob, who was acting as lookout.

"Lighthouse off the port bow," he informed the chauffeur. "Seems to be deserted. Run alongside; I fain would hail it."

The tank, after a preliminary wobble, drew up, facing the abstracted individual. He deigned to droop an uninterested eye at it, and straightway resumed his contemplation of nothingness. The gob semi-emerging from the tank's door, addressed him.

"Cab, sir?"

"Eh? What?" said the other vaguely.

"Taxi, sir? Fine night for a ride," said the gob persuasively.

"Certainly," assented the bystander with the air of one who welcomes any diversion, however slight. He stepped inside.

"Where to, sir?"

The fare considered. "Eight-seventy-seven Park Avenue," he said at length.

"What for?" interposed the flit with suspicion.

"To make a polite and formal call on a young lady."

"Look at the time," protested the flit. "Won't she be asleep?"

"Not after little Pussyfoot enters the block," said the fare with conviction. "Besides that—have I hired this hack or haven't I?"

"You sure have," confirmed the gob. "Montmorency, behave!" he admonished the flit. "We are about to go into Society. I can tell it by the address. By the left wheel, *hrumph!*"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"One moment," said the passenger. "It is my duty to tell you that Bingle Foxley will be coming down the Avenue drunk and chiefly on the wrong side, about this hour."

"Who's he?" demanded the chauffeur.

"The Demon Motorist. Traffic rules are a red rag to him. As a cousin of the Big Chief he's immune from arrest, and gets a clear path."

"What's the big idea?" demanded the flit.

"Just so that you can slide out the way when you hear his siren," returned the fare, with apparent innocence.

The flit grinned. "Ick hobby dick, Steefen, as we say in Coblenz," he observed. "We're off."

THE Fifth Avenue traffic obligingly made way again. After essaying several polite and casual observations in a stentorian tone, with the effect of a microbe's whisper, the passenger gathered together his vocal powers, and stuck his voice into the gob's ear.

"I want to explain. I'm going to LET YOU INTO A LITTLE SECRET," he bellowed into a suddenly developed stillness, consequent upon the flit's shutting off power at a crowded corner.

"One little tone louder," suggested the gob, "and you'll let in South Norwalk and the Oranges."

"Let me explain to you all," said the passenger while the gathering crowd outside passed the word that the tank was conveying a violently mad German spy to the asylum. "I'm very much interested in——"

"Not me!" expostulated the flit. "The last guy in a dress suit that explained what he was very much interested in, got me very much interested too, and stung me four months' pay for four cents' worth of phony stock."

"This is a young lady," said the other, with dignity. "She objects to me because she says I am too proper and conventional to be really human."

"Are you?" inquired the sike with interest.

"Before the war, possibly. I admit it."

"And the war cured you?"

"Judge for yourself. The third day of the Argonne debate I nearly got court-martialed for biting a chunk out of my captain's ear. It was dark, and I thought when we came together after the charge and he tried to gouge my left eye out, that he was a Fritzie. Now I put it to you as pals, *is* that overrefined and finicky?"

"Pals is right," stated the flit heartily, "if you was at Argonne Woods. And as man to man and one having experience, I'd advise you to handle her likewise. Not bite her ear off, you get me? But join the tanks and treat 'em rough."

"Precisely why I hired this cab."

"So woman is your trouble," observed the sike. "I salute you, Mr. Reuben Renssalaer Watts."

"The devil you do!" retorted that gentleman. "When did you graduate into the Intelligence Department? Or have I met you in a previous existence?"

"Neither. It is quite simple," began the sike, when a swelling, soaring, blare from up the Avenue cut him short.

"Mr. Foxley requests the courtesy of a clear path," said Mr. Watts.

"Sure," remarked the flit between his teeth. "Sic 'em, Maudie!"

Gathering speed, the tank proceeded to weave and writhe across the roadway in a manner suggestive of a beetle with the stomach-ache. Hoots, rude, imperative and monitory, sounded from ahead. A huge green car manned by a huge red youth came rushing down upon them. At sight of the tank, the car emitted a sublimated yawp of surprise and horror followed by penetrating shrieks as the brakes bit in, the youth uttered a whoop of desperation, the outfit hit the unmoved tank slantwise, skimmed across the sidewalk on two wheels and sought cover in a window placarded "Special Bargains in Lingerie" whence presently emerged the almost total ruin of Mr. Foxley draped pinkly in a chemise. It beat the air with frenzied hands, yelled feebly, and disappeared around the corner in the direction of its club. Revivified later (though not by the usual agencies, which he resolutely refused, to the alarm of his fellows), Mr. Foxley related how, while driving quietly down the Avenue he had been beset by a mud-turtle in armor. A very large, ferocious, prehistoric mud-turtle, waving an American flag, which without provocation had attacked his unoffending car, bitten off its two front wheels and chased it through a plate-glass window. And as for him, he wouldn't care if July first came to-morrow! He was off it!

"Where do they come from and why did they let 'em out?" demanded Mr. Foxley passionately.

The maligned tank, passing upon its sentimental quest, was now spreading the echoes of Bedlam through peaceful Park Avenue. At number eight-seventy-seven, the equipage stopped. The clamor didn't. A surprised and extremely attractive face beneath the cap of the National League for Woman's Service Motor Corps appeared at a third-floor window.

"Shut off! Shut off!" yelled Reuben Renssalaer Watts. "I want to talk to her."

"Can't," bellowed the flit. "She's jammed."

The face at the window became indignant. It made urgent gestures like a policeman.

"The lady wants us to move on," the gob informed the perspiring Mr. Watts.

Out upon the sidewalk stepped the sike. He faced the lovely and indignant apparition overhead and squared his manly form. With his right hand he majestically indicated the zenith; his left he placed tenderly upon the pit of his stomach. Immediately he thrust his left north-northeast and started a pivot-blow with the other. He then boxed the compass in swift, successive two-arm movements. The ornament of the window nodded and disappeared.

"See here!" said Mr. Watts. "Do you *know* that lady?"

"I do not," returned the sike, "though I live in hopes."

"Then why the convulsions?" demanded Mr. Watts severely.

"Semaphoring, my dear sir. I simply wigwagged the lady that if she would descend to Mother Earth, a communication of semi-official import having a vital bearing on her prospects in life would be made to her. *Or* words to that effect," said the sike. "The rest is up to you."

The final observation might well have been addressed to the Mayor of New Rochelle, as, coincident with its utterance the chauffeur had stilled his engine. He joined the sidewalk group, followed by the gob. The girl emerged.

"Is it an ambulance job?" she asked professionally.

"No, madam," answered the sike.

"Then why did you S. O. S. me?"

Mr. Reuben Renssalaer Watts stepped forward. "Renny!" she exclaimed and turned to a pink so delicate and bewitching that the gob hastily and surreptitiously extracted his beloved quid and tossed it under the iron monster.

"A social call," said that gentleman. "Good evening, Carey." He stepped forward and with nonchalance and promptitude kissed the newcomer fair and full upon the lips.

"Renny!" gasped the girl; and the pink deepened to a fiery red. "Wh-Wh-What—how—are you crazy?"

"I've joined the tanks," exclaimed Mr. Watts urbanely. "'Treat 'em rough' is our motto. Come and have a joy-ride on me."

The girl recovered herself. "Who are these gentlemen?"

"Hanged if I know. I hired the crew with the ship and they are now my fellow piratical voyagers on faerie seas forlorn. Fellows, this is Miss Carey Vail."

"Pleased to meetcher," said the flit, stepping forward courteously. "My name's Mr. Slayter. The gob, here, is Chaw Veeder. He's rough stuff from the gas-house, but with ladies present he'll kindly soft-pedal. The other guy is a stuffed professor at home, at present considerable alive. Name, Perfessor James." He turned to address Watts. "Now, where to, sir?"

"Where do you suggest?"

"IF THIS is a ladies' game," responded the flit tentatively, "there's a party named Miss Nora McSears who cashes at an all-night restaurant on East Fifty-eighth Street, very clean and respectable."

"Right! Go to Fifty-eighth Street. Will you get in, Carey?"

Miss Carey Vail sniffed the air daintily and observed the tank with doubt. "Do you think your steed is safe?" she asked.

"He's uncertain when hungry," explained the gob; "but he's just fed. He's had one small dog, one large fruit-stand, three cans of garbage, a corner of the Waldorf-Astoria and a chew of the best plug. You could trust him to tow a baby-carriage down Peacock Alley."

Miss Vail embarked. Her next observation, "Do behave yourself, Renny," was inferred rather than heard, in the commotion of their turning. Nor was their converse thereafter, though earnest, of import to the others, who considerately concentrated their attention upon the outer world.

The Recherché Restaurant was doing a languid, ten-cent-to-a-quarter trade, when East Fifty-eighth Street burst into "The Anvil Chorus." Its entire clientele rushed to the door, followed by a tall, calm-eyed girl with the cash-register in her arms. The tank brought up with a lurch opposite her.

"Good evening, Miss Nora," said the flit, emerging.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Taxi, sir? Fine night for a ride," said the gob persuasively.

"Good evening, yourself, and who are *you?*" returned Miss McSears placidly.

The flit assumed an air of profound injury. "Did you or did you not, one year back, come St. Patrick's Day, after the Club dance at camp, take my regimental pin to wear and say you'd never forget Private F. Slayter, now corporal?"

"Maybe I did," admitted the girl. "But your face was clean then."

"I've joined the tanks since," said Corporal Slayter. "Treat 'em rough." Selecting the nearest dimple in Miss McSears's piquant face, he saluted it in form.

"Move on!" cried that young lady, helpless by reason of the cash-machine, but wrathful. "My father's a policeman and I'll be telephoning for him."

"Ask him can I keep company with his daughter," suggested the unperturbed flit. "We'll move on when you move with us."

"In *that?*" retorted the girl, bestowing a scornful look upon the monster. "I don't believe it's even respectable. Who's in there?"

Responding to the flit's unspoken appeal, the woman passenger stepped out. "I'm Carey Vail," she began in her quiet, assured voice. "You may know——"

"Hello, Vail," interrupted Miss McSears. "Why, Mac! Bless your old heart! How are you?"

The two did not fall on each other's necks. They shook hands in manly fashion. "This is one of our emergency volunteers for the "flu" work," explained the girl in uniform. "They don't make them any better."

"They don't need to, as far's I'm concerned," murmured Mr. Slayter, relieving the bearer of the cash-register. "Are you on for our little party, Nora?"

"Wait till I telephone for a substitute," said Miss McSears. "And do you behave yourself, you with your 'Nora'!"

Upon her return, after some delay, there was heard issuing from the tank's interior dolorous music, in the sike's plaintive baritone:

"No one to pity him, none to cay-ress
No one to help *him* in his sad dy-stress."

"The Sweet Singer of Michigan has broken his parole," observed the gob. "Hey, you inside, what's on your bursting chest?"

"I'm lonely," stated the sike. "All my lovely companions are faded and gone. Captive to the fair sex.

"Oh, bury me on the lone pray-*ree!*
Where the wild ki-yotes can't pester me."

"Goodness gracious! What's that?" queried Miss McSears.

"I believe it's some kind of a professor," explained Miss Vail, as the flit obligingly turned an interior light upon the sike. Miss McSears viewed the exhibit with critical approval.

"It looks good to me," she said. "Couldn't we get somebody to take care of it for the evening and make this a real party? Any of your crowd on, Vail?"

"Eleven twenty-five," said the corps-girl, examining a wrist-watch. "Dolly Barrett'll just be coming off duty. She'd fit in."

"Great!" assented Miss McSears, and the two girls retired to telephone.

"Did you get her?" chorused the crew of the tank, when they returned.

"Of course," said Miss Vail. "We told her to meet us at eleven-fifty on the south side of Columbus Circle where Broadway comes in."

"That's a nice, retired spot for a tryst," said Mr. Watts sardonically. "Did you tell her how we were coming?"

"No. I just said we'd pick her up in a car."

"She'll be surprised."

"Surprise will do her good. She's been overworked lately and needs livening up."

Surprise was obviously the trysted one's portion when, with the sound of earthquake and avalanche, battle, murder, and sudden death, the "cab" arrived. Nor was the initial surprise the only one. A perfect stranger with a long, lean, pleasant face stepped out and regarded her with appreciative and twinkling eyes. In the background she dimly apprehended Miss Vail and Miss McSears. On his part the sike contemplated a small, trim young person with very black hair, very gray eyes under black brows and lashes and a mouth that was an enticement to disorderly conduct. His bedazzled regard failed to note certain features of her costume. His once professorial spirit was in a turmoil, a reckless, desperate glow.

"Good evening," he said rapidly. "We've come to take you riding. Let me help you in. My name is Follansbee James. I've joined the tanks. Treat 'em rough." Smack! The disorderly conduct was committed.

"Attention!" snapped the enraged victim of the caress.

The sike fell into a rigor, a paralysis, intended for a salute. His horrified eyes were riveted on the newcomer's nearest shoulder. A silver bar shone there.

"Lord help me! I've kissed my superior officer," groaned the sike, and collapsed into the waiting arms of the gob.

The others immediately supplied a chorus of explanation and apology, greatly enjoyed and appreciated by the gathering crowd. "Let's get out of here," said Lieutenant Dolly Barrett, bewilderedly rubbing the corner of her chin (for the sike had been nervous and his marksmanship below par). "Go into the Park, where it's quiet."

Their progress spread a horrific stridor through the peace and decorum of the Park's ordered avenues, and the squirrels awoke in the tree-tops, gibbering with terror, and the birds took wing and fled into the unknown, and the new hippopotamus of the Zoo, surmising that the day of judgment was upon him, repented of his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sins in a wail that scarred the ear-drums of the sleeping neighborhood; and policemen, singly and in squads, rushed to the scene and retired before the sight of a moving fortress displaying the American flag, and Reuben Renssalaer Watts chose that time as propitious for a whirlwind advance, under cover of the riot, upon the heart of Miss Carey Vail. As he pleaded earnestly, and with vast expenditure of lung-power, which did not reach beyond the attentive ear of the girl, who was listening with an expression somewhere between happiness, panic, and surrender, the flit tactlessly and abruptly shut down the power to inquire his way, and Mr. Watts was heard (from the Battery on the south to the Bronx on the north) proclaiming the finale and climax of his wooing:

"—GOING TO MARRY ME THIS VERY NIGHT, AS IS!"

A dead, blank, dismayed silence supervened. The unintentional eavesdroppers stared at each other and away from the pair. Ten blocks distant the hippopotamus laughed raucously. Mr. Watts, justly indignant, turned upon the chauffeur.

"Keep her going, you fourth-rate, donkey-engine misfit!" he roared, in tones which proved that he didn't care who heard him this time.

"What church?" inquired the flit promptly.

"Not any church," cried Miss Carey Vail. "I want to go ho-o-ome."

"Oh, be a sport, Vail," adjured her superior officer. "He looks all right to me. Why not marry him and put him out of his misery?"

"Go on; do!" urged Miss McSears. "It'll be so romantic."

"Maybe it'd be catching," hopefully suggested Corporal Slayter, who appeared to be holding Miss McSears's hand.

"Happy thought!" contributed the sike. "Don't spoil the evening's fun just because of a weak prejudice about formality."

"Oh, I think you're all mad!" declared Miss Vail tremulously, and suddenly, despite her uniform, she looked very small and feminine and helpless. "You, most of all, Remny. I don't know what's come to you."

"I've joined the tanks," said Reuben Renssalaer Watts promptly. "And——"

"Don't!" wailed Miss Vail, half a second too late to forestall the action which went with the statement. "I want to go ho-o-ome!" she faltered. But there was more bewilderment than conviction in her appeal.

"Directly after the ceremony," promised the progressive wooer. "We'll ride up in my special taxi and break the news to the family."

"Look here, folkses," broke in the gob. "I'm all for this Lohengrin-Mendelssohn stuff. But it'll take some scheming. We've got the rest of the night, free of entanglements and engagements, except the one we've just been witness to, is it not?"

"It is," responded a chorus, minus the voice of Miss Carey Vail who was temporarily speechless.

"All right, I'm going to blow to supper."

"Not at twelve-fifteen, in this man's burg," corrected Mr. Watts. "It's closed."

"If you can give a wedding party, I guess I can give a supper party," retorted the gob. "And I'm going to if I have to hold up somebody else's. Corporal, conduct Airy Fairy Lillian up Mr. Fifth's well-known avenue while I man the lookout, and be ready to stop on signal."

The signal was given, opposite a house of modest size (for that part of the thoroughfare) with evidences of activity in the front rooms. The gob ran up the steps and was met by a flustered-looking person who made gestures of expostulation, which presently were mollified to gestures of deprecation.

(*Continued on page 109*)

"Lord help me! I've kissed my superior officer," groaned the sike, and collapsed into the waiting arms of the gob.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Way Round Employment Managers

By John Armbruster

NOW that every business house as is a business house has its Employment Manager, it behooves everybody interested in bettering themselves, rising in the world, etc., to learn how to manage Employment Managers.

An Employment Manager is an eagle-eyed person of either sex, endowed by nature with a gimlet sort of sixth sense by means of which he or she can tell at a glance whether or not the applicant for a job had eggs for breakfast three days ago.

Not your furthermost thought escapes a really first-class Employment Manager—not the faintest shadow cast on your countenance by the tiniest flaw in your character.

This applicant won't get the job. Her eyelashes are too long, showing that she requires a nap after lunch, and she is the highly strung brunette type that wears itself out.

Do you wear rimless glasses or seamless hose? The Employment Manager, his native penetration sharpened almost to the vanishing-point by years of practise of his art, notes these points—without, of course, appearing to do so—the instant you enter the room, and from them deduces incalculable things about your qualifications for the desired position.

I have interviewed some dozens of E. Ms. (there's such a military swagger, too, in the use of initials) with a view to probing the depths of their methods and publishing same for the benefit of the Unemployed.

My researches (fraught with some danger to my personal safety, because in each case it was first necessary for me to convince the interviewed that I was not looking for a job, and that therefore it was not necessary to have me thrown out of the office right away) proved that to get any job, with the exception of those of longshoreman, stoker, and artist's model, it is essential for the job-hunter to have, in addition to knowledge and experience in his craft,

(1) Style
(2) Courtesy
(3) Intellect
(4) Force (to the utmost).

The women Employment Managers were particularly keen on Point Number 1—"Appearance," they called it.

You must be clean and neat, of course, but it is still better if you (if you are a woman) dress so that your Employment Manager will just have to ask you where you get your blouses. This point cannot be too much stressed. Surely any member of the Unemployed can see what a hold this gives her on the Employment Manager at once. Don't ask me how you are going to get such blouses, even if you know where to go, if you have been unemployed for some length of time. Such a question doesn't come within the scope of the present article.

Point Number 2 is—Courtesy. You used to have to have that bright intelligent look, but now still more essential is "uniform courtesy."

By uniform courtesy is meant the sort of thing that would stand by you even in the event, as I have suggested above, of your being kicked out of the office. In that case you should say, as you gather yourself together at the bottom of the stairs, "Might I trouble you to kick my hat down too?" One never knows. The whole proceeding might have been just a little character test devised by the Employment Manager. And you might get the job after all, if you hadn't broken a leg.

An Employment Manager of salesmen was one of the most passionate devotees of courtesy.

"The salesman must always agree with the customer," he said.

"Always?" I queried, puzzled.

"Always," he answered.

"But," I asked, "if the customer said he thought the goods were rotten——?"

"The salesman will always *appear* to agree with the customer, he must build up an *entente;* the customer and he must be so completely in sympathy that when the moment for the clinching of the sale comes——"

"Will hardly notice what he is doing?"

That seemed to be about it.

I went home after this interview thrilled and inspired. For I never can sell anything, but I can be courteous. I learned it at my mother's knee. And if courtesy makes the perfect salesman——

I tried it out at our next church fair. When people came up to the cake and cooky booth, where I was helping the girls, and said, "I don't believe I'd better buy any cake; it's such rich stuff," I replied with the utmost sympathy, "How true that is. I myself have lost two dear nephews through excessive cake-eating."

But they went away and didn't buy the cake. And after a while the young ladies said I had better just tend to doing up the packages.

Point Number 3 is—Intellect. Employment Managers cannot be bothered with numskulls. If you are feeble-minded or half-witted or totally unable to remember either names or faces, don't go after a job.

Employment Managers like the seekers after any position to be college graduates, and prefer those who hold postgraduate degrees; they are soothed if you can furnish kodak books in proof of several years of foreign travel, and if your reading has included, in addition to "Ivanhoe" and "Hiawatha," the classics of, say, ten tongues.

In addition to this general cultural equipment, it will stand you in good stead to be able, to pilot a transatlantic airship.

Point Number 4 is—Force. To be handsome, kind and clever—so far, so good. But most Employment Managers require that there be behind these attributes the drive of a compelling onward-sweeping personality that will stop at nothing when the good of the firm is at stake.

I don't mean to say that these qualifications (in addition to experience) are all you have to have. There are of course minor trimmings of character, such as honesty and punctuality, and a voice with a smile, and wiping your oxfords before coming in.

In a nutshell, before facing an Employment Manager, make of yourself a sort of composite of John Barrymore, J. M. Barrie, President Lowell of Harvard and General Pershing.

The job will follow as the night the day.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I wonder at the brass of her speaking to you at all. . . . Stay with them—I guess not!"

Linda Condon

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Author of "Java Head," "The Three Black Pennys," etc.

XIX

LINDA thought about Dodge Pleydon on a warm evening of the following May. At four o'clock, in a hotel, Pansy had been married; and the entire Feldt connection had risen to a greater height of clamorous cheer than ever before. Extravagant unseasonable dishes, wines and banked flowers were lavishly mingled with sentimental speeches, healths and tears. Linda had been acutely restless, impatient of all the loud good humor and stupid compliments. The sense of her isolation from their life was unbearably keen. She would have a very different wedding with a man in no particular like Pansy's.

After dinner—an occasion, with Judith absent, where Mr. Moses Feldt's tears persisted in flowing—she had strayed into the formal chamber across from the dining-room and leaned out of a window, gazing into the darkening court. Directly below was where Pleydon had kissed her. She often re-examined her feelings about that; but only to find that they had dissolved into an indefinite sense of the inevitable. Not alone had it failed to shock her—she hadn't even been surprised. Linda thought still further about kissing, with the discovery that if, while it was happening, she was conscious of the kiss, it was a failure; successful, it carried her as far as possible from the actuality.

Pleydon, of course, had not written to her; he had intimated nothing to the contrary, only asking her to let him know, at the Harvard Club, if she changed address. That wasn't necessary, and now, probably he was back from South America. Where, except by accident, would she see him? Markue, with his parties, had dropped from Judith's world, his place taken by a

SYNOPSIS

WHEN the story opens, Linda is ten years old—a strange little girl, with deep blue eyes and a straight black bang. Her mother is in complete contrast—coarse-fibered and a radiant blonde. The only home they know is a succession of hotels, where Mrs. Condon pursues pleasure, and Linda is left much alone. She adores her mother, without understanding her, or the unpleasant references made to her, and she accepts the older woman's selfish views of life. One night, when her mother is out, she meets an extraordinary man, obviously ill, who talks to her of the worship and service of beauty, a strange new creed that Linda does not comprehend, but that is to influence all her life. There is an interim. Now she is fourteen, living in New York at the Hotel Gontram; and she is growing up in an unusual and unchildlike way. One evening, while Mrs. Condon is at a party, Linda is waylaid by Mr. Moses Feldt, a rich Jew, who talks with her of his infatuation for her mother. She likes him in spite of his appearance. She tells her mother of this encounter, and is much shocked at her mother's regret that Linda is not quite old enough to marry him. Mrs. Condon then gives Linda her own cold, sophisticated philosophy of life, which makes a deep impression. The next day, Mrs. Condon, worried over her fading charms, decides to have her hair permanently waved, which results, through bungling, in the partial ruin of her one remaining real beauty. That night, Mrs. Condon accepts Mr. Feldt's invitation to dinner for herself and Linda, with every intention of accepting him. Mrs. Condon marries Mr. Feldt, and Linda goes to live in the Feldts' huge and luxurious apartment. Her mother has visibly changed, and there is no longer the former comradeship between them. Mr. Feldt's two daughters, Judith and Pansy, are exotic young women of different types. Pansy, a blonde, soon becomes engaged and vanishes from the scene. Judith is dark, artistic and temperamental. It is she, when Linda is nearly sixteen, who takes her to a party at a friend's apartment. Here Linda meets an unusual collection of people, who fascinate her by their eccentricities. Among them is Dodge Pleydon, the sculptor, who is much interested in her, and treats her not at all as if she were a child. He takes her home in his own private carriage, and upon leaving her gives her a kiss that she never forgets.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

serious older dealer in Dutch masters with an impressive gallery just off Fifth Avenue.

That she would see him Linda was convinced; this feeling absorbed any desire; it was no good wanting it or not wanting it; consequently she was undisturbed. She considered him gravely and in detail. Had there been any more Susanna Nodas in his stay south? She had heard somewhere that the women of Argentine were irresistible. Her life had taught her nothing if not the fact that a number of women figured in every man's history. It was deplorable, but couldn't be avoided; and whether or not it continued after marriage depended on the cunning of any wife.

Now, however, Linda felt weary already at the prospect of a married life that rested on the constant play of her ingenuity. A great many things that, but a little before, she had willingly accepted, seemed to her probably not less necessary but distinctly tiresome. Linda began to think that she couldn't really bother; the results weren't sufficiently important.

Dodge Pleydon. . . .

She slept in a composed order until the sun was well up. It was warmer than yesterday; and, going to an afternoon concert with Judith, she decided to walk. Linda strolled, in a short severe jacket and skirt, a black straw hat turned back with a cockade and creamy immaculate gloves with deep folds about her slender wrists. The concert, as it sometimes happened, found her in no mood for music. The warmth of the sunlight, the open city windows and beginning sounds of summer, had enveloped her in a mood in which the jangling sentimentality of a street organ had been more potent than the legato of massed violins.

She was relieved when the concert was over, but lingered at her seat until the crowd had surged by; it made Linda furious to be shoved or indiscriminately touched. Judith had gone ahead, when Linda was conscious of the scrutiny of a pale, well-dressed woman of middle age. It became evident that the other was debating whether or not to speak; clearly such an action was distasteful to her; and Linda had turned away before a restrained voice addressed her:

"You will have to forgive me if I ask your name—because of a certain resemblance. Seeing you I—I couldn't let you go."

"Linda Condon," she replied.

The elder, Linda saw, grew even paler. She put out a gloved hand. "Then I was right," she said in a slightly unsteady voice. "But perhaps, when I explain, you will think [illegible] even stranger, inexcusable. My dear [illegible], I am your father's sister."

Linda [illegible] but invaded by a surprise equally made up [illegible]ction terest and resentment. The first was [illegible] own and the second largely borrowed from her mother. Besides, why had her father's family never made the slightest effort to see her! This evidently had simultaneously occurred to the other.

"Of course," she said, quite properly, "we can't undertake family questions here. I wouldn't blame you a bit, either, if you went directly away. I had to speak, to risk that, because you were so unmistakably a Lowrie. It is not a common appearance. We—I—" she floundered for a painful moment, then she gathered herself with a considerable dignity. "Seeing you has affected me tremendously; changed everything. I have nothing to say in our defense, you must understand that. I am certain, too, that my sister will feel the same—we live together in Philadelphia. I hope you will give me your address and let us write to you; Elouise will join with me absolutely."

Linda told her evenly where she lived, and then allowed Miss Lowrie to precede her toward the entrance. She said nothing of this to Judith, nor, momentarily, to her mother. She wanted to consider it undisturbed by a flood of talk and blame. It was evident to her that the Lowries had behaved very badly, but just how she couldn't make out. She recalled her father's sister—her aunt—minutely, forced to the realization that she was a person of absolute superiority. Here, she suddenly saw, had been the cause of all difficulties—the Lowries hadn't approved the marriage, they had objected to her mother.

Five years ago she would have been incensed at this; but now, essentially, she was without personal indignation. She wanted, for herself, to discover as much as possible about her father and his family. A need independent of maternal influences stirred in her. Linda was relieved to discover that her father had been gently born; while she realized that, she had always taken this for granted. Her mother would know nothing about the meeting with Miss Lowrie until the other had written.

That was Friday and the letter came the following Tuesday. Linda, instantly aware of the source of the square envelope addressed in a delicate regular writing, alone at the breakfast-table, opened it in an unusual mental disturbance. "My dear Linda," it began:

> I hope you will not consider it peculiar for me to call you that, for nothing else seemed possible. Meeting you in that abrupt manner upset me, as you must have seen. Of course I knew of you, and even now I can not go into our long unhappy affair, but until I saw you, and so remarkably like the Lowries, I did not realize how wicked Elouise and I had been. But I am obliged to add only where you were concerned. We have no desire to be ambiguous in that.
>
> However, I am writing to say that we should love to have you visit us here. It is possible under the circumstances that your mother will not wish you to come. Yet I know the Lowries, a very independent and decided family, and although it is my last intention to be the cause of difficulty with your mother, still I hope it may be arranged.
>
> In closing I must add how happy I was at the evidence of your blood. But that, I now see, was a certainty. You will have to forgive us for a large measure of blindness.
>
> Affectionately, AMELIA VIGNÉ LOWRIE.

Almost instantaneously Linda was aware that she would visit the Lowries. She liked the letter extremely, as well as all that she remembered of its sender. At the same time she prepared for a scene with her mother, different from those of the past—with the recourse of the brandy flask—but no less unpleasant. They had very little to say to each other now, and, when she went into her mother's room with an evident definite purpose, the latter showed a constrained surprise, a palpable annoyance that her daughter had found her at the daily renovation of her worn face.

XX

LINDA said directly, "I met Miss Lowrie, father's sister, at a concert last week, and this morning I had a letter asking me to stay with them in Philadelphia."

Mrs. Feldt's face suddenly had no need for the color she held poised on a cloth. Her voice, sharp at the beginning, rose to a shrill unrestrained wrath.

"I wonder at the brass of her speaking to you at all, let alone writing here. Just you give me the letter and I'll shut her up. The idea! I hope you were cool to her, the way they treated us. Stay with them—I guess not!"

"But I thought of going," Linda replied. "It's only natural. After all, you must see that he was my father."

"A pretty father he was; too good for the girl he married. It's my fault I didn't tell you long ago, but I just couldn't abide the mention of him. He deserted me, no, us, cold, without a word—walked out of the door one noon, taking his hat as quiet, as natural, and never came back. I never saw him again nor heard except through lawyers. That was the kind of heart he had, and his sisters are worse. I hadn't a decent speech of any kind out of them. The Lowries!" she managed to inject a surprising amount of contempt into her pronouncement of that name. "What it was all about you nor any sensible person would never believe.

"The house smelled a little of boiled cabbage. That's why he left me, and you expected in a matter of a few months. He said in his dam' frigid way that it had become quite impossible, and took down his hat."

"There must have been more," Linda protested, suppressing a mad desire to laugh.

"Not an inch," her mother asserted. "Nothing, after a little, suited him. He'd sit up like a poker, just as I've seen you, with his lips tight together in the Lowrie manner. It didn't please him no matter what you'd do. He wouldn't blow out at you like a Christian and I never knew where I was at. I'd come down in a matinée, the prettiest I could buy, and then see he didn't like it. He would expect you to be dressed in the morning like it was afternoon and you going out. And as for loosening your corsets for a little comfort about the house, you might as well have slapped him direct.

"That wasn't the worst, though; but his going away without as much as a flicker of his hand; and with me like I was. Nobody on earth but would blame him for that. I only got what was allowed me after we had changed back to my old name, me and you. He never asked one single question about you, nor tried to see or serve you a mite. For all he knew, at a place called Santa Margharita in Italy, you might have been born dead."

She was unable, Linda recognized, to defend him in any way; he had acted frightfully. She acknowledged this logically with her power of reason, but somehow it didn't touch her as it had her mother, and as, evidently, the latter expected. She was absorbed in the vision of her father sitting, in the Lowrie manner, rigid as a poker; she saw him quietly take up his hat and go away forever. Linda understood his process completely; she was capable of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

doing precisely the same thing. Whatever was the matter with her—in the heartlessness so often laid to her account—was equally true of her father.

"You ought to know what to say to them," Mrs. Moses Feldt cried, "but I'll do it for you! If only I had seen her she would have a thing or two not easy forgotten."

Linda's determination to go to Philadelphia had not been shaken, and she made a vain effort to explain her attitude. "Of course, it was horrid for you," she said. "I can understand how you'd never, never forgive him. But I am different, and, I expect, not at all nice. It's very probable, since he was my father, that we are alike. I wish you had told me this before—it explains so much and would have made things easier for me. I am afraid I must see them."

She was aware of the bitterness and enmity that stiffened her mother into an unaccustomed adequate scorn:

"I might have expected nothing better of you, and me watching it coming all these years. You can go or stay. I had my life in spite of the both of you, as gay as I pleased and a good husband just the same. I don't care if I never see you again, and if it wasn't for the fuss it would make I'd take care I didn't. You'll have your father's money now I married. I wonder you stay around here with your airs of being better than the rest. God's truth is you ain't near as good, even if I did bring you into the world."

"I am willing to agree with you," Linda answered. "No one could be sweeter than the Feldts. I sha'n't do nearly as well. But that isn't it, really. People don't choose themselves; I'm certain father didn't at that lonely Italian place. If you weren't happy laced in the morning it wasn't your fault. You see, I am trying to excuse myself, and that isn't any good, either."

"Unnatural," Mrs. Moses Feldt pronounced. And Linda, weary and depressed, allowed her the last word.

XXI

NOTHING further, during the subsequent brief exchange of notes between Miss Lowrie and Linda, was said of the latter's intention to visit her father's family. Mrs. Feldt, however, whose attitude toward Linda had been negatively polite, now displayed an animosity carefully hidden from her husband, but evident to the three girls. The elder never neglected an opportunity to emphasize Linda's selfishness or make her personality seem ridiculous. But this Linda ignored from her wide sense of the inconsequence of most things.

Yet she was relieved when, finally, she had actually left New York. She looked forward with an unusual hopeful curiosity to the Lowries. To her surprise their house—miles, it appeared, from the center of the city—was directly on a paved street with electric cars, unpretentious stores and near-by very humble dwellings. Back from the thoroughfare, however, there were spacious green lawns. The street itself, she saw at once, was old—a highway of gray stone with low aged stone façades, steep eaves and blackened chimney-pots reaching, dusty with years, into the farther hilly country.

A gable of the Lowrie house, with a dignified white door, a fanlight of faintly iridescent glass and polished brasses, faced the brick sidewalk, and to her left there was a high board fence and an entrance with a small grille open on a somber reach of garden. A maid in a stiff white cap answered the fall of the knocker; she took Linda's bag; and, in a hall that impressed her by its bareness, Linda was greeted by the Miss Lowrie she had seen.

The elder was composed, but there was a perceptible flush on her cheeks, and she said in a rapid voice, after a conventional welcome, "You must meet Elouise at once, before you go up to your room."

Elouise Lowrie was older than Amelia, but she, too, was slender and erect, with black hair startling in its density on her wasted countenance. Linda noticed a fine ruby on a crooked finger and beautiful Venise lace. "It was good of you," the elder proceeded, "to come and see two old women. I don't know whether we have more to say or to keep still about. But I, for one, am going to avoid explanations. You are here, a fool could see that you were Bartram's girl, and that is enough for a Lowrie."

The room was nearly as bare as the hall. In place of the deep carpets of the Feldts' the floor, of dark uneven oak boards, was merely waxed, with a rough-looking oval rug. The walls were paneled in white, with white ruffled curtains at small windows; and the furniture, the dull mahogany ranged against the immaculate paint, the rocking-chairs of high slatted walnut and rush bottoms, the slender formality of tables with fluted legs, were dignified but austere. There were some portraits in heavy old gilt—men with florid faces and tied hair, and the delicate replicas of high-breasted women in brocades.

There was, plainly, an air of the exceptional in Amelia Lowrie's conduction of Linda to her room. She waited at the door while the other moved forward to the center of a chamber empty of all the luxury Linda had grown to demand. There was a bed with tall graceful posts supporting a canopy like a frosting of sugar, a solemn set of drawers with a diminutive framed mirror in which she could barely see her shoulders, a small unenclosed brass clock with long depending weights, and two uninviting painted wooden chairs. This was not, although very nearly, all. Then Linda's attention was attracted by a framed and long-faded photograph of a young man, bareheaded, with a loosely knotted scarf, a striped blazer and white flannels. His face was thin and sensitive, his lips level, and his eyes gazed with a steady questioning at the observer.

"That was Bartram," Amelia Lowrie told her; "your father. This was his room."

She went down almost immediately, and left Linda, in a maze of dim emotions, seated on one of the uncomfortable, painted chairs. Her father! This was his room; nothing, she realized, had been disturbed since then. The mirror had held the vaguely unsteady reflection of his face; he had slept under the arched canopy of the bed. She rose and went to a window from which he, too, had looked.

Below her was the garden, shut in on its front by the high fence. There was a magnolia-tree, now covered with thick smooth white flowers, and, at the back, low-massed rhododendron with fragile lavender blossoms on a dark glossy foliage. But the space was green and shadowed in tone; while beyond were other gardens, other emerald lawns and magnolia-trees; an ordered succession of tranquillity with separate brick or stone or white dwellings in the lengthening afternoon shadows of vivid maple-trees.

It was as different as possible from all that Linda had known, from the elaborate hotels and gigantic apartment houses, the tropical interiors of her New York life. She unpacked her bag, putting her gold toilet things on the chest of drawers, precisely arranging in a shallow closet what clothes she had brought, and then, changing, went down to the Lowries.

They surveyed her with eminent approval, at a dinner-table lighted only with candles, beside long windows open on a dusk with a glimmer of fireflies. Suddenly Linda felt amazingly at ease; it seemed to her that she had sat here before, with the night flowing gently in over the candle-flames. The conversation, she discovered, never strayed far from the concerns and importance of the Lowrie blood. "My grandmother, Natalie Vigné," Elouise informed her, "came with her father to Philadelphia from France, in eighteen hundred and one, at the invitation of Stephen Girard, who was French as well. She married Hallet Lowrie, whose mother was a Bartram.

"That, my dear, explains our black hair and good figgers. There never was a lumpy Lowrie. Well, Hallet built this house, or rather enlarged it, for his wife. It has never been out of the family. Our nephew, Arnaud Hallet—Arnaud was old Vigné's name—owns it now. Isaac Hallet, you may recall, was suspected of being a Tory; at any rate, his brother's descendants, Fanny Rodwell is the only one left, won't speak."

The placid conversation ran on unchanged through dinner and the evening. Linda was relieved by the absence of any questioning; indeed nothing contemporary, she realized, was held to be significant. "I thought Arnaud would be in to-night," Elouise Lowrie said; "he knew Linda was expected." No one, however, appeared; and Linda went up early to her room. There, too, were only candles, a pale wavering illumination in which the past, her father, were extraordinarily near by. A sense of pride was communicated to her by so much that time had been unable to shake. The bed was steeped in the magic of serene traditions.

XXII

ARNAUD HALLET appeared for dinner the evening after Linda's arrival; a quiet man with his youthful slightly stooped shoulders, crumpled shoes and a green cloth bag. But he had a memorable voice and an easy distinction of manner; in addition to these she discovered, at the table, a lighter amusing sense of the absurd. She watched him—as he poured the sherry from a decanter with a silver label hung on a chain—with a feeling of mild approbation. On the whole he was nice but uninteresting. What a different man from Pleydon!

The days passed in a pleasant deliberation, with Arnaud Hallet constantly about the house or garden, while Linda's thoughts

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

continually returned to the sculptor. He was clearer than the actuality of her mother and the Feldts, or the recreated image of her father. At times she was thrilled by the familiar obscure sense of music, of longing slowly translated into happiness. Then more actual problems would envelop her in doubt. Mostly she was confused—in her cool material necessity for understanding—by the temper of her feeling for Dodge Pleydon. Linda wondered if this were love. Perhaps, when she saw him again, she'd be able to decide. Then she remembered promising to let him know if she changed her address. It was possible that already he had called at the Feldts', or written, and that her mother had refused the information of where she had gone.

Linda had been at the Lowries' two weeks now, but they were acutely distressed when she suggested that her visit was unreasonably prolonged. "My dear," they protested together, "we hoped you'd stay the summer. Bartram's girl! Unless, of course, it is dull with us. Something brighter must be arranged. No doubt we have only thought of our own pleasure in having you." Linda replied honestly that she enjoyed being with them extremely. Her mother's dislike, the heavy luxury of the Feldt apartment, held little attraction for her. Then, too, losing the sense of the bareness of the house Hallet Lowrie had built for his French wife, she began to find it surprisingly appealing.

Her mind returned to her promise to Pleydon. She told herself that probably he had forgotten her existence, but she had a strong unreasoning conviction that this was not so. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to write him and, almost before she was aware of the intention, she had put "Dear Mr. Pleydon" at the head of a sheet of note-paper.

I promised to let you know in the spring when you came back from South America where I was. I did not think I would have to do it, but here I am in Philadelphia with my father's sisters. I do not know just how long for, but a month anyhow. It is very quiet, but charming. I have the room that was my father's when he was young, and look out of the window like the invited [illegible] you should come to Philadelphia, my aunts ask me to say that they would be glad to have you for dinner. This is how you get here. . . . Very sincerely, LINDA CONDON.

She walked to a crossing, where she dropped the envelope into a letter-box on a lamp-post, and returned to find Arnaud Hallet waiting for her. He said:

Her father! This was his room; nothing, she realized, had been disturbed since then.

"Every one agrees I'm serious, but actually you are worse than the Assembly." They went through the dining-room to the garden, and sat on the stone step of a deep window. It was quite late, perhaps eleven o'clock, and the fireflies, slowly rising into the night, had vanished. Linda was cool and remote and grave, silently repeating and weighing the phrases of her letter to Pleydon.

She realized that Arnaud Hallet was coming to like her a very great deal; but she gave this only the slightest attention. She liked him really, and that dismissed him from serious consideration. Anyhow, in spite of the perfection of his manner, Arnaud's careless dress displeased her: his shoes and the shoulders of his coat were perpetually dusty, and his hair, becoming scant, was always ruffled. Linda understood that he was highly intellectual and frequently contributed historical and genealogical papers to societies and bulletins, but compared with Dodge Pleydon's brilliant personality and reputation, Pleydon surrounded by the Susanna Nodas of life, Hallet was as dingy as his shoes.

She wondered idly when the latter would actually try to love her. He was holding her hand and it might well be to-night. Linda decided that he would do it delicately, and when, almost immediately, he kissed her, she was undisturbed. No, surprisingly, it was quite pleasant. He hadn't mussed her ribbons, nor her spirit, a particle. In addition he did not at once become impossible and urgently sentimental; there was even a shade of amusement on his heavy face.

"You appear to take a lot for granted," he complained.

"I'd been wondering when it would happen," she admitted coolly.

"It always does, then?"

"Usually I stop it," she continued. "I don't believe I'll ever like being kissed. Can you tell me why? No one ever has; they all think they can bring me around to it."

"And them," he added.

"But they end by being furious at me. I've been sworn at and called dreadful names. Sometimes they're only silly. One cried; I hated that the most."

"Do you mean that you were sorry for him?"

"Oh, dear, no. Why should I be? He looked so odious all dabbled with tears."

Arnaud Hallet returned promptly: "Linda, you're a little beast." To counteract his rude speech he kissed her again. "This," he said with less security, "threatens to become a habit. I thought, at forty-five, that I was safely by the island of sirens, but I'll be on the rocks before I know it."

She laughed, bell-like and cool.

"I wonder you haven't been murdered," he proceeded, "in a moonless garden by an elderly lawyer. Do you ever think of the lyric day when, preceded by a flock of bridesmaids and other

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I can't marry you," she said in a flat and dragged voice.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

flowery pagan truck, you'll meet justice?"

"Marriage?" she queried. "But of course. I have everything perfectly planned——"

"Then, my dear Linda, describe him."

"Very straight," she said, "with beautiful polished shoes and brushed hair."

"You ought to have no trouble finding that. Any number of my friends have one—to open the door and take your things. I might arrange a very satisfactory introduction for everybody concerned—a steady man well on his way to preside over the pantry and table."

"You're not as funny as usual," Linda decided critically. "That, too," he replied, "disturbs me. It looks even more unpromising for the near future."

XXIII

IN HER room Linda thought, momentarily, of Arnaud Hallet, whatever might have been serious in her attitude toward him dissolved by the lightness of his expression. Dodge Pleydon appealed irresistibly to her deepest feelings. Now her mental confusion was at least clear in that she knew what troubled her. It was not new; it extended even to times before Pleydon had entered her life—the difficulties presented by the term "love."

In her mind it divided into two or three widely different aspects, phases that she was unable to reconcile. Her mother, in the beginning, had informed her that love was a nuisance. To be happy a man must love you without any corresponding return; this was necessary to his complete management, the securing of the greatest possible amount of new clothes. It was as far as love should be allowed to enter marriage. But that reality, with a complete resource in shopping, was distant from the immaterial and delicate emotions that responded in her to Pleydon.

Linda had been familiar with the materials, the processes, of what—she had been assured—was veritable love since early childhood. Her mother's dressing, the irritable hours of fittings and at her mirror, the paint she put on her cheeks, the crimping of her hair, were for the favor of men. These struggles had absorbed the elder, all the women Linda had encountered, to the exclusion of everything else. This, it seemed, must, from its overwhelming predominance alone, be the greatest thing in life.

There was nothing mysterious about it. You did certain things intelligently, if you had the figure to do them with, for a practical end. The latter, carefully controlled, like an essence of which a drop was delightful and more positively stifling, was as real as the methods of approach. Oatmeal or scented soap. The force of example and association combined to bathe such developments in the sanest light possible; Linda had every intention of the successful grasping of an easy and necessary luxury. She had, until—vaguely—now, been entirely willing to accept the unescapable conditions of love used as a means or the element of pleasure at parties. Now, however, the unexpected element of Dodge Pleydon disturbed her philosophy.

Suddenly all the lacing and painting and crimping, the pretense and lies and carefully planned accidental effects, filled her with revolt. The insinuations of women, the bareness of their revelations, the ill-mother returning unsteady and mussed from a dinner, were unutterably disgusting. Even to think of them hurt her fundamentally; so much of what she was, of what she had determined, had been destroyed by an emotion apparently as slight as echoed music.

Here was the real mystery and for which nothing in her experience had prepared her. She began to see why it was called a nuisance—if this were love—and wondered if she had better not suppress it at once. It wouldn't be suppressed. Her thoughts continually came back to Pleydon, and the warmth, the disturbing thrill, always resulted. It led her away from herself, from Linda Condon; a sufficiently strange accomplishment. A concern for Dodge Pleydon, little thoughts for his happiness and well-being, put aside her clothes and complexion and her future.

Until the present her acts had been the result of deliberation. She had been impressed by the necessity for planning with care; but, in the cool gloom of the covered bed, a sharp joy held her at the possibility of flinging caution away. But she couldn't quite, no matter how much she desired it, lose herself. Linda was glad that Pleydon was rich; and there were, she remembered, moments for surrender.

As usual, these problems, multiplying toward night, were faint in the bright flood of morning. She laughed at the memory of Arnaud Hallet's humor; and then, it was late afternoon, the maid told her that Pleydon was in the drawing-room. Dressed satisfactorily she was able to see him at once. To her great pleasure neither Pleydon nor his clothes had changed. He was dressed in light-gray flannels, a big easy man with a crushing palm, large features and an expression of intolerance.

"Linda," he said, "what a splendid place to find you. So much better than Markue's." He was, she realized, very glad to see her, and dropped at once, as if they had been long together, into intimate talk. "My work has been going badly," he proceeded; "or rather not at all. I made rather a decent fountain at Newport; but—remember what Susanna said?—it's not in the first rank. A happy balance and strong enough conception, yet it is like a Cellini ewer done in granite. The truth is, too much interests me; an artist ought to be the victim of a monomania. I'm a normal animal." He studied her contentedly:

"How lovely you are. I came over—in an automobile at last—because I was certain you couldn't exist as I remembered you. But you could and do. Lovely Linda! And what a gem of a letter. It might have been copied from 'The Perfect Correspondent for Young Females.' You're not going to lose me again. When I was a little boy I had a passion for sherbets."

She smiled at him with half-closed eyes and the thought that, with Pleydon, she could easily be different. He leaned forward and his voice startled her by the conviction that he had read her mind:

"If you could care for anything, a lifetime would be short to get you. Look, you have never been out of my thoughts—or in my reach. It seems a myth—that I kissed you; impossible, Linda."

"But you did," she told him, gaining happiness from the mere assurance. They were alone in the drawing-room, and he rose, sweeping her up into his arms. Yet the expected joy evaded her desire and sudden determination to utterly lose her reserve. It was evident that he was conscious of this as well, for he released her and stood frowning, his protruding lower lip uglier than ever.

"A lifetime would be nothing," he said again; "or, it might be everything wasted. Which are you—all soul, all spirit, or none?"

"I don't know," she replied, in her bitter disappointment, her heart pinched by the sharpest hurt she remembered. There was the stir of skirts at the door; Linda turned with a sense of relief to Amelia Lowrie. However, dinner progressed very well indeed. "Then your aunt," Elouise said to Pleydon, "was Carrie Dodge. I recall her perfectly." That established, the Lowrie women talked with a gracious freedom, exploring the furthermost infiltrations of blood and marriages.

Linda was again serene. She watched Pleydon with an extraordinary formless conviction—in some way, marriage and love were now hopelessly confused, each was a part of the other's life. It was beyond effort or planning. That was all she could grasp, but she was contented. Sometimes when he talked he made the familiar descriptive gesture with his hand, as if he were shaping the form of his speech; a sculptor's gesture, Linda realized.

Later they wandered into the garden, a dark enclosure with the long ivy-covered façade of the house broken by the lighted spaces of windows. Beyond the fence, at regular intervals, an electric car passed with an increasing and diminishing clangor. The white petals of the magnolia tree had fallen and been wheeled away; the blossoms of the rhododendron were dead on their stems. It was, Linda felt, a very old garden that had known many momentary emotions and lives.

Dodge Pleydon, standing before her, put his hands on her shoulders. "Would I have any success?" he asked. "Do you think you'd care for me?"

She smiled confidently up at his intent face. "Oh, yes." Yet she hoped that he would not kiss her—just then. The delicacy of her longing and need were far removed from material gestures. This, of course, meant marriage; but marriage was money, comfort, the cold thing her mother had impressed on her. Love, her love, was a mistake here. But in a little it would all come straight; she would understand. She no longer had confidence in her mother's wisdom.

In spite of so much, and of a half articulate appeal, he crushed her against his face. All that had filled her with hope, she thought, was being torn from her. A sickening aversion over which she had no control made her stark in his arms. The memories of the painted coarse satiety of women and the sly hard men for which they schemed, the loose discussions of calculated advances and sordid surrenders, flooded her with a loathing for what she passionately needed to be beautiful.

Yet deep within her, surprising in its vitality, a fragile ardor persisted. If she could explain still, perhaps he not only would understand, but be able to make her longing clear and secure. But all she managed to say was, "If you kiss me again I think it will kill me." Even that failed to stop him. "You were never alive," he asserted. "I'll put some feeling into you. It has been done before with marble."

(Continued on page 114)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Carrying On With Character

By Alfred Sinclair Clark

SHORT cuts to success are popular. Some train your memory so marvelously that you can even recall the married name of the girl you first loved. Others equip you with technical knowledge; they rid you of mental trunks and provide you with neat little hand-bags of information. If you intend to be an electrical engineer, they don't stuff your brain compartments with history. They advise you that amperes and watts will find more room if you don't understand the socialistic scheme of the Gracchi.

They all aim at converting that weekly deficit into a bulging bank-account. They are severely practical, and recognize that some things can not be taught. They are not as ambitious as their most notable predecessor, Samuel Smiles, who not only taught self-help and thrift, but character as well. But can character be taught to a person? You have it or you haven't, like a temper. You can develop character just as you can curb temper. But if you haven't either, it is questionable whether you can shut yourself up in a room with some textbooks and come out brimming over with character and temper. Possibly temper, but not character.

Even if any one does find out how to teach character, it is doubtful whether he will ever have to pay much of an income-tax. Character is not as much in demand as it should be. In the fairy tales that children delight in, and in those lived about us, the rewards are more obvious. Riches, fame, health, love, knowledge—these are always in high demand, but character, which is in some ways more important, never has many Columbuses seeking it.

Perhaps it is because it is so hard to say just what it is. Yet you can recognize it at once. It is what distinguishes Washington. Despite the mythical cherry-tree tale, there were other men of his time just as honest. And they never amounted to much in history. Some of his well-wishers were more brilliant. Tom Paine and John Wilkes, for example. But they could never have done what Washington did, because they lacked that sterling character that made it impossible for him to quit, or to do a mean or tawdry thing.

Many brilliant and many great men have had merely a few shreds of character. It is a nebulous sort of thing. It does not flash, like wit or good looks. So perhaps it is only natural that it does not seem as attractive as it should, especially to young radicals. They will have none of it. Yet you have but to read a half-dozen good novels to discover how very essential it is.

You might search New York with a microscope and not find any one more unlike Washington than *Fred Filbert*, the shoddy hero of "The Bounder" (Houghton, Mifflin), by Arthur Hodges. He lacked other things besides character, especially ideas. People holding to old-fashioned traditions will wonder how *Fred* could have been a successful novelist with such a vacuum behind his forehead. But ideas do not always make best-sellers. "When you find out what the public wants, give it to 'em good and plenty!" was *Fred's* theory. He wanted to be with men and women who didn't have any confounded ideas, but just ate and drank and loved—a healthy dog's ambition.

Fred would have remained a mediocre reporter if *Dora St. David* hadn't come into his life. She encouraged him to write a novel; she put ideas into it; she did most of the actual work. It sold well, and its sequel

The Bounder.

sold better. That proved to *Fred* that he wrote good novels.

For a while *Fred* had the sort of life he wanted. He was a familiar figure where the lights burned brightest and where money flowed in a golden river. He flirted desperately with *Mrs. Richmond*, the wife of his publisher, who came from an old New York family. (Her father had made his fortune as much as fifteen years before.) *Fred* saw that he had been wasting time by playing round with *Dora* and all the rest of the gay but hard-working Bohemians who danced and sang uproariously in the Kilkenny apartment-houses. He was a cut above that now, so he turned his back on them.

Then Fate played him a shabby trick. He could not revise his new novel without *Dora's* ideas. He acted like a bounder; got into a fight in *Mrs. Richmond's* drawing-room and *Mr. Richmond* turned him out. Moreover, *Mr. Richmond* flung his manuscript after him. It struck a tree, the string broke, and the wind caught the fluttering pages. They danced away from him, gyrating madly, flying, whirling toward the river, gone beyond recovery.

Then *Fred* heard that *Dora* had written a novel that was making money, so he went back to her. But it was too late. And the curtain goes down upon him as he gazes fixedly at a white sheet of paper that he knows in his heart he can not fill with little black letters that would reach out into thousands of purses.

Neither wealth nor poverty can put character into a man who hasn't it. Witness *Deryk Lancing* in "Midas and Son" (Doran), by Stephen McKenna, and *John Horton Grant* in "Mockery" (Dodd, Mead), by Alexander MacFarlane. *Deryk's* father had an income of two pounds a minute. Each morning he was about fifteen thousand dollars richer than the morning before. His fortune of twenty million pounds made him a marked man.

Sir Aylmer Lancing ruled the boy with an iron hand. *Deryk* rebelled and ran away to London to earn his own living, after he had fallen in love with *Idina Penrose*. He worked hard at journalism, but it was only a spurt. *Deryk* did not have enough character for a sustained effort, and life is more like a Marathon, than a one-hundred-yard dash. It would have been better for him if he had married *Idina* when she implored him to. Or if he had married *Yolande Stornoway*, who had character enough for both of them.

But he was petulantly weak, and his foolishness drove *Idina* to wed another. *Deryk* drifted into philandering with a collector of men, and was unhappy. He was contented only when he went out to Asia Minor to excavate a dead Greek city. That was what he had always wanted to do. But even that palled when what he wanted to find was not handed to him. Then *Idina* came back into his life; but it was too late. Despite his wealth, his love and his youth, life was like Dead Sea fruit. He had not character to invest it with purpose.

It is a popular belief that if a man but have his own way to make, his character will develop. But *John Horton Grant* did not have character. Instead he had only the insensate pride which proved his undoing. When *Dr. Henderson* waved his Arabian Night wand over him, *John* was a "deadly earnest" Gospel preacher. *Dr. Henderson* mocked *Grant* until his pride led him to accept *Henderson's* offer to send him to New Zealand to make his own way.

The prospect of real work so appalled the fiery preacher that on the steamer he threw his whole zeal into ensnaring a rich spinster. *Dr. Henderson's* mockery infuriated *Grant*, but it was the mockery of fate that showed him to himself stripped and ugly. No sooner had he engaged himself to the opulent *Miss Ward* than little *Ursula Cleland*, steerage waif, set his heart beating wildly. He sickened and grew pale, but his unctuous and prurient friend, *Mr. Covan*, determinedly steered him on toward the fateful wedding. A thrilling shipwreck, a desert island and a murder completed the mockery of fate.

Of these three studies of characters without character, "Midas and Son" is the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Midas and Son.

most searching and brilliant; "Mockery" peers into the dark places of the human spirit, and "The Bounder" points the high lights of its courage. The little group of Kilkennyites are a gay and reckless lot, adoring Broadway glitter, yet the lovable strain of courage and loyalty in each senses "the bounder" in *Fred Filbert*. It is a satiric and entertaining picture of New York's tinsel society.

No man was ever quite such a prodigy of character as the long suffering Job of Uz. In "The Undying Fire" (Macmillan), H. G. Wells retells the biblieal story. His hero is *Job Huss*, and thc men who wrangled with the original Job—Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar and Elihu the son of Barachel—become *Sir Eliphaz Burrows*, *Mr. William Dad*, *Mr. Joseph Farr* and *Dr. Elihu Barrack*.

"The Undying Fire" is not a novel. It is a debate. *Job Huss* had been an extraordinary teacher. He was tried as was Job of Uz. Disease, accident and fire had blighted his school, that had revolutionized English education. The recklessness of a solicitor swept away his fortune. News came that his son had been shot down over the German lines. And *Huss* faced an operation for cancer.

Sir Eliphaz, *Mr. Dad* and *Mr. Farr* concluded that it was time to undo at the school all that *Huss* had done. They came to break the news to the sufferer. In the corresponding moment in the Book of Job, there followed seven days and nights of perfect silence. Mr. Wells never did see any virtue in silence. His people are bursting with ideas, so they begin to talk at once. And how they talk! They talk about everything—sin and suffering, whether religion is merely selfish, immortality, spiritualism, evolution. Chiefly, however, they discuss the purpose of mankind. Thousands of men have talked about it ponderously in thousands of books. But "The Undying Fire" is mental fireworks. It coruscates, it flashes, with darts of wit and piercing arrows of wisdom. To many readers this book with little in it except talk will be more exciting than the wildest tales of the wild West.

Some will object because it ends so happily, with position, health and fortune all restored to *Huss*, with news that his son lives. But to object on this score is to acknowledge one's ignorance of the Book of Job, which Mr. Wells was rewriting. Everything happened more marvelously to Job of Uz, for he had not one but seven sons who were believed to have perished, and they were all alive in the last chapter and lived afterward for one hundred and forty years.

In *Job Huss* the "undying fire" is that ultimate faith, the unquenchable something in the heart of man, which "carries on." That is character.

In the new Conrad romance, "The Arrow of Gold" (Doubleday, Page), *Doña Rita* has character. Some people have the same idea of Joseph Conrad that the British had of the German fleet after the battle of Jutland: "Low visibility. Meaning escaped." Then they brood about it because their friends tell them they can't know life to its depths if they don't know Conrad.

The safe rule to follow is to try to read Conrad and to try to like him. He is big enough for that effort. Start with "Youth" and work up to his more involved tales. Then, if you don't like him, don't read him. It's supposed to strengthen character to read books that you don't like, but that's a superstition.

"The Arrow of Gold" is not easy to read, but it's worth reading because of *Doña Rita*, whose face "made you think of remote races, of strange generations, of the faces of women sculptured on immemorial monuments and of those lying unsung in their tombs."

There is a shadowy background of desolate Spanish mountains and gorges, of gunrunning on a dark coast, of royalist plots. But all this, and the carnival gaieties of Marseilles, are negligible. It is the love-story of *Doña Rita* and *Monsieur George* that makes the novel worth while. They have character, especially the mysterious woman who was once a herder of goats in the hills of Spain, then heiress to a tremendous fortune, then the brains of the Don Carlos uprising and a woman beloved.

It is hard to tell what books that are being talked about to-day will endure many months. Where are the best-sellers of yesteryear? The judgments of to-day are erratic; time is the only sure sifting-machine. Enough time has now gone by to make it certain that "Pelle the Conqueror" (Holt), by Martin Andersen Nexo, is one novel of this generation that is sure to live. Out of half a dozen stories that might be considered the best of the twentieth century, "Pelle" has as much claim to first place as any. It is a good book to recommend to a pessimist who says that no more great novels ever will be written. Like so many other notable things, it comes from one of the little countries of Europe—from that tiny corner that is called Denmark.

Flung out into the Baltic Sea, somewhat nearer Sweden than Denmark, a hilly island rises out of the deep. Here in Bornholm we first see *Pelle*, a lad of eight or nine years, just arrived from Sweden with his hopeful but poor father who seeks work on a farm. From that pinched but glad boyhood amid primitive conditions of work and play in the open, *Pelle* passes to shoemaking in a little town, where the sweated workers are still glad in their labor. Then Copenhagen and life in the "Ark" with the oppressed, but the joyous moments are fewer. There *Pelle* came into leadership in the bitter struggle of the workers. There was in him a quality that inspired trust. No one else among all those thousands could have gone into the midst of the strike-breakers and led them out to their fellows, roaring, as they marched, a triumphant song.

Mockery.

Pelle achieves something that is great. When he is bitterest in his hatred of conditions, he is not destructive. He is borne on by a vision of what might be, and in the end he has charge of a garden-city enterprise based upon cooperation. But it is not too roseate. Tragedy stalks time and again into his life. He knows what a prison is from the inside; what it is like to lose a home. Through it all his "head is bloody but unbowed."

The best thing about the book is its tremendous vitality, its reality. *Pelle*, his wife *Ellen*, his father, pathetic and lovable, *Pelle's* friends and his enemies—they are all alive; they are like the people we talk with daily. Over them towers *Pelle*, the conqueror because of his faith in and his love for the toilers, because of his shining character that will not let him be swerved from the big purpose by the petty demands of the moment.

Pelle the Conqueror.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

High Company

Soldier Hospital Sketches

By Harry Lee, of the American Red Cross

The author of "High Company" has for a long period served our boys (of whom his son is one) in hospitals over there and here. In their simplicity and beauty his words give us the very heart of the hospital soldiers.—THE EDITORS.

He was putting the finishing touches
On the toy—the wooden donkey.

Biddle's Kid

Old man Biddle sat by the open window
In the hospital workshop,
The warm wind ruffling his sparse hair.
He was putting the finishing touches
On the toy—the wooden donkey
That was to be the kid's birthday-gift.

While Biddle's tremulous hands
Laid on the gay color,
While his hollow eyes scanned the work,
His thoughts were back in 1916,
At Bennington.
The little home there,
Evenings—home from work,
The table set for three,
The smell of the yellow flowering cloves
Blowing in from the dark.
Why should that fragrance be always
A part of the thought of home?
There were other pleasant nights
When all was deep in snow;
Times when the winds were loud
And the rain against the windows.
And to think of it all gone,
Forever—
The wife sleeping on the dim hill
Above the town,
Timmie in the Orphan's Home—
All in two years.

When Old Man Biddle did talk,
If that half-whispered croak of his
Could be called talking,
It was of Timmie.
"Kid's eleven most,
Small for his age—but smart,
Like a whip.
Can't walk just right since he fell,
Has to use crutches now,
Be all right afterwhile.
When I get out o' this man's army,
I'm goin' to set up a home for him and me.
Won't be the same, but—"

How patient the other boys,
At work in the shop,
Were with Biddle's ramblings:
Bigwood at his mimic tanks,
MacNeal with his aeroplanes,
Placier with the leather.
They too have learned in the Hard School
What infinite things
Are home and love.
Do not attempt to tell them this,
However—about themselves.
They would probably "bawl you out,"
Or tell you to "cut the sob-stuff."
So Biddle rambles on and on,
And they are kind.

Biddle's ward surgeon
Is what the boys call "a prince."
"A reg'lar guy,"
"White clean through."
"He'll set down an' talk with the fellers,
Like me and you,
But you can't get away wid nothing.
Knows the high-brow business too,
Don't you forget it.
Kind of a man you'd go through hell fer."
Being a great physician,
And a great human too,
The affairs of each soldier under his care
Meant much to him.

One day the doctor got a letter,
A very amazing one.
It came from two old ladies in Connecticut,
Friends of his mother.
Among other things,
They wanted a soldier to come to them
For a visit.
When it was proposed to Biddle,
Three days pass—not longer,
On account of the dressings,
He said:
"Thanks, captain, but it wouldn't more'n take me
To where the kid's at,
And there's no place else to go."
Then the doctor explained
How he used to go as a boy
To these very old ladies' home,
How disappointed they would be.
"No, they'd be wantin' one o' the young chaps,
Not a wore-out, gassed, old contrapshun
Like me——"

But the captain won, as was his way.
"I'll send the donkey to the kid,
Might slip in something else
For the birthday.
Write the address for me.
What's this?"
On a bit of gilt cardboard
Biddle had printed:
"To Timmie from Dad.
When we set up home,
You kin ride there on him."

So four days later,
Stepping from the train in South Norwalk,
Biddle was met by a pleasant old lady,
Who whisked him into an old-time phaeton,
Switched the lines,
Clucked to the little bay mare,
And drove off
At an astonishing pace
Up hill and down dale.

Biddle had scarcely time to say,
How Timmie loved the country,
How smart he was,
Like a whip,
Though small for his age,
Not walkin' just right yet,
When the old lady pulled up
At the door of a white farmhouse,
From whose tall chimney
Smoke was pouring as cheerily
As from the home fires in Bennington
Back in 1916.

Then the door opened
And another old lady,
Absurdly like the first,
Came out,
Calling—"Welcome!"

And from somewhere up-stairs
Sounded the click of little crutches.
Across the bare kitchen floor,
To the edge of the porch,
Into his father's arms,
Kissing him again and again,
Fairly strangling him
In his tiny arms.
"Oh, Daddie, Daddie—you come!
They want us bofe—they do!
Your doctor, your good doctor,
Fixed it all.
Aunt Mary and Aunt Jennie too!
They want a little boy!
See, Daddie, see,
The wooden donkey 'at you sent!
I won't need to ride him home,
'Cause home's set up
For us two, Daddie—
Here is — home!"

Pudgyfist Visits the Hospital

The morning dressings were finished,
The four long rows of beds,
Whether occupied or not,
Were immaculate.
Those whose "stitches" permitted
Had gone in wheel-chairs,
Exploring the library,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The canteen,
The workshops.

Of the others,
Some sat upright in bed,
Reading,
Writing letters.
Some lay quite still under the white covers,
Listening to the phonographs,
Playing for the thousandth time
The latest Broadway rag;
Or to the canary,
In almost delirious rivalry.

Rivalry with April too,
Wild, youth-loving April,
Whose winds through the open windows
Were flooding the ward
With such twitterings and chirpings,
Such breaths of pine
And of the sea,
Such shifting amber lights,
Such promises of awakenings
And reunions
And stones rolled away.

Luigi,
Propped among the pillows,
Was knotting a blue-and-white mat;
He was well recovered from his seventh operation,
To-morrow another—a bone-graft—
Was to be made.
In the next bed,
Sergeant Jimmy Daigen,
Veteran of many hospitals overseas,
Was enlarging on the virtues
Of the ward surgeon:

"D'y' know, I niver enjoyed an operation
Like I did me last one.
You'd ought o' heard me
Kiddin' wid de nurses,
And wid him too.

"'You're all right, Jimmy,' he'd say,
'You're sure game!'
You mind how he come in de ward
Last evenin',
Asks me—have I an orange,
(Seen the visitors bring me a bagful)
Sets down—he does,
Peels one,
Picks up de funny paper,
Reads Mutt and Jeff,
Sez: 'Well, how's all you fellers to-night?
Bully! Sure yez are!'
A man like him
Gives a guy confidence—heh?"

"I'll say so," Luigi agreed,
Laying down the blue-and-white mat
To light a cigaret,
Giving his black hair
A quick backward toss,
Smiling through a cloud of smoke
At Jimmy—and sighing:
"All time I think about
No letter come—
Wife sick or what—can't tell!"

An orderly came in
With the message—"A lady,
To see Private Luigi Carboni."

Luigi's face was pale,
Wan from much suffering,
His hands trembled.
"If lady—then my wife Rosa,
If Rosa—then my baby Tony
I never see yet!
One year old now—him.
My heart go up and down,
I——"

At the door of the white ward,
Her great eyes scanning bed after bed,
Rosa stood,
All in black, with a red rose,
Her lips very tense.
Tony—
Just frilly bonnet,
And lacy skirts,
And little pink bootees,
Asleep on her breast.
Luigi called—
The two were caught stormily
Into his arms.

Brae put another record on the phonograph,
Every one seemed to be talking to some one else,
Or to be lost behind a magazine or book.
The nurse suddenly recalled some work
To be done in the kitchen
And disappeared.
The yellow bird set up a gay song,
The burden of which was
That he had known it all the time.

And when every one came to himself again
Tony's bonnet was off.
In pudgy, doddering state
He bestrode his father's neck,
The black mane clutched in his sturdy fists,
His expression quite bland
And non-committal.
His remarks,
Consisting of a series of gurgling
"Gooes" and "Ah-gooes,"
Addressed to the ward in general.
All the eyes
Up and down the long rows
Were fixed on the three
In admiring and reminiscent approval.

"That's sure some swell kid!"
Jimmy Daigen said
Admiringly.
"Is he skairt o' strangers?"

Tony was not,
And accepted Jimmy's hospitality
As his desert
With becoming dignity.
Playing with the tags about his neck,
Liking their jingle,
Not allowing himself to be over-elated;
And swinging across to the outstretched arms
In the next bed,
Where a newspaper gave interesting opportunity
For crumbling and tearing.

Then came Stager the Cowpuncher,
In his bathrobe,
To "tote" Tony down the line,
A gauntlet of snapping fingers,
Whistlings,
Dandled bead necklaces,
Proffered oranges and red apples,
To the canary's cage,
And the aquarium,
Where the gaping goldfish
Swayed through the pale green water,
The sunlight making their red and gold sides
Very brilliant indeed,
And arousing in Tony
The desire to have and to hold.
Failing in which, he raised his voice
In a shrill and prolonged:
"W-a-a-a-a-a-a—ah!"

Mamma Rosa turned
From the long contemplation
Of her husband's face
As though his bed were a shrine
And he some beautiful saint
To be adored.
"Tony hongry—come to Mamma,
Mio amore—
He want sleep—up five o'clock!"

So Tony was fed and coddled
And laid on the bed next father's,
Covered with the bright knitted coverlet,
Where his rosy repose
Was gloated over
By Khakidom generally.
After the lunch-tray was brought,
And Mamma Rosa had opened her bag
And added her tribute of fruit and red wine,
There was much pleasant talk
Of old times,
And wistful planning for days to come,
Till Tony yawned,
Kicked his pink toes,
And was carried off by Stager
To the ward across the hall,
Where Jones, who likes kids,
Lay abed.

Jolly, red-faced Jones,
Picking his ukulele for Tony,
Snuggled familiarly in the curve of his arm.
What delightful discord Tony made
Now and again,
Dabbing an aimless fist upon the strings,
All the while eying the gathering crowd
With restrained interest.

"Come on in, fellows—
Mother and child doin' fine!"
Called Welsh.

Such a hoarse chorus of kindly mirth arose
That "Mother Jones," shaken with laughter,
Forgot the aching wound,
Forgot even Tony,
Who toppled forward,
Bumping his stubby nose against the instrument,
Only to be restored by his protector,
More sedate and composed than before.

"What you boys do with my baby?"
Rosa laughed,
Elbowing her way through the crowd.

He was well recovered from his seventh operation. To-morrow another.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But in the afternoon when all the lads, shaved and brushed and shined to the queen's taste, had gone gallivanting—

"You verra kind—Tony he have gooda time!
He be soldier some day,
When he bigga man—Luigi say so!
New York train come too soon!"
And taking Tony in her arms
She hurried out.

Tony's friends, looking in later
Through the door of Luigi's ward,
Saw just pink toes.
The rest of the baby
Was deep in his father's arms,
His father's dark head bowed low over him,
The mother gazing at the two
Adoringly.

After they had gone—
"Does she know about the operation to-morrow?"
Jimmy Daigen murmured.
"Know about—?" Luigi answered,
"Know about—?
Not on your life!
One havva pain—enough!
Why—two?"

Trees

McGovern of the old Sixty-ninth
Lay in a very white bed
On the topmost floor of the hospital,
By a window
Overlooking an ocean of pines
That billowed away
Under the brightest of wintry skies.

They had trundled him there
Yesterday,
After the operation.
Coming out of the ether,
He babbled on about an old Frenchman
Who had stolen his leg.
"What use is me leg to the frog,
Me game one at that?
Ketch him, some one!
Where's Finnegan?
Go get it, you ——"

All that was yesterday.
To-day
'Tis McGovern himself,
Ruddy,
Tousled,
The rogue in the eyes of him,
His buddies round about,
Butts lighted.
McGovern himself,
Daring McPadden to cut him out,
Or Shaughnessy,
Acknowledged a divil wid the ladies.
"Go to it, the both av yez,
An' you, Dugan!
Whin I'm out o' this shell-hole,
'Tis the lot o' yez
Will be knocked funny-faced!"

But in the afternoon
When all the lads,
Shaved and brushed and shined
To the queen's taste,
Had gone gallivanting
Down into the hidden village
Under the pines,
Time hung heavy.
The clamped wound ached,
And McGovern's restless spirit
Went voyaging overseas,
Box-carring across brown fields,
Footing it with the merry men,
Fighting beside them.

Coming upon him thus,
The flood-gates of his speech were opened.
The listener was swept away
Into the strange, terrible, laughing hell
Which had left McGovern
Broken but unconquered,
McGovern—still.

Of one man in his "outfit"
He spoke oftenest.
"He was sure game,"
He would say,
Flecking the ashes,
Turning to ease the pain.
"He wasn't used to roughin' it,
Y' know, like some o' the lads;
But he was wid 'em.
Common, always bid you the time.
Free wid his dough;
As long as he had it,
The bunch had it.
Mind Malvey sayin',
'W'en sumpin's doin',
He'll be first to shoulder a gun!'

"One night in a snowstorm
We comes to a house.
A Frenchwoman lives there,
A widow wid a raft o' younguns.
We knocks.
She tells us to come in.
Gee, but de fire looks good!
She makes us supper!
Fries us some spuds
And *oofs*,
And boils a pot o' coffee.
After settin' around the stove
We sings some o' our songs,
And she sings de 'Marseilles' an' all.
We sleeps in de loft that night,
A ladder up to it,
Straw for beddin',
Snow blowin' in.
Next mornin' she cooks breakfast for us.
Didn't want to take no pay.
Lost her man—
Got popped off at Verdun.
Course we makes her take de money.

"Do y' know he couldn't get done
Talkin' about that widow bein' so kind,
Talkin' about de kids.
He was a great one for kids;
Used to tell us about his own.
Seemed to sort o' like everything,
Get sport out o' everything.
We sure was sore w'en they transferred him
To the Intelligence.
Never heard the Boches got him
Till we landed in the States.

"He was a soldier, I tell you.
What's that you say?
A poet?
Yeah? Go on!
Wrote a piece about trees?
Sure enough?"

The sunset gilded the crests of the pines,
Stretching away beyond the high window
To the very heart of the sky.
The boy was listening.

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet-flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

There was silence.
The soldier's eyes were scanning
The shimmering tree-tops.

"Will you write it down for me?"
He said at last.
"He was my friend—y' know."

"Soldiers Three"

The sparrows had always considered
The "doings" in and about
That old red house in Philadelphia
Their most vital subject for gossip,
Whether chatting on its chimney-tops
Or mossy roof,
Among its vines,
Or in the ancient elms before it.
The conduct of wind and weather,
The passing people,
The huckster calls,
The tunes of the hurdy-gurdy,
The gay, trundling flower-carts,
Were secondary matters.
Mother away,
Son away,
Why?

Why were the green shutters always closed?
Why did the smoke no longer rise,
Blue and pleasant?
The lights in the windows,
Where were they?
And the blowing curtains,
And the music?

One thing only gave them hope:
That what had been
Might be again.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Every evening
One of the three
Who had made the old house home
Would climb the white steps,
Turn the key,
Go in,
And close the door.
That was the father.
But where was Ed?

How he used to bound up those steps,
Storm the great door,
Slam it to,
Calling always first of all:
"Mother!
Where are you, mother?"

Through the long days of absence
Each tiny heart
Echoed through that boyish call.
Where had she gone,
Ed's slim young mother
In the dove-gray dress
And the white kerchief?
What happy eyes she had!
—And she was gone?

"I think I know,"
An old bird said one day,
Flirting his coat-tails sagely,
"I think I know where Ed has gone."
The word was passed,
And soon he was the center of a group,
Still-winged,
Respectful,
Listening
Among the branches
High above the street.

Faint,
But growing clearer,
Nearer,
Horns,
The crash of cymbals,
Drums,
And timing of feet.
The littlest sparrow even
Felt his heart beat fast.

"Look down,"
The old bird whispered.
Every head veered ear earthward,
Every eye was bent upon the street.
Hale,
Young,
Strong-limbed,
The soldiers passed.

"Now do I need to say,"
The wise one asked,
"Where Ed has gone?
As they are—so was he,
That brown, like ours, he wore
The day he went away."
A moment there was stillness,
Then a fledgling chirped:
"Yes, Ed has gone to war,
But she—Ed's mother,
Where is she?"
There was much fluttering of wings,
And all the voices echoed:
"Where is she?"

A mother-bird now ventured:
"Why not send flyers out,
And let them ask at every tree
For news of her?
Surely somewhere in earth or sky
They'll find some one who's seen her."
The old bird nodded: "Good!
Now—volunteers!" he cried.
But such a babel rose
That it was put to vote,
And two were chosen,
Known to be the fleetest of the tribe.
So eager were they that they could not wait,
But spread their wings and flew away,
Out and up,
Into the blue night,
Where the stars were shining.

And many a night
And many a long day passed.
The sparrows almost feared
Their messengers were lost;
Indeed, they offered little twittering prayers
To the sun for their return,
And were in the midst of their devotions,
When right out of the sunrise
The heralds came:
"We have found her—we have found her!"
They were singing as they flew.

A great whirring of wings,
Then all was breathlessness among the leaves.
"We stopped at every nest and every tree,
And hope was almost gone,
When we met one—Flutterwing—
Who said that he had seen
A lady like our lady,
Dressed in gray.

"She was by a lake, he said;
A fire was lighted,
And over it a steaming gipsy-pot,
And there were yellow trees,
And red,
That bent above the water.
And all about were soldier-boys,
Some sitting by their crutches,
Some strolling in the shade,
Some helping spread the good things
On the grass.
And when the feast was ready,
How they ate!
'Some chow, I'll tell the world!'
'Are there such things as "slum,"
"Corn-willy," "hardtack"?'
'Gad, what pie!'
'My mother baked an apple pie
Twelve inches round, and—'
'Did you bake this pie, Mother?'

"And she was mother to them all.

"Flutterwing then said to us:
'If you fly along this road,
And through a wood,
And over a wide lake,
And past a town,
You'll find a place where many soldiers are,
And where she is.'
And just at dusk, when all the lamps were lit,
We found the place.

"A hospital, they call it.
We hopped along the window-sill,
And sure enough,
Ed's mother—by a bed,
Sewing a button on a soldier's coat,
And all about her there were boys
In bed,
Propped among pillows.
The phonograph was going,
Lads singing with it:
'Katy, my beautiful Katy,
You are the only girl that I adore.
When the m-moon is shining
On the cow-shed,
I'll be waiting
At the k-k-kitchen door.'

"Ed's mother went from bed to bed.
'Mother, will you mail this for me?'
'Thanks for the flowers, Mother.'
And when she went,
One called:
'Please come back soon.'

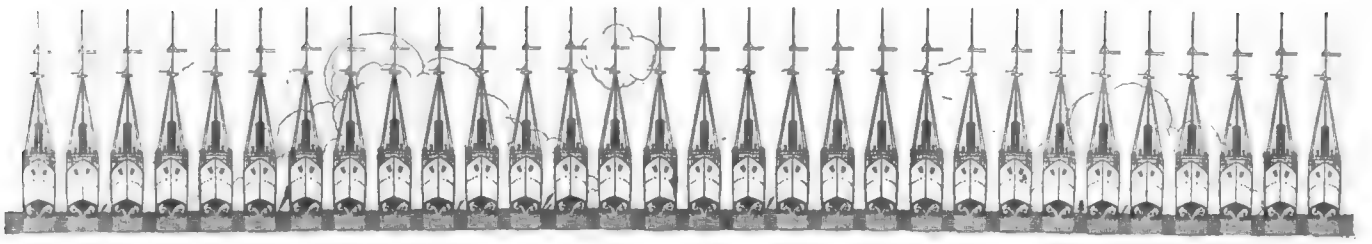
"We flew along the wall,
And saw her go up-stairs
And stop beside a bed.
The soldier's face was much too white,
His eyes were closed.
But when she came
He smiled,
Such a faint, sick smile!
'You're like—she was,' he whispered.
And then we knew,
We knew she was our lady.

"We've traveled all the night,
And here we are—and hungry.
What's to eat?"

So all the day there was high carnival
Among the elms that guard the old red house.
The father, coming home at dusk,
Stood smiling, looking upward,
On the steps.
"Those sparrows surely know the news:
The transport—homeward bound,
With soldier-son aboard,
And soldier-mother coming too.
Home will be home again,
Thank God!"

"'You'll find a place where many soldiers are
And where she is—'" . . . . . .
A hospital they call it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



WONDERS *of the* WAR

"Saving Our Feet"

By John H. Van Deventer
Editor American Machinist

THIS war has not only made our feet more powerful, but it has actually multiplied them. This doesn't mean that we are becoming quadrupeds, for what I am speaking about are not human feet but *cubic* feet. Do you realize how much we depend upon them?

Germany made us think of these things when she began to destroy our cargo space with her submarines. Before that there had been enough cubic feet for everybody; few people gave them more thought than we give to air. But imagine our air supply beginning to get low, how quickly we would all start thinking about this taken-for-granted commodity! When the diminishing cargo space of the food-carrying ships was running a life-and-death race with British appetites, everybody in England began thinking about cubic feet. We had a taste of it ourselves in the winter of 1917, when war's demands had eaten into the capacity of our railway cars and enough coal to warm us could not be carried.

Uncle Sam was not satisfied to merely fight the submarine by dropping "ash cans" on them, nor to simply offset their destructiveness by building unheard-of quantities of ships. He realized that it takes time to make "ash cans" and ships, and that the best way to get immediate relief was to start to make the cubic feet we already had, hold more than they had ever before dreamed of holding. And if some superhuman expert accountant could tabulate in order of importance all of the things that led to the winning of the war, the enlarged capacity of the cubic foot would in all probability be well up on the list.

Early in the game, the Purchase Storage and Traffic divisions of our general staff called a committee of the various army corps to institute the counter-attack on the cubic foot. Each corps was to organize a highly specialized campaign to study the possibilities of getting its mechanisms and commodities packed in less space than before, and to see to it that these possibilities were realized. It would take a long story to tell how each of these corps went about its work, and what each one accomplished. But I can give you a quite typical "close-up" of all of it by picturing the work of that section of the Ordnance Department which studied the packing of gun-carriage material. Those who had to study this problem were particularly selected. They were people who knew lumber, boxing and packing, and whose engineering training had taught them to disregard what had been done and to go after what could be done. A moving-picture film of these fellows would show them scurrying about the country, some of them interviewing manufacturers, others interrogating shipping-boards. It would show them climbing in and out of ships' holds, plying tapelines, and scribbling innumerable memoranda. It would reveal midnight conferences with chief stevedores and ships' officers, and daily consultation with ordnance officers at the docks. They sought and collected all sorts of data in America and in France regarding the conditions of assembling, storing and delivering their material. When they had digested this mass of information, they started out to apply it—to make two gun-carriages go in the space where one had gone before.

ONE interesting experience has to do with Henry Ford's plant. His engineers submitted for approval a method of crating that required three crates for two artillery vehicles. Ordnance draftsmen scratched their heads, plied their pencils and put two vehicles in one crate, improving this so that only 318 cubic feet were required. By this time, Ford's engineers had gotten the real spirit of the counter-attack on the cubic foot, and, not to be outdone, made a further study of the crating and nesting of this piece. As a result they produced a crate containing two vehicles and requiring only 292 cubic feet. The shipment of this one Ford order saved 827 railway cars and close to half a million cubic feet of ship space.

Comparatively small individual savings made big totals. An officer went to a contractor's plant and built a crate that required 254 cubic feet. He tried again and bettered it by nine feet. Still unsatisfied, he made another trial and produced one that contained but 207 cubic feet. This reduction in space saved Uncle Sam $280,872 in cargo space on subsequent shipments. On one small item of five thousand mauls it was found that over two thousand cubic feet of space could be saved by not assembling the heads and handles on this side of the water, but by boxing them "knocked down." Up to September 26, 1918, the saving due to scientific packing just on artillery vehicles actually shipped abroad amounted to 5,671,732 cubic feet of cargo space. It is easier to grasp the importance of this when you know that five million cubic feet is equivalent to thirty average-sized freight ships. When you consider that these thirty ships were released by the counter-attack on the cubic foot simply through the work of one section of one department, and that many other sections of this department and of other corps made equally remarkable savings, you will agree with me that this smashing counter-attack on the cubic foot was a deadly blow at Germany.

Scientific packing saved railway space on both sides of the water in addition to cargo space. Just for the artillery vehicles I have described, which were shipped from plants to seaboard, scientific packing saved a grand total of 2,558 freight-cars, or the equivalent of 73 trains, each pulling thirty-five 36-foot cars.

There were humorous sides to this thing, too. The Quartermaster's Department had made remarkable space savings by baling clothing and soft material, putting this stuff in a press and squeezing it like a bale of hay. Some misguided enthusiast advocated the baling of machine-gun carts, and his proposal was zealously advocated, until side-tracked by those who knew that cart-wheels and such things are not compressible.

THIS scientific study of packing not only saved space, but resulted in stronger packages. Many American manufacturers had been exceedingly careless about their export packing. By the time their goods reached Africa or South America and had been handled in and out of storage, in and out of cars, in and out of warehouses, in and out of ships, and dropped ten or fifteen feet from a vessel's cargo net to a pier, there was little left of the original package, and not much left of the original machine. American goods were getting a bad reputation in many countries because they arrived in poor condition. Now our manufacturers have learned a lesson of scientific boxing which means maximum strength and minimum space. As for what this space saving will do for us, you may have noticed that Mr. Hurley a few months ago announced a cut in the total proposed tonnage of our mercantile marine. Mr. Hurley announced the cut, but it was the counter-attack on the cubic foot started during the war that did the cutting!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This is What a Skid Does!

It actually grinds away the tire's tread—stretches and weakens the fabric—causes inevitable punctures and blowouts.

Every time you skid you grind off miles and miles of tire service and no matter how careful a driver you may be, when roads are wet and slippery it is next to impossible to avoid skidding unless your tires are equipped with

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

For Protection and Preservation

Weed Chains insure safety, economy and tire protection—Always put them on "At the First Drop of Rain."

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

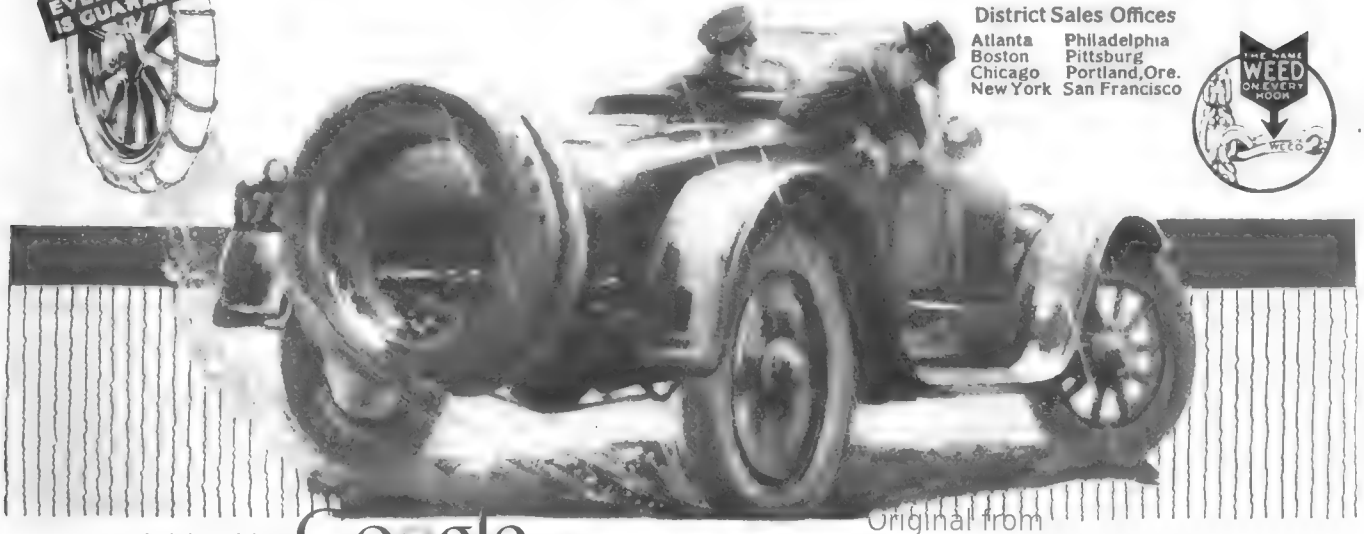
In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

District Sales Offices

Atlanta	Philadelphia
Boston	Pittsburg
Chicago	Portland, Ore.
New York	San Francisco



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MONEY IN THE MOVIES

(*Continued from page 35*)

the check. By hawking the 2,000 old films about the street he managed to get $200,000 in cash for them. An old studio on a distant lot was thrown in by way of *lagnappe*.

It was the shortage of filmable stories, no less than the combining of the stars, that awakened producers to the fact that the story is hardly less important than the star to-day, and will presumably hold an increasingly important place to-morrow. All the old stories in every civilized language have been worked over and reworked. Some weeks ago a producer came into the office of his scenario writer with the copy of an old novel in his hand.

"This would make a fine picture," said he. "Suppose you modernize it."

"But we have done that story once," said the scenario man.

"No matter," said the boss. "Do it over, and differently."

Not only are the old stories being worked over, but better prices are being paid. Forty thousand dollars was paid for the rights to "Daddy Longlegs." "If I Were King" has been purchased for $30,000. An unpublished novel recently sold for $15,000. One producer has secured a first option on the output of a group of authors, which only gives him the right to film their future works at a price equal to the best they may be offered in the open market. That same man has made a similar engagement for the purchase of the stage successes of a group of theatrical managers. It is most depressing from the point of view of some managers, but it has been discovered that stories are necessary.

"Five bad stories will kill a star," is the judgment of one producer who has seen several stars killed.

THE public, it appears, is patient up to a point. It will go to see two or three poor pictures in the hope that the actor has found a good one at last, but eventually it makes up its mind that the actor has gone permanently wrong. Then it dismisses him from friendly memory. He must build up a new reputation by a succession of better stories and that is done slowly. A true artist like Chaplin makes but two or three stories a year. A poor story would injure him, but his policy of restriction has greatly added to his value.

"It was Chaplin who stopped the flu epidemic," the managers say.

Perhaps they are wrong, but this is their reasoning: For five weeks the flu had raged. In the West people wore flu masks. The film houses and regular theatres were closed. Department-stores suffered. The film manufacturers agreed to produce nothing for a period in order to save the situation financially. Then Chaplin's second film of the year was put on the market.

"We could not keep the houses closed," say the managers. "The people would not stand it. So we reopened them—and nothing happened. There was no more flu than there had been. A ghost had been laid."

With stars, producers, authors, directors and theatre-owners more or less organized in interlocking and competitive groups the next logical step would seem to be the organization of the capital behind the motion-picture business. That this will be done eventually is the conviction of most managers. "The industry is a most unorganized chaser after organization," is the manner in which an authority states the case. "When the men who put up the money take control of the industry, certain abuses will be put to an end."

One of the admitted weaknesses at present is the reckless extravagance manifested. There is a psychological reason for this. When every one connected with a studio knows the star is being paid anywhere from $100,000 to $1,000,000 annually, when the director receives a salary of from $300 to $1,700 a week, when the studio costs $1,000,000 or more—Fox has just completed a combined office-building and studio in New York at a cost of $2,500,000—when railroad-trains are burned and from $2,000 to $30,000 is paid for the privilege, when extravagant sets are built to be torn down, when the advertising outlay averages $100,000 annually for a big producer, when receipts run into the hundreds of thousands and from there into millions—a delusion of grandeur is set up in the minds even of the lowly. No one thinks of economy. It has been found necessary to bring in business men from the outside to correct the prevalent tendency to warm the film fingers over fires built from $1,000 bills.

That accounts for many of the absurd stories of money-spending one hears in movie circles. Many of the true stories are absurd enough, but not all of the absurd yarns are true. Outsiders gain exaggerated ideas of the inside conditions by listening to the fantastic stories told by insiders. Not long ago one of the large investors in one of the producing companies, and who by reason of that investment was a director in the company, brought his son to the manager. The son had been a staff-captain in France, was a college graduate and spoke several languages. He wanted a position in the foreign department of the picture company.

"And what salary do you expect?" asked the manager.

"I can begin," said the aspirant, "at $15,000 a year."

The staff-captain's feelings were hurt when he discovered that while this company firmly believes in the value of college-bred men—believes in them so strongly that each year it employs fifteen or twenty, and that most of its district managers have diplomas in their trunks—it only believes in them fifteen dollars' worth a week at the beginning. It puts them in overalls and starts them doing up bundles. If there is anything in the college man beside dead languages it is developed in this way. The staff-captain said he would take his services to some other company. Yet he knew nothing whatever of the business.

"The weekly cost of production in the United States is not less than one million dollars," said one manager, "and of that fully one-fourth is thrown away."

That seemed rather an extravagant estimate, until I learned that a newcomer to the business had in three weeks stopped leaks in one office that totaled up $34,000 a year. In another company, the man who had most of the money found that his underlings had cheated him out of $340,000 in one year. He would not prosecute. "Let them go," said he. "There is money enough for all." A company on the verge of collapse was reorganized, and a man who knew nothing whatever of the business was put in charge. He stopped enough wastage to put the business on a paying basis in the first month.

About 6,000 feet of film go to the production of a five-reel picture. One of the studios not long ago spent $282,000 on one story. The star did not like to work from a scenario, he said. He depended on inspiration. In order to be certain that his inspiration should not be shackled, he had engaged a director who knew nothing about the making of pictures, but was a kind and indulgent friend. He paid the director $300 a day. On one occasion they had a falling out and the director pouted in his bungalow for three days. "What of it?" laughed the indulgent star. "I do worse things myself."

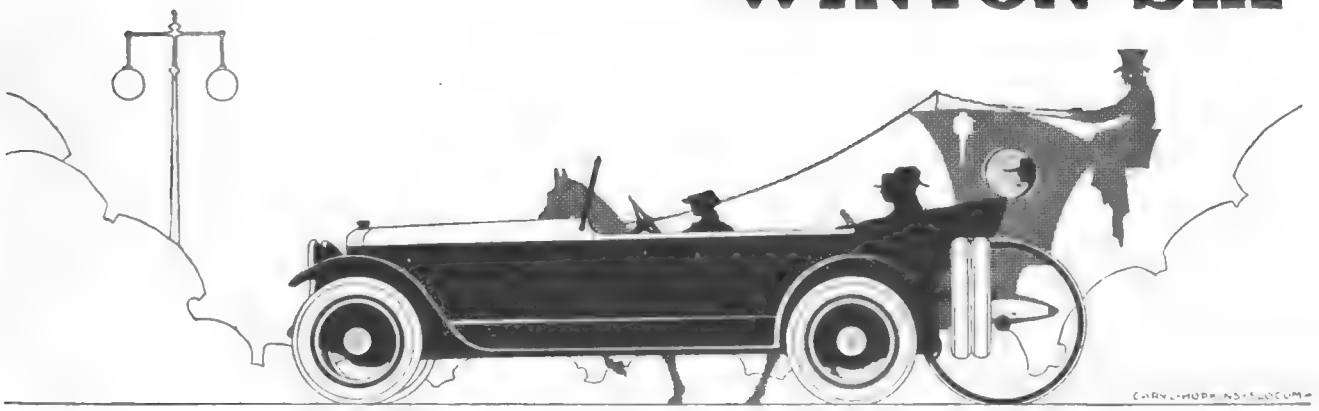
But it was not businesslike. The initial cost of the film is trifling, but with every hour's delay the footage-cost increases. Actors must be paid, and usually fed, when they are on the lot. The overhead expense runs all the time. Six hundred people and six elephants were taken by another company to a rural location. Then the star and the director had a disagreement. The director alleged that the star was a fathead, this being a highly technical term often employed in the business, while the star asserted that the director could not shoot a blackboard with a wet sponge, not to speak of a picture. Eventually the 600 people and the six elephants marched gaily back to town. No one worried. The 600 were paid and assured of another day's work, the director soothed the star. The cashier paid the bills.

BUT the waste is by no means the most serious feature of the present situation. There is a cynical belief prevalent that while very few of the producing companies made money last year, an even smaller number of officials of the producing companies failed to make a great deal. It is open season for stockholders all the year round in some parts of the moving-picture world. So notorious is it that the investor is not always given a fair show for his white alley, that many of the more important men in the business advise the small stockbuyer to keep out until conditions have stabilized. For the time being, according to F. B. Warren of the W. W. Hodkinson Co., it is a big man's business. Only those who have facilities for watching their financial eggs are apt to be happy near this basket.

I have compared the motion-picture industry to that of the oil business in its early days, and this parallel seems exact when one considers what sometimes happens to the small investor. Not long ago a man bought stock in a subsidiary company of one of the large organizations. It

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WINTON SIX

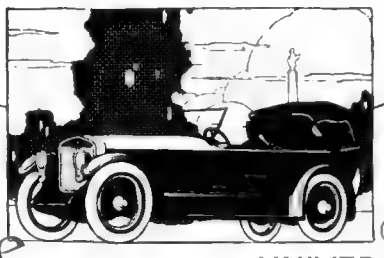


Desire Something Better?

BE glad if you have this desire, for it promotes invention and human progress, and produces the good things of life that make your world more glorious—like this magnificent new Winton Six.

Seeing this car, you will know that yesterday's cars are surpassed, that here are new thrills, new enjoyments, new happiness awaiting you. Beauty that captivates, power and speed that laugh at miles and hardest hills, comfort and style beyond previous "bests," a mechanism that harmonizes with your needs and stays in tune—all these are yours in this newest Winton Six, the surprise car of 1919. May we send you literature?

THE WINTON COMPANY
89 BEREA ROAD, CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.



Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

met with success in its productions, but its profits were siphoned into the treasury of the parent corporation. Sometimes the employment agencies, which furnish the extra men and women needed by picture companies, are paid extravagantly. Somewhere in the background is an official of the company that pays. Enormous salaries are paid useless people. Purchases are made only after the intermediary profits have been arranged. In a word, the same tricks and devices are encountered that seem common to undeveloped industries in other generations. Human nature changes but slightly from year to year.

"A new angel comes to town every day," said one cynic, "and not many get away with their feathers unburned."

The lure for the new angels is, of course, the huge profits that are made when a good picture is well distributed and the accounts are honestly kept. "Daddy Long-legs" has already taken in $750,000 in rentals in the United States alone. Ambassador Gerard's "Four Years in Germany" was put out at a profit of almost $800,000. Paul Rainey's "African Hunt" was sold by Rainey for $15,000, and the distributor made $500,000 from it. "Where Are My Children?" was made at a cost of $10,000 and netted $300,000. Not long ago, a small group had an idea for a good picture. By beating the bushes they managed to gather up $20,000 and with it they launched a career as "independents." In five months they have received $90,000 from their film and it is still running. Another man had $10,000 and an idea. He hired a camera-man and a director, mobilized a company at the agencies, and has received $300,000 in rentals. Another man wrote four short comedies. Just now there is a tremendous demand for comedies, for the whole world seems to want to laugh. He has been offered $20,000 each for the three he has completed—and the man who made the offer has not seen the films.

With the market for good pictures larger than the supply, the antagonism between the big producers and the independents grows from day to day. On the one side is the constant effort so to control the exhibiting market by means of close organization that the exhibitor must take what the producer wishes to give him. On the other is the contention that the exhibitor be permitted to make up his house programs on the basis of merit by renting what films he pleases in the open market. This initial disagreement is intensified by the financial discord. The greater producers have enormous overhead expenses which continue whether they are putting out pictures or merely quarreling among themselves. One man told me that it is not practicable to go into the film-producing and distributing business now with less than $10,000,000 capital. On the other hand the sharpshooters gamble as they might at the race-track. When they have stopped shooting a picture their costs are ended, for it is then turned over to a distributing agency. They may have put over a hundred-to-one shot, in racing parlance. At the worst they have but lost the comparatively small sum they have invested.

Even that is not likely, if ordinary intelligence has been displayed in the selection of the story and the making of the film. One great distributor told me that "I will buy twenty-five films to-day, give the makers the money they have spent, and rent them on a percentage basis, if I can get the films." This is on the assumption that the films have been made by men who know their business. Even when the film has not been so made, this distributor often finds it profitable. He takes the weary miles of wasted footage, turns it over to an expert film editor, and the latter either remakes the story or by the interjection of subtitles makes an entirely new tale. Wonders are sometimes done.

Advertising sells the film after the distributor gets it. Not long ago a producer determined to make a new star. He took a young woman who was almost unknown to the picture stage, made a picture of which she was the principal, and then erected electric-light stands in twenty-five cities. He said that his advertising cost him $240,000 and it certainly cost him $100,000. At the bottom of each huge flare a line appeared in which a space was blank: "This picture will appear at the —— Theatre."

It did not take the exhibitors of the twenty-five cities long to see the point. Soon they were bidding against each other for the picture. The advertiser undoubtedly got his money back out of the first-run rentals, and is on his way to huge profits now. When Nazimova went into the pictures New York treated her rather coldly. She had been a star on the legitimate stage with a rather limited popularity, but the masses which keep the movies going did not care for her. The exhibitors would not rent the Nazimova films at all. In despair, the distributor gave her first film to one Broadway house and spent $1,000 in advertising the week. Her pictures have been going very well ever since.

Outside of New York there is a trustful belief that the New York verdict is of little consequence in matters of art, dress and the theatre. Perhaps that is true, but the New York judgment is almost conclusive with the movies. The explanation is that the 14,000 exhibitors can not see the pictures they display each week. They depend on that one of the forty key cities which is nearest them, and the forty key cities watch New York. On one occasion a distributor had a film that had proved a colossal disappointment. Rather than confess defeat he rented the Park Theatre in New York for three weeks, hired an orchestra, decked the place with flowers, made a mighty to-do in the papers and gave passes to every one who would take them. New York was impressed by the tom-tomming and believed it liked the picture. Then the rest of the country followed New York.

If a picture is popular the money fairly deluges the fortunate owners. From eighty to ninety copies are made of each big success, and a good picture is in demand for eighteen months in each country shown. As high as $3,500 has been paid for the first run of a fine picture in New York or Chicago, and the ribbon keeps circulating until it is finally rented for five dollars a week. By that time it has reached the last stages of flickering disrepair. Last year almost 1,500 copies of various pictures in which Tom Mix starred were being rented in the United States alone.

In November there will be another article by Mr. Corey about the movies—this time almost all about the stars.

OLD SHIPS

By David Morton

THERE is a memory stays upon old ships,
A weightless cargo in the musty hold—
Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,
Of stormy midnights—and a tale untold.
They have remembered islands in the dawn,
And windy capes that tried their slender spars,
And tortuous channels where their keels have gone,
And calm, blue nights of stillness and the stars.

Ah, never think that ships forget a shore,
Or bitter seas, or winds that made them wise;
There is a dream upon them evermore;
And there be some who say that sunk ships rise
To seek familiar harbors in the night,
Blowing like mists, their spectral sails alight.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Improve Your Sleep

It's the sound, dreamless, completely comfortable sleep that rebuilds toil-worn bodies, that turns you out in the morning renewed, clear-eyed and alert.

WAY Sagless Spring

"NO SAG IN ANY WAY"

—is nature's first aid in persuading healthful, restful sleep. Way patented construction prevents sagging. Occupants don't roll to center. All metal—noiseless—sanitary—can't tear bedding. 25 year guarantee with each spring. Ask your Way Dealer about our 30 nights' free trial offer.

Write for the interesting "Way" booklet

Way Sagless Spring Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Branches in 8 cities. Made and sold in North Atlantic States by Burton-Dixie Corporation, N. Y.

SOUTHERN DISTRIBUTORS

Chittenden & Eastman, Burlington, Iowa
Belknap Hardware and Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.
Peck & Hills Furniture Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BACKWASH

(*Continued from page 14*)

she hadn't had his. Then there was a little invalid sister and he longed for news of her.

Harry, one of the officers told me, was always very cool in the raids and patrols; three different times he had probably saved the lives of unwary companions. When his battalion was pushing up toward the Vesle, I passed through the woods where they lay in reserve. I could see them at a distance through the broken trees. I could see the pathetic little fox-holes they had dug for protection against shells. I could see, next to the road, fresh graves and unpainted crosses of soldiers just buried. I had not the courage to go to those boys I had known in Alsace. I had not the courage, for I was nursing in an evacuation hospital in Château-Thierry, and I knew too well what those eager, up-going soldiers would presently become.

A few days later, when that hospital moved back, I went across the street to a field hospital. I pushed open the flaps of a brown, rain-soaked tent and entered. There on the muddy ground were two long rows of litters bearing wounded men. On one of them lay Harry. He was suffering from shell-shock and gas, but he didn't want to be separated from his company and so he influenced a medical officer to let him rest a day or so. Then he went back, and during the remainder of July and early August he assisted in the strenuous push toward the Vesle. In late August and early September he was in the drive at Juvigny, north of Soissons; in early October he was pushing northwest of Verdun. On October fourteenth, in an attack on the famous hill near Romagne, his battalion was held up because of intense machine-gun fire and grenades. Harry volunteered as one of a combat patrol which cut through the enemy lines, captured the machine guns, killed several Germans, and forced a larger number to surrender, enabling the regiment to advance. But a grenade and some bullets wounded him severely.

BEHIND this bald account of travel and achievement the sympathetic reader will feel the real emotional connotations—the suspense of the raids and patrols in Alsace when he was learning war—think how much experience under fire it takes to learn whether shells are coming or going! Then that hard work in the drive from the Marne to the Vesle, shells and bullets, burning sun and scant meals, and utter, utter weariness. Then the shell-shock and gas which he ignored and the return to those horrors which he knew so well. Next, the hike to Juvigny, and again to Verdun and again toward Romagne, while the weather changed to that anguish of water and mud and weariness and lagging that drove some men mad. I know it did, because I have seen them, have heard their ravings. And finally, that volunteer action of his which must have seemed to him very likely to spell death. A man of this caliber surely would justify the trust of a good position.

In all this time Harry had not received his back pay, nor had he heard from home. When he reached the United States and was able to communicate with his people, he learned that his sister was very ill, that his mother had received only one letter from him and that she had been ill too, largely from grief and anxiety. When he was able to go home on furlough, he found that he could not get his old position back. His employer said that he would not be strong enough to do full work in a machine-shop, and that he'd better try something else.

He and his mother both had canvassed every possibility. There seemed no work in his town available for a boy who was still lame and weak. He couldn't, said the prospective employers, expect them to turn men off for him, could he? Production wasn't what it had been; things were a little slack. Later, perhaps, there might be an opportunity.

"If there was any way of looking after my mother," Harry said, "I would take some of these trade-learning opportunities the Government offers; but with her and the kid I'm as tied as a married man. I've got to get work. I came back after my furlough to this hospital, and I talked to other fellows that had been on a furlough and been around inquiring for their jobs and got turned down the same as I had. I tell you I have passed soldiers on the street, men that had been through hell, and they were selling pencils at back doors, or trying to take orders for books. Now, you may say that there are some soldiers putting up hard-luck stories that are fakes, and maybe it's so. Why shouldn't there be crooks among soldiers? Lord knows, if you took four million civilians, and stood on Broadway at Forty-second Street, and watched them pass, you'd find some crooks among them. Maybe some of the soldiers that have gone back to the office jobs are loafing on them. I wouldn't be surprised, for living the way we did over there doesn't tend to teach a man office discipline. It takes some time to come back. I hear, too, that some fellows don't want the same jobs; that they say to their bosses: 'I've given a year and a half of my life and I want something better than this.' Well, is that a crime? Why couldn't it be called justifiable ambition?

"But allowing for all exceptions, it's a shame for so many soldiers to have to beg for work and be turned down. You may tell me there are some good people on committees trying to find work for soldiers. Then all I can say is that there ought to be more of such people. A fellow was telling me that there was a Bolshevik meeting here the other day in New York, and that about two hundred and fifty of those present were returned soldiers. Well, I don't blame them.

"I tell you I've thought of things a whole lot since my furlough, and talked them over with other fellows. When I used to hear fellows talking I. W. W. stuff I used to think: 'Aw, go on, you poor fish! You're either lazy or no good in some way. You want to get something for nothing and you think if you upset the apple-cart you'll get some pickings.'

"That's what I used to say, but now the shoe is pinching my own foot. If I'd never had to go overseas, I'd go on taking my chance. But I did go overseas and protected these people who refuse now to give me any sort of chance. The very thing I did for them, help save them by taking fourteen wounds, is the very reason they give for refusing me work—I'm not strong enough, they say. Well, they owe me something for my weakness and they aren't decent enough to pay the debt.

"You may tell me that, when in New York City, there are tens of thousands of men out of work, some of them are bound to be returned soldiers. All right, but there's something wrong with a country that doesn't make provisions for the unemployed. There are European countries that have industrial insurance and old-age pensions; where an old man that has worn himself out with work isn't scrapped like an old machine. I used to think that the United States led the world, but in some ways it's a darned long way behind the procession. There is something wrong with this country I went over to die for. I had confidence in the Government, and now I've lost it. Look at the peace they made with Germany for one thing. Forty millions of indemnity. Who bears the burden? The common people of Germany. Why didn't they make the Junker class pay? They could have stipulated that, but they didn't. And why? Because the rich of the Allies side with the rich of the enemy. Not even the price we common fellows paid with our blood can keep the rich of the countries from hanging together.

"Now, by Jove, I'm with the Reds. I'm in the class-fight business to the finish. I fought for these people, and now I can fight them. If common decency won't make them give me a fair show, I'll try violence. I don't know how yet, but I had brains and pep before I went to France. Now, I'll turn them against society as it is organized to-day."

Dangerous doctrine—and the boy was in no condition to hear reason, to look at the other side. I sat in that green park with him and listened to his bitter voice. I saw the sunny pavements, the white-clad, laughing children, the adults reading books and magazines, the easy policemen. But I saw, too, a muddy road in France, and bowed, plodding, mud-caked figures pushing on, pushing on, teeth set, eyes staring, jaws dropped. I saw a shell that smashed down upon them at the cross-roads, and tore a gap in the ranks, a gap that closed up quickly, because the line must march on for the sake of the people at home.

THERE are among the wounded soldiers some who take whatever bad luck they may meet on this side as a challenge to go on fighting, only as civilians, not as soldiers. Perhaps because in France they were rigidly a part of a machine under strict discipline, they exercise their free thoughts the more. Well practised in the most primitive action, they have come back for other action: they would take part in the great drive of progress in the country for which they have given so much. Such soldiers will be invaluable in helping to bridge this chasm which separates the point of view of the soldiers and the civilians.

There are thousands of returned soldiers to whom the war was a spiritual university. They have won an understanding and a tolerance beyond their years. They have learned to give without grudging, to pardon

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright 1919
by R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

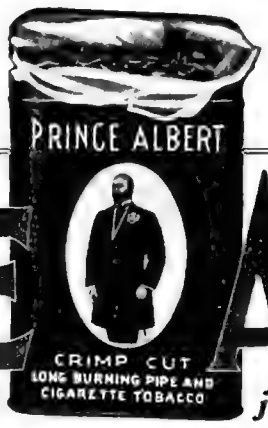
SAY, what a trick you'll turn for your tongue and taste and temper when you finally get down to bed-rock smokes and let some of that topjoy Prince Albert float into your system! Just will put the quiz into your thinktank as to how much pipe or cigarette-rolling fun you've gone shy on—and, you'll work in a lot of double headers for quite a spell to get all-square!

What's the idea kidding yourself when you know what P. A. will do for your smokespot; when you know what it is doing for men all over the civilized world! You can't hit a happier job than to stock a supply of Prince Albert, jam that joy'us jimmy pipe chuck-full and blaze away! Why, it's like falling into feathers when you've been batting-it-out-on-a-board!

Prince Albert just can't help doing you a clever turn because it won't bite your tongue at any stage! Bite and parch are cut out by our patented process. Want you to know right here, and now, that Prince Albert will be as gentle with your tongue as a toy purr-kitty is with a stuffed mouse! You can rip champeen-smokespeed-records right up the back with P. A. for packing!

You don't need a percentage table to figure out what Prince Albert's quality and flavor and fragrance will do for your happiness every time the clock ticks! You'll get the answer quick! And, now it's your draw! Prince Albert is sold in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors, and, in that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

waste and stupidity, even cruelty and sin; to see the generous and fine things in human nature; to believe that somehow good must be the final goal of ill. Sometimes they are "roughnecks," and sometimes they are those to whom we apply the technical term of "gentlemen." But any of them would qualify as a vessel for what Matthew Arnold calls "sweetness and light."

The best example I know is my friend Sidney. The first time I saw Sid, he was in a hospital in Neuilly, in May of 1918. He had been wounded at Cantigny. I didn't single him out from any one else then. I just happened to remember his face, so when I ran across him in Beney, we were able, sitting in a dugout, to exchange some "Do you remember" talk. Also, we discussed the patience and cheerfulness of soldiers.

"At home," Sid said, "I used to kick if things didn't go right. Well, sitting around in the mud over here I have begun to think a lot about some of the older people I know. They take things just as they come, I notice; don't kick much. Life seems to teach them that. Well, the war strikes me as just a lot of concentrated life. It's been that to me, anyhow. If ever I do kick, it's sort of from force of habit. I honestly don't want to very much. I let the bad luck go with a grin, and if not, with set teeth, and I try not to count it at all. The good luck I count as clear velvet. It may not be a logical way of looking at life, but it's a practical way. Sitting here in the mud and getting old myself, I figure that is about the way the nice middle-aged people I know at home look at things. Being a good sport is about as good a thing as any one can contribute to the world."

THAT, as nearly as I can remember, was the philosophy of Sid, aged twenty-two, endowed through the hard means of shot and shell, with a maturity beyond his years. The next time I saw him was in Remonville, another town I can never forget. As I drove toward it in an ambulance I could see shells pitting the slope behind it, beginning at the top and marching down, nearer and nearer, until they crashed down upon the houses. Great geysers of earth and masonry shot up. I was going to an aid station that had just been established there. Shells, bright sunshine, mud and a kitchen in which was the cook of the Three Hundred and Fifty-third Ambulance Company, generous, big-hearted, mellow-voiced Roy, who shared his stove with me. Then the same ghastly panorama, scenes of litters in the receiving-room, orderlies and surgeons injecting anti-tetanus serum; blood and mud and pale faces, and me, giving what cocoa I had and what bread I was able to beg or salvage. Constant sound and movement; the rush of the ambulances; the shuffling of the feet of the litter-bearers; snatches of talk.

"Sure we pushed them back. I was out all night with those damned wounds, bleeding like a stuck pig." "Doctor, will it have to come off, do you think?" "Can't I have a shot of morphin, doctor, for God's sake!" "Well, it's curtains for me, all right." "Any more news of this here peace? Not that it makes any difference to me now, but I hope it will come for the sake of the poor boys out there in the mud and water."

Then Sid looking up and saying, "Well, say, isn't this fine? Honest-to-God hot food! Why, upon my soul, it's you!"

"How are you, laddie?"

"Fine and dandy. Lots of bullets and some bits of shrapnel; but, Lord, they can pick 'em out. The cocoa 'll keep me going till I get to the hospital. I'm all right."

Six wounds, but he was all right! I saw him again only a few days since, lame, pretty pale, and weak still in body, but not in his spirit. I soon found that Sid, too, had no chance of getting his old job back.

"Well, I guess I'll get something," he said. "Two or three of the fellows have taken jobs not as good as they had and will stick to them till they can get something better. The way I look at it is, we have to have patience here at home, same as we did at the front; patience and understanding. In the first place, these folks at home have been working hard to win the war and they've got all sorts of business troubles to consider. Take my old boss. His cost of living has gone up, and his profits haven't increased, and there's a woman holding down my job. Well, he pays her less than he did me, and she supports her mother on it. That's all right. I can't expect him to create a job for me; he can't afford it. I can't expect other men to employ me when they don't need me. It was their luck to be older, and wish to do their bit by buying Liberty bonds and economizing on food. It was my luck to be young and have to fight. Course, lots of the fellows over here were slackers or profiteers. That means they didn't do their duty. It doesn't give me any excuse for not doing mine. Lots of the fellows are sore because folks don't understand what we've been up against in France. Well, I'm not. I'll tell you why. In my home town there are a lot of G. A. R. veterans. When I was a kid I'd listen to their stories till I heard them all once or twice. When I got in my teens I'd see them sitting in front of the hotel with their chairs tipped back, and if I thought of them at all, I'd think, 'Gee, those old fellows are yarning yet. Wonder why they don't try and get jobs?'

"Did I think whether they had the strength to work? I did not. Did it ever occur to me what they had been through in the four years of civil war? It did not. Once a year, on Decoration Day, they held the stage, and at that I don't know but they held it because we love processions. By George! I've been around and talked to every one of those veterans and in my heart I've made each a silent apology. We understand each other, those old veterans and us fellows. We've given 'em a new lease of life by comparing battles with them.

"Well, now, why should I expect any more understanding from civilians than I used to give those old soldiers? The war was a long way away, and now it is getting to be a long way off. Our day is over; it's the civilians that are running things. It's up to us to get in the swim with them.

"Some fellows let it be a disadvantage that they've been soldiers. I figure to make it an advantage. I've got experience behind me that no civilian has, and I am going to see that it enriches my life. What's the good of it, if I can't fit it into things here? There must be ways and I'll find them out. I don't propose to let the war finish me. It'll just be the take-off to something else."

So there you have them—the backwash. They are civilians again, but they are not like you. Put soldiers and civilians in the same room. Aren't you likely to see them in two groups? The soldiers talking of their concerns and the civilians of theirs? The soldiers have a freemasonry of their own. They are modest enough, and yet they know they have done heroic things. If they come back here and find no work, or positions poorer than they had, they suffer a long psychological fall. We are used to people out of work, yet, after all, to be out of a job is about the worst thing that can happen to a person. But to these soldiers a fall like that is like a fall out of the sky. We not only want the soldiers back in work, but we want them back in the current with us, and too many of them are not.

LET me quote you a part of a letter from a boy of twenty-three, out of camp a week, a boy who will always have work and all good things in life because he has brains and charm:

> My poor old bean is so crowded with parades, dinners, brass rails, good advice and flub-dub of all kinds, that it's hard to weed out what I want to say and get a Bolshevik typewriter to record it. Every minute of my time has been filled for two weeks. Welcome and more welcome has been with my down-sitting and mine uprising. Hand-shakes and offers to buy a drink, barrages of looney questions, conversational test-tube experiments to observe the great changes worked out in my buzzum as a result of the great spiritual experience of war.
>
> Oh, God! I got out from under the other day and visited the battery gang down at the university. We talked on all the primitive soldier topics, rapped everybody from —— to the ex-captain and went our several ways.
>
> I am beginning to look back on the war with a sort of wistful regret. I could not help but contrast the welcome I am getting from people I have not seen for years with the one I got from the boys I have been separated from a week. There is a wide difference. Either the world is out of touch, or we are.

If ever I meet a soldier who is a loafer, or a scoundrel, or a Bolshevik, or a criminal, I am going to check my natural human reaction by a memory. I shall recall the last two phases of the Argonne drive, when our common heroes pushed on, cold, often lacking hot food. They pushed through mud and water, and they slept in mud and water. Picture the Argonne mud that drags down a man's feet with thick, suffocating, heavy suction, that lays a weight on his heart and his brain, that makes him want to lie down and cry like a baby, lie down and die, rather than take another step. Look at the men in khaki, beating forward like overtaxed pack-horses; look at the strained nostrils, the open-stretched mouths, the eyes that stare but see nothing. Look at them under the spray of the machine-gun fire from the ridges of the Meuse River. Those men have given us a new pride in our nationality.

When I think of a soldier I get this vision first: I met a boy at Romagne, a straggler. He had very black hair, very red cheeks, and a blue-black beard was beginning to show. He told me, as I gave him cocoa and bread, that he was hurrying up to join his company. He was a very gay boy that laughed a good deal, and made fun of the mud. Three days later I saw him beside the road. His laughter had gone, and he had an intent look. The strong color was there still—the red, the black; but he was dead, with his bayonet outstretched and his face toward the enemy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bon Voyage—If Any

(*Continued from page 29*)

presented themselves before the passport officials and explained the necessity of their writing the true history of the great war.

It's much easier to look like a writer than a banker. You just get a brief-case (sometimes designated manuscript-bag), leave your shoes unshined and stick much too many things in all your pockets—innumerable unanswered letters are good for this, or, if you don't get many letters, newspapers.

People get to be writers in such rapid ways, once they get an attack of passportitis. There was the young man whose aunt once met a famous editor at quite a big reception. He made that editor the most sporting proposition about being his foreign correspondent. He said he wouldn't be sore if they never printed a line he sent.

All magazine and newspaper letterheads had suddenly to be kept under lock and key. So many office boys took to writing themselves credentials, signing themselves lyrically "Editorial Assistant."

On the whole, journalists did pretty well on passports. As long as the sheets they represented showed a good pro-war record and hadn't sent too many representatives over already. Heaven help us when they all come back!

Tourists, business men, journalists. Oh, yes, lecturers and students.

As to students, no. "The department does not deem it advisable to issue passports for temporary residence abroad for education."

Lecturers got on better. But they had to make their appearance laden down with cables and letters from important people on the other side clamoring for their presence, and they had to plan to stay over a reasonable length of time.

But there is one class of people whose hair has really had a right to turn white—and that is wives. The President managed to get Mrs. Wilson a passport twice, in spite of the department's shrill ruling that "Passports will not be issued to women to accompany their husbands to restricted territory unless he is to take up a residence for a term of years," but all other wives have been discriminated against to the point where it seemed that the department had really set up as a Home-Breaking Agency.

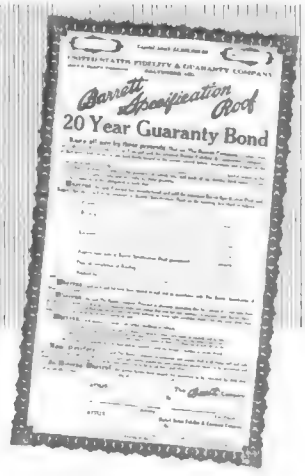
There were cases of well-known women journalists who could not go abroad in persuance of their duties because they had a husband (not in the service) who happened to have preceded them thither.

Just, however, as a matter of rough justice, this ruling did not apply in the case of husbands whose wives were abroad even if said wives were in the service. Truly a man-made world. A man is always encouraged by other men to go about seeing what his wife is up to.

And contrary to the custom in newspaper offices, a dying grandmother stood a pretty good show as a reason for a passport.

But the worried Irishman who wanted to go back to the old country because his horse and cow were sick was sent away empty-handed.

Barrett Specification Roofs



The 20-Year Bond

20 Years of Service Guaranteed

IN the old days buying a roof very often proved to be something of a gamble.

Maybe you got just what you specified, and maybe not.

The cost per square foot was too often taken as the only standard of value—frequently to the owner's subsequent sorrow.

Today all this is changed.

It was the Barrett Specification which first made it possible for building owners everywhere to obtain, through their local contractors, a *standardized roof*, worked out by roofing engineers and based on scientific principles of modern roof construction.

Today we offer to *guarantee* Barrett Specification Roofs *for a period of 20 years!*

This guaranty is obtainable on any roof of 50 squares or more, in any town of 25,000 population or over, and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.

It is a Surety Bond, issued by the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company, of Baltimore.

To obtain this Surety Bond you have only to insert in your building Specifications the following:

"The roof shall be laid according to The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, and the roofing contractor shall secure for me (or us) the 20-Year Guaranty Bond therein mentioned."

The guaranty costs you nothing. We merely require that the roofing contractor be approved by us and that we be given an opportunity to inspect the construction.

We shall be glad to send you a copy of *The Barrett Specification*, with diagrams ready for insertion in your building plans.

The Barrett Company

TRADE B MARK

New York, Boston, Cleveland, Nashville, Bangor, Richmond, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Salt Lake City, Washington, Latrobe, Detroit, Seattle, Johnstown, Dallas, New Orleans, Peoria, Lebanon, Bethlehem, Birmingham, Atlanta, Youngstown, Elizabeth, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Duluth, Toledo, Buffalo, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Columbus, Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED: St. John, N. B., Montreal, Halifax, N. S., Toronto, Sydney, N. S., Winnipeg, Vancouver

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GLORIOUS play—and the glorious fun of thirst-quenching with Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. It's on ice now, waiting till dry and dusty little throats clamor for refreshment. There is no harm in giving the kiddies all they want of this safe and pure ginger drink—an incomparable blend of purest juices of lemons and limes, Jamaica ginger, cane sugar and crystal-clear spring water. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist. Serve whenever thirst puts in an appearance.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO.
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Thomas Hartigan, a school janitor of Brookline, Massachusetts, had spare moments enough to make his school famous for its floral beauty.

Unimportant People

The Artist Janitor

By Joan Moody

ALL the school janitors I happen to have known have been tobacco-stained ogres with a fiendish cleverness in detecting you cutting across their lawn in a courage born of the despair at being late for school.

But Thomas Hartigan, former janitor of the John D. Runkle School of Brookline, Massachusetts, was an entirely different proposition. Far from being chased off lawns by him, the children gulped down their oatmeal and came early to school to have some fun with him. The big boys had to see him to have him decide moot points as to Bob Brown's personal prowess in various lines as compared with that of Tom Smith. And the small boys had to see him in regard to how fast they were getting to be as strong as the big boys.

Mr. Hartigan was Irish, you see, for one thing, and for another, he seemed to think that children sort of belonged around a school and were not just a nuisance designed to pester the life out of a hard-working janitor.

Besides being a general confidant and umpire around the playground, Mr. Hartigan was the unofficial assistant to each and every teacher in the school.

Did a picture need to be hung? A statue put in its niche? An electric light adjusted? Tom Hartigan was their man. Most janitors, in addition to their other qualifications for the job, have a cloak of invisibility which insures them against being bothered by extra odd jobs.

But not only did Mr. Hartigan gladly do all the jobs there were to be done, but he invented a big new job for himself.

He decided to make the Runkle School a bower of floral beauty. No perfunctory sprinkling of a few palms and window-boxes for this janitor.

He began at the entrance of the school and soon made it the pride of the neighborhood with its luxuriant cosmos and geraniums. Then he got after every single schoolroom in the three school buildings and made them cool and delightful with a wealth of ferns. He didn't stop even when he got to the bicycle-room.

Miss Baker, the school principal, maintains that Mr. Hartigan's love for plants actually quickened them to long life and a special beauty. Every now and then a specially lovely plant or bloom would appear on some teacher's desk of whose appearance Mr. Hartigan, when questioned, would know nothing at all. He could only suggest that it was the fairies who had been up to some of their tricks during the night.

This flower hobby of "the artist janitor," as Tom Hartigan came to be called, had its very practical side. No flowers ever had to be bought for school receptions, graduations and the like. The school furnished its own adornment. All summer the school plants were watched over, so that in September and October the pupils had a profusion of blossoms for the schoolrooms, for their friends and for hospitals.

Thomas Hartigan, tall, vigorous, handsome and happy, died last year, and the flowers he had so loved covered his grave.

It is strange—or is it?—how grown-ups and children alike who knew him still sorrow for just a school janitor.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The PURSUIT of KNOWLEDGE

(Continued from page 22)

had seen her do that first evening, and looked into his eyes.

"Kiss me," she said. He felt her breath against his face.

It seemed to Jasper the world grew black—he had a sensation of fighting, of vain struggle, of beating wings.

"Kiss me, Jasper," she said again.

He kissed her then.

It was only a moment he held her. Then in a swift reaction he loosed her. He saw that she wasn't hurt. She stepped backward, with a little mocking laugh.

But it no longer mattered. He stood immovable, a sharp stabbing below his heart, a mist swaying unevenly before his eyes. He saw only Ruby—her lovely face—the face he had kissed—would kiss again. Suddenly life had resolved itself into one clearly defined yearning. Books and work and a promised word meant nothing against the voice of youth and spring—and life.

He moved toward her blindly. But she ran away from him—still mocking him.

"That'll be 'bout enough fur one day, I guess," she said. "I'm surprised. You've gotta think o' your lady-friend."

His lady-friend! Jasper stopped as though shot. "Oh, my Lord God," he said, and covered his face sharply with his hands. Winifred!

"Ruby—I—you're right. I'm crazy. You must forgive me—my doing that. I have no right. Oh, my Lord!"

"You're sorry?" she asked softly.

She had come close to him again—so close he could feel her in every nerve.

"You're sorry—you kissed me, Jasper?"

He took his hands from his face then and looked at her.

"Ruby—I——"

She stopped the words on his lips.

"Don't you ever dare say it—Jasper—don't you dare," she whispered fiercely—"'cause I love you, see—don't you ever dare. 'Cause nothin's goin' to matter now but me— Say it. Say it."

"Oh, Ruby!"

"Say it, Jasper, 'nothin' matters but you.'" Her arms were close about his neck.

"Nothing matters—but you," he said hoarsely.

"Well then—an' we'll come up here again—to-morrow, Jasper—shall we? Shall we?"

"To-morrow!" he said brokenly.

"And we—won't be needin' books. Never again—never no more," she said slowly, looking deep into his eyes.

IV

HIS quest eluded! No, his quest was ended. It called no longer. Now, as on all other evenings of this last week, Jasper sat staring vacantly at the empty page before him—turning over and over, examining with dull eye his idle pencil. A film of dust had settled on his books. At intervals he would bury his face in his arms, or, propped on elbows, let his head droop forward.

There was a curious swirling in his mind, a phantasmagoria of fragments—remembered bits of knowledge—but mostly there was no correlation, no cohesion nor fixity. A sweet poison had stolen upon him, a springtime languor as fragrant as brook-washed violets, as deadly as some sickly sweet narcotic. Narcotic! That was it. Something had poisoned, had lulled all his mind, had caught him up in a miasmic spell. His books no longer meant anything. The words—dry as dust, empty symbols—were meaningless. Who cared for mere print when there was love in the world? Print was cold—these books the spoil of dead men's brains. His Cæsar lay open and he caught up a sentence, brushing his eyes as though to clear them, but the words no longer kindled. What were the glories of Rome, the splendors of these legionaries, beside glories of love, the splendors of his newer vision?

He pushed the book from him in distaste, and saw another beneath it—the little gray volume of Epictetus. He picked it up, too—stared at it blindly, in sudden pity for himself. It no longer carried significance. He passed his hands over it as though they must realize what his mind no longer could. It was like touching something belonging to the dead. He got up and paced the floor restlessly, fighting it over again, groping through a mist. But what matter how he groped, and what were plans for knowledge against this newer urge?

Not that he had lost all reason. He saw bitterly with some key-cold tag of his mind, the meaning of the thing that had come upon him, its power to make or mar. And it would mar—surely. He was still sane enough to realize, though helpless to avert. It was death—the death of dreams, of his life work—yet so sweet a death!

He saw himself married to Ruby Laverty. In his simplicity that was the only dénouement. Now he thrust the thought of the girl herself aside, while he pondered the consequences of such a marriage.

There would be no more teaching. There would be no university—no study. There was better, steadier pay keeping the factory books—or clerking over in town. For a home with Ruby! He tried to summon the picture of the home Ruby lived in now—and he saw himself in a similar one. The platters of burned food, untidy floors. Children, perhaps—neglected, unwashed. He had no illusions as to Ruby's domesticity—none as to its effect on himself. He would have a heavy burden to shoulder—his back would carry its load all his life!

He looked out of his window at the ill-planted garden below. He had sometimes felt it was like his life, planted to uncertainty. Now, he knew he would offer only failure. And yet—though his reason counseled and spoke to him—he knew he could not heed. Did not wish to heed. He wanted Ruby. The mountain night that came in offering mysterious scents was no richer in allure than this strange infatuation of his.

He had left Ruby only a little while ago—as on every night this week. He had kissed her good night. Sometimes she was a capricious Ruby—a moody, erratic, tantalizing creature, who mocked, tortured him. But to-night she was like a dove—homing close under his hand.

"I hadn't ought to let you kiss me, Jasper—even though we want to git married so bad. Not, anyhow, till you've wrote to her."

Winifred! He must write to her. There was no other way. He must write, asking her for his freedom—telling her it was all a mistake! He had promised Ruby. The thought struck like a knife. He saw Winifred in the blue ruffled muslin—her sweet smile. Then she was gone in a mist—only Ruby's face left. Ruby loved him, trusted him so. She was so wild and sweet, not with the tender, wise faith of Winifred, but blindly, utterly—like a child of nature who knew no guard.

"I've never let no one kiss me like you, Jasper," she had whispered.

She had clung to him—confiding in him. There had been cheapness—flotsam cavaliers—but no one who had left a mark, no one who had kissed her lips!

"It's just you, Jasper," she had said, her clear eyes on his.

AN ENORMOUS wave of pitying tenderness arose at her blind trust, her love. For the very fate he would have saved her from would be hers—loving him, clinging to him. He who should have helped her to something better would keep her as she was, yoked to poverty. When he had tried to tell her this, she had cried him down shrilly, had covered his words. Oh, the magnificent improvidence of it! To leap into the dark—fling discretion to the winds—as other fellows did! There wasn't a chance of its being anything but a mistake—but he was beyond counting the mistake.

He approached his table again—stared down at his books. Was it possible he had loved them—that they had held him with a firm, an inescapable lure? That there had been a time when he had believed in their solace, in the sweet companionship they brought? That he had believed they were the passport to a richer life? Yes, he realized his perfidy, the treason he contemplated, but he could not recapture the old feeling. He had lost his moorings. There was no use in struggling; no use pacing his floor, seeking a way out through this strange, smothering madness. It held him. The voice of reason grew faint before it.

He sat down and buried his face in his hands again. All life had changed for him. All hold on old sanity, old balance, had passed away. To-morrow he was to do an unthinkable thing.

His school check was coming. Forty precious prized dollars, to be hoarded carefully in past times—the greater portion saved for his sacred plan. But now! An hour ago he had promised to take Ruby to Fayette to-morrow. It was the "big day" of Old Home Week. He had promised to "give her one good time."

"Oh, Jasper," she had cried, "it's the first time we've ever gone anywhere! Oh, Jasper, take me—this one time!"

He needed every cent he could gather—especially if Winifred released him and he married Ruby, as she expected—and yet he could no more deny her than he could check a mountain torrent. Like some in-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

effectual moth he would go—yielding to her least wish; knowing his folly, yet hastening on his way.

V

THE streets of Fayette were packed. A motley of humans in holiday colors, noisy, gibing, good-natured. Jasper with Ruby on his arm, threaded his way down Main Street in the waning afternoon.

A wonderful day! Beginning with the morning train-ride among swarming country folk, and stretching its happy hours beneath a sapphire sky, along a course strewn with barkers, side-shows, carnival rites, pink lemonade, hot-dog sandwiches, ice-cream cones and a hotel dinner. There had been a parade, a ball-game. Now Ruby swayed a little languorously beside him, carrying a red-white-and-blue cane with a whistle in the end and a blue balloon on a willow switch. Her hat was lost in a swirl of colored paper ribbons, and an iridescence of confetti clung to her frock, her dark soft hair, even her eyelashes.

Wherever Ruby had been with her flash and her smile there had been no dearth of pelting tormentors. Now a little weary, she walked more slowly, her cheeks flushed to rose-brown, and Jasper remembered the little Willow Park, where a tiny stream wound, where green benches offered repose.

"We'll get supper at the hotel and rest on the porch," he said; "the fireworks won't begin till eight."

"Yes, Jasper," she said docilely. Yet she showed no desire to hasten her departure from the pressure of the crowd. All day it had been thus. She had drunk like one intoxicated of this colorful, noisy pageant. Everything had pleased her. Like an insatiable child she had yearned and Jasper had yielded to every wish. He had bought her hot-house roses—that luxury of the backwoods—to wear in her belt. He had bought her more candy and pop-corn and ice-cream and soft drinks than he had dreamed so small a creature could consume; he had showered her with paper confetti and colored streamers; had taken her to all the side-shows. The dinner had been the *pièce de résistance*, and there had been an automobile ride afterward. He had broken deeply into his funds.

But now a vague discontent seized Ruby. "I don't wanta rest. I wanna to look in the windas—at Conrows'," she said.

Conrows' was the jeweler's and Jasper knew her thought. He had voiced the thought himself. He had meant to buy her a ring—as soon as he dared. It was the right thing, as she had suggested.

"If we're goin' to ever marry, Jasper, we'd ought to be engaged with a ring."

Well, she was right. Winifred and he had never been engaged with a ring—Winifred had willed it so, to save expense. "It isn't the ring makes the thing so, Jasper," she had said. "Later on—when we're nearer to—well, you can give me the kind you want after a while."

Now he was grateful for it. It made his bond seem less close. As Ruby said, it wasn't an engagement without a ring. Still, he had a feeling that he could not give her one yet. Later, when Winifred had freed him——

He tried to explain.

"Oh, I ain't askin' you to buy me a ring, Jasper; I only want to look at the pretty things. It's no harm doing that."

Yet what man of blood could watch a girl's wistful eyes at a sparkling shop-window?

"Oh, Jasper—that little watch, ain't it cute? Ain't it dear? A person'd always know the time with that on her wrist."

What man of blood——?

They had gone inside to look at it. It was a cunning bijou—no bigger than a new penny.

"It's genuine Swiss—a good case, too—fourteen-carat, gold-filled—guaranteed twenty years. And that's a real di'mond chip. You wouldn't get a bargain every day for eighteen dollars." Eighteen dollars! Jasper had gone a little white—but when they emerged Ruby had the little watch on her wrist—on a black ribbon.

"Oh, Jasper—I love you," she whispered, walking very close to him.

The crowd was thinning, toward supper-time. Once he saw Smoke Farrell, with two or three others he knew. Once Beulah-Blanche, very painted, passed with a cavalier. He knew they nudged and whispered: "Look at the school-teacher!" But he no longer cared. He had flung his challenge in the world's eyes.

He led Ruby, unresisting now, to the hotel piazza. They would sup and rest, and after that—the long soft evening in the park before their train was due. There was a moon to-night and there would be fireworks—a jazz of vivid colors—flowers and stars and pinwheels of violet, rose and silver.

It was past eleven when Jasper, carrying his shoes carefully, stole up his narrow stairs.

But Mrs. Keyes was not asleep. Her bedroom door opened—a frowsy head craned out.

"That you, Smoke— Oh, Mist' White—they was a letter come fur you this aft'noon—Thays put it in your room—you better leave the door open. The hands ain't all come in yet."

Jasper thanked her and went on. The letter lay on his bureau. A moonbeam came in and shone on it. He knew the writing perfectly. It was from Winifred.

DEAR JASPER:

I haven't had a line from you in two weeks. What can be the matter, dear? I wonder if you aren't well. I feel something has gone wrong. It worries me so. Sometimes, I am afraid something may come between us. I know I'm silly this evening, but still I know a man, living lonely as you do, Jasper, may not find it easy to wait for happiness. I sometimes wonder, loving you the way I do, if some one else may not come to love you, too. And if you cared for her it would be all right, Jasper. You must know that you come first with me. Whatever you wish would be right.

I write this because I am troubled at your silence. And your last letter seemed so strange. Perhaps it is nothing and you are only tired and busy. Remember I will always stand by you in everything, Jasper.

He let the letter fall from trembling fingers. It was as though a blast of cool sweet air blew through the room, fanning the exotic vapors from his mind, freeing him from his poison-sweet madness. Winifred was with him, her kind hand on his shoulder, the old sweetness in her eyes. Then it was gone—Ruby again! Her good-night kiss, her quick, warm embrace. She loved him so! And he had committed himself. No, he was caught, inescapably.

He lit his lamp wretchedly, and took up paper and pen. Why had he been so cowardly? Why not have written before? Though Winifred had opened a way now, it was the hardest thing he had ever attempted. The more he essayed it, spoiling sheet after sheet, the more unthinkable it became.

Winifred! The girl he loved—yes, he did love her! The girl he wanted to marry—it was true—the girl he should marry—and he was about to write her a letter like this! Throwing her over. He put his head down in utter misery—seeing no way out of his confusion. For there was Ruby, and he must do as he had promised—before morning, without further procrastination.

And suddenly he could not, without something to help him through it—some further heartening. If he could touch Ruby's hand, look into her eyes again, know the reality of her, it would help him out, he thought. He resolved to go to her. He would take the short-cut path to her house—rap on her window, see her, talk to her. He had a sudden need to cling to his new purpose, to keep Ruby foremost.

He blew out his lamp and left the house.

The moon flung the hills and valley into a soft pool of light and shadow, inscrutable blackness and the blue-silver of high lights. All nature lay peaceful, sleeping—the peace touched Jasper's fever like a cool hand. Just so, Ruby's tenderness—a word from her—would tide him over so that he could go on.

HE STRUCK up through the old wood-trail, and skirting the flank of hard-wood timber, came presently to the shaggy path that turned aside to Ruby's home. He was almost at the wood's edge when he saw, quite near him, beneath the moon, a fallen log half-screened by lace-like foliage.

There were two people sitting on it, sitting in close embrace—Smoke Farrell and Ruby Laverty.

"And what'd he say then— Go on, tell me." It was Smoke's indulgent, bullying voice.

"He *said*—honest-to-God, I could ha' died laffing—he sez," the girl's voice mounted, clipped, precise, imitative, "'Ruby, darling, you're too good fur that—when you're my wife'—get that, Smoke, 'my *wife*'—'I'll look after you so no fella'll ever take such a liberty again.' Honest, I could ha' busted right out——"

"Darn old mush-head——"

"Oh, Smoke, he makes me tired—he ain't a real fella at all. I don't care if he is soft over me and did buy me a good gol' watch! I'm sick of him and his smart ways. I like you, Smoke—hol' me tight—kiss me—*hol' me tight*——"

"You bet I'll kiss you—little wildcat! How many you kissin'—this week?"

"Many as I please—but I—love you—best. Hol' me tight—Smoke!"

It seemed to Jasper that he had died—there in the stillness under the moon. So cold, so frozen he went—even to his heart, that seemed no longer to beat. Then he turned heavily and, with no thought to the crashing bushes, plunged down-hill into the timber.

He went on and on, in a strange numbness of soul, of mind. Strangely, he gave

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

no thought to Ruby, to this last broken dream. There was only one impulse, one feeling: To escape from this hideous new self of his, that had soiled and defiled itself with the tawdry and worthless—that had broken away from goodness and the verities of his life to trifle with the base and meretricious! He had a feeling that he would never again be cleansed, that the gods he had served would never forgive him.

Once, stumbling downward, he fell and cut his face on the sharp stones, and suddenly he wished passionately he might do himself bodily hurt—stone his body, tear it, lacerate in a hundred places—his body that had betrayed him so utterly.

On and on he stumbled, brier and vine tangling, tearing at him, in an agony of soul that was like a bath of searing fire. Now he thought of himself as something too base to be looked on—a Judas, who had betrayed his trust, who had violated his soul's deepest. He who had meant to tend his lamp so faithfully, to seek the beautiful—to lose his Grail so hopelessly, to creep in the mire of his own baseness! He sobbed in sudden sharp agony as he plunged on. He was conscious of the splendor of moonlight in the wood. The moon, he thought, was like Winifred—like his forsaken quest—remote, austere, never-to-be-reached-for again. He was too black, too soiled.

Then at the foot of the hill he stumbled and fell again. Forward he plunged again, arms out, into a little shallow thread of brook. He felt the cold clear water creeping over him—on his hot cheek, his hair, soaking into his sleeves. It made a soft little cooing sound over the stones, and something of his vileness seemed washed away under the cool sweet water. It was as though Nature herself pitied him, and bathing the hot tears of self-scorn from his face, made him clean and whole again. So he lay a long time in deep abasement.

The world was the same—yet utterly different when Jasper came to the house again.

His fever had gone out from him forever—his head was clear and cool. A new sense of poise had come to him—new confidence in what the future would bring.

Smoke Farrell had come in during his absence. The Irishman lay sprawled on his cot, sound asleep. Jasper had not even a quiver of hatred or repugnance for him. He stood a moment watching the flushed, unconscious face—one big arm flung out from the coverlet—and he had the detached impersonal sense of one who watches a strange species of animal with whom one has no slightest kinship. A vast gulf lay between the two—he had a faint momentary pang of compassion for Smoke—for all others who would move through life unthinking, unseeking—knowing only the bestial level.

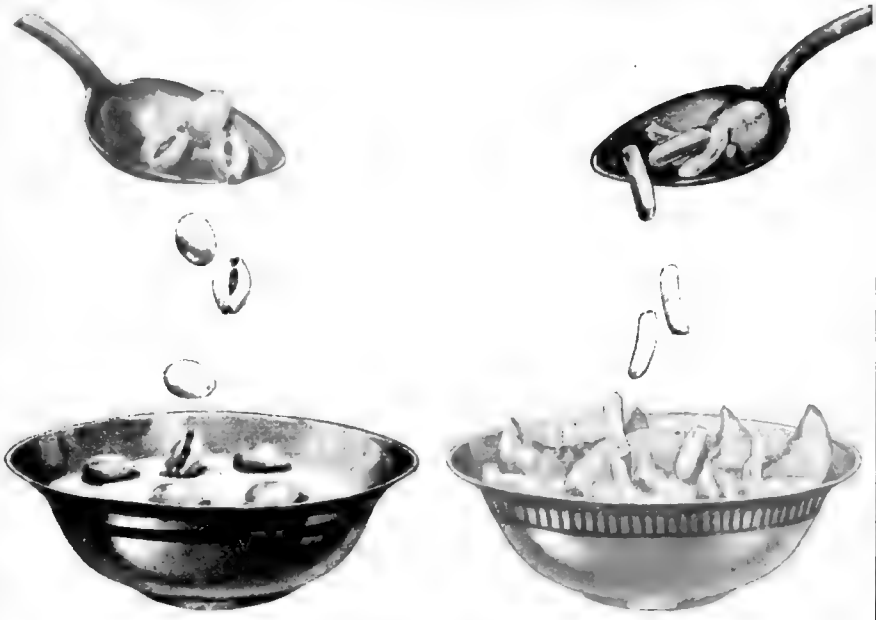
He turned to his table then.

He had begun a letter to Winifred earlier. The words "Dear Winifred" sprang out—nothing else. Now he must finish it—just a line to say he would be over next week to explain.

He had no illusions about his duty. He must go to her as a blundering soldier goes to a superior officer—he must shrive himself clean; cut deep. He must set the facts before her—his sin, his awakening, his penitence! He would make no effort to

Bubble Grains

Make Other Foods Delightful



Like Puffed Nut-Meats

Puffed Grains are breakfast dainties, but that's not all. Two are whole grains which supply whole-grain nutrition. All are food confections, fairy-like in texture, nut-like in their taste.

Puffed Wheat makes bowls of milk vastly more inviting. And milk with whole wheat, steam exploded, is the pinnacle in food.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs add to fruit a fascinating blend. The grains are fragile, flaky, flavory. They add to fruit what crust adds to a shortcake or to pie.

Crisp and butter them and these airy grains become nut-like confections. There is no between-meal dainty which compares with these.

Food Cells Exploded

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs taste like puffed nut-meats on ice cream. And home-made candies are made light and nutty by them. Puffed Wheat or Corn Puffs make flimsy toasted wafers for your soups.

In Puffed Grains we blast every food cell. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus every granule is fitted to digest, and every atom feeds. These are the best-cooked grain foods in existence, and the most bewitching. If you believe in whole grains made wholly digestible, use them wherever you can.

Serve one of them in some way every day.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Each 15c—Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3179

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

$5 Invested in Vogue

a tiny fraction of your loss on one ill-chosen gown

Will Save You $500

The instant the war was over, Paris began to dance, and, curiously enough, the dance has determined the mode of even the most sedate autumn street frock. In repose, the silhouette remains slim. But the instant one moves—walking, dancing, crossing a room—it must have grace and flow of line.

Smart—yet absolutely wearable. That's the charm of this little frock with the newest of collars, the shortest of sleeves, and a clever skirt that does an old thing in a new way. The material is blue serge, the bands are of organdie, and the sash is black and white ribbon.

© Vogue

How can you get that floating effect? How should you stand when you wear it? How can you know the favored colors? How can you assure yourself added distinction of dress and save yourself from misguided or haphazard buying?

The secret is not more money. It is Vogue's authoritative, advance fashion advice.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford.

AFTER SEPTEMBER 1

24 Issues of Vogue Will Cost $6

Save $1 By Mailing This Coupon Now

Owing to the tremendous increase during the last four years in the cost of paper, labor, and materials, Vogue—rather than lower its standard of production in the slightest degree—will raise its yearly subscription price from $5 to $6, beginning September 1st.

For a limited time, however, Vogue will accept subscriptions at the $5 rate. You need not send money now. Just sign and mail the coupon.

Even at the $6 price, Vogue will continue to be the least costly per copy of all the American magazines appealing to people of taste. Vogue is published twice a month, giving you 24 issues instead of 12.

Thus you spend $5 a year for twelve issues of Country Life; $4 for twelve issues of Harper's, Century, the Atlantic; but you spend at the rate of only $3 for every 12 issues of Vogue—$2.50 if you mail the coupon now.

CONSIDER, then, that for $5—surely a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you may have at hand, for an entire year (24 issues), Vogue's fashion information, Vogue's acknowledged taste—all the judgment, experience, and skill of a highly paid staff of experts in everything connected with dress, entertaining, interior decoration, and the social and intellectual life of a cultivated woman.

Special Offer—Don't Send Money Now!

If you mail the coupon at once, we will enter your subscription for 24 issues (one year) of Vogue, beginning with the Forecast of Autumn Fashions Number, ready now, at the $5 rate.

This offer will be held open only for a limited time; then the subscription price will go to $6.

Sign, tear off and mail the coupon

The Postal Zone Law makes necessary an additional postage charge of 50c a year, west of the Mississippi.

VOGUE, 19 West 44th Street, New York City

Send me 24 numbers (one year) of Vogue, beginning with the Forecast of Autumn Fashions Number, dated Sept. 1, at your special $5 rate. I will remit $5 on receipt of your bill. (Canadian $6.25.)

Name.....
(Please write name very plainly)

Street.....

City.....

State..... E. M. 9-19

palliate. His exacting conscience spoke clearly. As man to man, partner to partner, he would speak, that there might be no hidden scar, no sealed and secret place between them. She must know him as he knew himself, take him with open eyes.

For he had no doubt as to the sequel. The sense of Winifred's deep, profound and understanding love encompassed him. It had spoken in her written phrase: "I will always stand by you, Jasper." If he sought her forgiveness, she would give it. It would be a bitter hour to both—black bitter for himself, for not the least punishment exacted of him out of his new-found clarity of vision would be the knowledge of the pain he would inflict on the one he loved best in the world. Yet he would have it so—must have it so. With sharply drawn breath but steady hand he wrote his few committing sentences.

His letter finished, he drew forward his books and tipped his lampshade carefully, that the light might not disturb Smoke.

The books were dusty. He took out his handkerchief and wiped them one by one. So might one touch lost, loved treasures after a spell of illness. His fingers trembled as he opened his Cæsar. He stared at the paragraph he had marked last.

He had forgotten the legionaries and the glory that was Rome—now they signaled to him again. He saw the glinting helms, the Roman eagles, the far-flung line of march. Behind them he would march again, a latter-day soldier, his banner flying. They should lead him on and on, down the old trails of knowledge to that far country where space and plenteous wisdom abounded, and never again would he wander.

The night air stole through the window carrying scents and tiny sounds from the quiet hills, but Jasper was not conscious of it.

He had slipped away from the shabby, sordid room to that dim garden where his stored treasure lay. So through the waning night he read on and on.

I Would Have Read On Forever

By Oscar C. Williams

THE day is a book and the dawn and the sunset are covers,
The day is a wonderful, wonderful volume for lovers,
And God is the Author, and I, who am reader for hours
Of beautiful tales of the rivers, the meadows, the flowers,
Oh, I would have read on forever, unmoved through the ages,
Had I not discovered your heart like a rose 'tween the pages!

Next Month

Another Article about the Movies

By Herbert Corey

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The World's Bolshevik Boss

By

William G. Shepherd

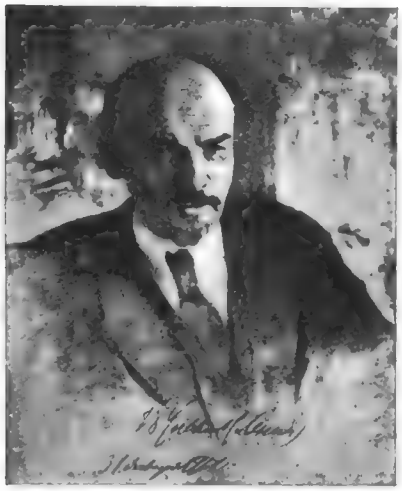
Fritz Platten, the super-Bolshevik.

TROTZKY screamed like a frightened witch, scratched like a cat, and kicked with all limbs, like a crab, when I saw eight British jackies carry him bodily off the *Kristianiafjord* in the bay of Halifax in March of 1917.

Trotzky enraged! We, standing on the deck of the ship, were not greatly moved. And as he stood below us, on the tiny tug which had come out to carry him to land, waving his arms at us, shouting out wild Russian curses, we were inclined to laugh.

Trotzky enraged! The time was to come when the rage of this wild-eyed man would mean life and death to thousands of human beings.

If one of us on the *Kristianiafjord* that



Nikolai Lenine.

day had drawn out a revolver and taken the life of that shouting individual, we might have helped to save the lives of perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand Allied soldiers on the western front, who were slain in the great drives which the Germans were able to make after Trotzky had signed peace with the Germans at Brest-Litovsk.

Trotzky was going to Russia under orders. From a certain man in far-away Switzerland—a man greater than he, with wilder ideas than he, with eyes that had more steel in them than his, and with a heart that had even less pity, if that were possible—had come to Trotzky, in his Ghetto home in New York City, the message: "Go to Russia. The time has come."

And so, by word from the supreme command, Trotzky was on his way.

In the meantime, Lenine, whose name within a few months was to make Russia tremble, was in the care and keeping of this same mysterious man.

To Lenine, who was in Switzerland, came orders like those which had gone across the Atlantic to Trotzky.

"Go to Russia!" ordered this mysterious master.

Lenine tried to obey. But the Allies refused to permit him to pass through France and England.

Between Switzerland and Russia lay Germany. When Lenine failed, the master merely waved his wand; he conquered even the stubborn German Foreign Office; yes, more than that, even the German grand headquarters, with the Kaiser, von Hindenburg and Ludendorff rolled into one.

He proved to the Germans that if they would permit one Nikolai Lenine and his followers to go through Germany into Russia, they would upset Russia by a second revolution that would lay her, weak and white, at Germany's feet. Even the masters of Germany yielded to the arguments of that man who could give orders to such men as Lenine and Trotzky.

A car was prepared by the Germans at the Swiss frontier. Its windows were sealed, so that the passengers could not look out and discover the war-time secrets of Germany. Its doors were guarded so that no one could leave it.

That car, one day in March of 1917—while Trotzky was languishing in a cell in Halifax—was boarded by thirty men. One of them was Lenine, the rest were Lenine's followers, except one. That one was the man who had given Lenine and Trotzky their orders—the master Bolshevik of the world.

So Lenine got to Russia.

Trotzky, released some weeks later at the request of Kerensky, found his way to Russia by way of Japan.

And thus the two servants of the master Bolshevik of the world began their work.

This story is not fancy.

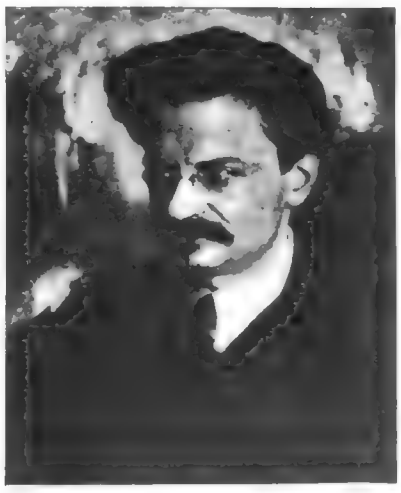
There is a super-Bolshevik behind Lenine and Trotzky; behind all the other Bolsheviks in all the other lands of earth.

His name is Fritz Platten.

He is so much a man of mystery, even in Switzerland, where he lives, and in his home town of Zurich, that his photographs are unobtainable. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is able to show the accompanying photograph of Platten only because it was taken in Bolshevik Russia, last spring, where Platten felt safe in making himself known.

Platten remained for some weeks in Petrograd after he arrived with Lenine. We used to hear the names "Lenine" and "Trotzky" bandied about the streets and see them in the press; never the name "Platten." The newspaper correspondents from America and other countries used to go to the dancer's palace in Petrograd, which had been seized by Lenine and Trotzky and their small forces, and obtain interviews from them, but none of us even knew that there was such a man on earth as Platten; much less that such a man was in Petrograd and that he was behind the scenes pulling the wires in the preparations for the great tragedy that was at hand.

While Lenine and Trotzky were talking, Platten was doing things. For instance, he saw that Lenine and Trotzky needed more speakers and assistants. Platten, with the greatest ease, again worked his miracle with the German high command. A "sealed train," instead of a "sealed car," was sent through Germany from Switzerland. It contained two hundred and fifty



Leon Trotzky.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

men who later all mounted to eminence in the Bolshevik régime. Many of them attended the Brest-Litovsk peace conference.

Platten's strength was not merely diplomatic or political. He had physical bravery. Riding with his henchman, Lenine, one day, in the streets of Petrograd, a man with a knife tried to kill Lenine. Platten jumped on to the man from the automobile just as he was about to drive the knife into Lenine.

When, finally, Platten saw that his two followers had their job—that of turning Russia completely crazy—well in hand, he went back to Zurich to begin on the rest of the world.

The center of Bolshevism to-day is in the office of Fritz Platten in Zurich. He is every inch and ounce a Prussian. He is so attached to Germany, and the German tongue, that when recently the Socialists of Switzerland moved their headquarters from German Zurich to neutral Berne, Platten refused to be nominated for the secretaryship of the party. This, by the way, is said to be the only defeat that Platten has sustained in political life in many years.

Platten has a mind that works like a piece of steel machinery. He is pitiless in his plans; no mercy enters into them. Hindenburg and Ludendorff were not colder than he.

The "Big Boss" of Bolshevism, he has sat behind the scenes and watched Lenine and Trotzky carry out his plans in Russia, and experiment on a great people, like doctors carrying out vivisection. To-day, he sits in Switzerland as secret and unapproachable as any "boss" in the United States, ready in his own good time, to pull the strings in any corner of the earth in an effort to cause civilization, as we know it, to come toppling to earth.

Platten is thirty-eight years old, so his fellow Socialists in Switzerland say. He has an athletic frame and astonishing vigor. He works ceaselessly, writing, receiving henchmen from everywhere; plotting and planning. He is constantly studying the problems that Lenine and Trotzky have encountered in attempting to crush Russia, so that Bolshevik leaders in other lands may escape them.

His route to might is by way of the working people of the world. He once made his living as a metal worker. His father was a German from Saxony. To-day he dreams, in his German way, of mastering the world by force.

If Bolshevism really attempts to challenge civilization beyond the confines of the semi-Orient, Platten will, at last, have to come out into the limelight. Then he will become known to the world.

The Russian Bolshevik leaders last March held a reunion in Petrograd. Platten attended, and there, among his friends, made a speech in the Winter Palace square. A Bolshevik official photographer, making a record of the occasion, took the accompanying photograph of Platten, which, printed in a Russian paper, reached EVERYBODY'S office by a highly roundabout route.

The Church Ship

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

OF THE nineteen counties of western Washington, eighteen are accessible to seagoing vessels. Hence the *Robert G. Seymour*, a floating church, operated on Puget Sound by the Reverend Wilbert R. Howell and his wife.

The seafaring minister may be observed just aft of his church's smoke-stack, while the rest of his crew, Mrs. Howell, stands a couple of feet forward. Mr. Howell is an ordained minister, but outside of that he and his wife take equal honors in the fine arts of hymn-singing, boat-piloting and the flapping of griddle-cakes.

Mr. Howell's preaching and praying ability on the one hand is perhaps evened up by his wife's knowledge of literature and fashion, both of which are valuable assets to missionary-ish wandering in remote parts. For the good ship *Robert* is a part of the Baptist missionary work on the coast.

During the four years that the *Robert G. Seymour* has been in operation, it has traveled on an average of three thousand miles a year, carrying religion to Island County and up Hood Canal. It regularly visits sixteen ports and as many logging-camps, bringing religion to those who can not seek it. The boat is gone often for a month at a time, and has weathered some of the toughest gales ever experienced on the sound.

The cabin, which will seat about thirty people, is fitted up as a church, with a folding organ that accompanies old-time hymns or plays touching solos. This boat affords a home to the minister and his wife, a means of travel, a church, Sunday-school and business office. Services are held ashore when possible, but if there is no house suitable and obtainable at their calling-places, the cabin of the ship does duty as church and Sunday-school.

Thirteen counties of Washington state are on inland salt water, and two are entirely composed of islands. It is over this natural avenue of travel that the Gospel ship brings its cargo of religion to the inhabitants, and in addition to religion, it carries secular solace to logging-camps and homes.

The good ship *Robert G. Seymour*; captain, the Reverend Wilbert R. Howell; first mate, Mrs. Howell; and their cargo of religion.

Tons of magazines find their way to the camps via the Gospel ship, and it has a library of books romantic enough to suit the romantically inclined, as well as books such as gladden the hearts of boys and girls, with reading matter to suit many individual tastes.

When a dance is in order at any of the ports visited by the *Robert G. Seymour*, the cruiser missionary is invariably invited—and invariably attends—stipulating that while he does not dance, he will lend his trig church ship.

Plying the waters of Puget Sound, the *Robert G. Seymour* carries religion and a breath of the outside world to upward of seventy thousand people of western Washington, who otherwise would be denied church privileges. So the folks at the various ports have learned to look for the boat with its glad tidings of food for the soul and for the mind, sandwiching in, too, whiffs from the outside world of style, for many of the women consult the minister and his wife as to the vogue in fashions. Not infrequently, after a sermon delivered aboard the Gospel ship, or on shore, some woman will come forward with a question on her lips regarding what lies near her heart, relative to the latest style in dresses or hats, and always an answer is forthcoming—for the good pilot never omits to include fashion books among his hymnals.

One woman acknowledged that a sermon preached recently by the captain of the Gospel boat, was the first she had heard in a dozen years. She was the mother of nine children, and had had no opportunity previously of hearing a church service.

Armed with a fashion book and a prayer-book, the Reverend W. R. Howell travels over Puget Sound waterways, bringing happiness to inhabitants of hamlets, who eagerly await the coming of the presence, provided he is given opportunity to pray and preach some time before the festivities end. In addition to being a minister, Mr. Howell holds a master pilot's license and is his own engineer.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He Collects Languages

By Fred C. Kelly

WILFRED STEVENS says he doesn't care if he never learns another language. He already knows thirty-three different tongues and he may make just these do. When he finds himself in a situation where it is impossible to make his wants known in any one of the thirty-three, he will simply have to make signs, or else remain silent. Stevens has gradually reached a state of comparative linguistic repose and he believes he can now reconcile himself to worrying through life with no other means of expressing himself than the thirty-three languages already at his disposal. In other words, he can learn a language or he can let it alone. Nevertheless, my own guess is that he will get his second wind and learn several more before he is through.

Stevens is one of the chief translators for the State Department at Washington. Though he knows thirty-three languages—one of which he invented himself, as an improvement on Esperanto—Stevens has never been out of the United States, has never been to college, and is not more than forty years old. He is boyish in appearance, likes to wear old clothes, and usually rides back and forth, between his office and home in the suburbs, on a bicycle, sometimes with a wire basket full of packages on the handle-bar. There is nothing about him to suggest the bookworm or student; on the contrary, he looks like a congenital suburbanite who would rather putter about a garden than ponder over irregular verbs.

Wilfred Stevens.

Just how, then, does Stevens happen to be such a warren of languages? The answer is that he was born with a deep sense of curiosity. He learns a language for the same reason that a small boy pries open the lid of his father's watch—because he can't rest until he knows what's inside. A printed page of something that he can't read is what an unknown trail is to an explorer. A few years ago, when airplanes were more of a novelty than they are now, Stevens scraped together several hundred dollars—nearly all the money he had in the world—and went to Dayton, Ohio, where he exchanged his savings for a week's instruction in driving a Wright plane. He was moved by precisely the same impulse when he wished to drive an airplane as when he adds another language to his collection—the insatiable desire to see and to know.

Stevens believes that for a young man taking up the study of either ancient or modern languages this feeling of intense curiosity is the greatest possible asset.

When Stevens attended high school in his native village up in Minnesota, he was the one boy in the class who didn't regard Latin as a terrible nuisance. He used to amuse himself by concocting funny observations about pupils and teachers and writing them on the blackboard in Latin, when nobody was looking. In this way, he made Latin a sport and a lark. Incidentally, he found that the best way to learn a language is to try right from the beginning to say something in it. The reason, he declares, that people are often unable to speak a language, even after months of study, is because they keep rushing back to English, or whatever their native tongue is, at the first chance, like a timid rabbit scurrying back to its hole. Instead of translating French into English, says Stevens, the thing to do is to stay away from English as much as possible and keep putting your English thoughts into French. The moment you take up a new language, try to keep right in that language—just as when you are learning to swim you are obliged to stay in the water.

Stevens has his own method of studying a language text-book. Instead of studying each day's lesson and mastering it before concerning himself with anything farther on, he reads the book clear through before he stops to learn any lesson at all. In that way he gets a good general perspective on the whole subject. Then he can begin once more at the first of the book and study all the more intelligently for knowing what is ahead of him. In this way Stevens once succeeded in acquiring a first-rate speaking knowledge of Italian within the space of four weeks. Once he has had a glimpse at a language, he is not content until he finds somebody with whom he can talk. Whether it is a clerk in a cigar store, or a grocer, or an ambassador on whom he can practise, Stevens leaves no opportunity to try out one of his thirty-three tongues.

Having learned a few languages as a base, Stevens finds it desirable not always to start with English when taking up a new one, any more than he would feel bound to start always from his home town when setting out on an extensive railroad journey. For instance, when he began to study Russian, he used a German text-book, and when he took up Croatian, he used a Russian text—simply because that method, proceeding by easy stages, was much easier than jumping from English to Croatian direct.

The first languages Stevens learned, after Latin, were French, German, Spanish and Italian. While he performed the feat of learning Italian in a month, Stevens is of the opinion that a man can not really know a language until he has been fairly familiar with it for at least a year. He may be able to talk it in a few weeks, but its real beauties will not be fully revealed to him until he has become more seasoned to it.

At first, Stevens says, one language made the next one easy. One vocabulary helped him to learn another. But now, with thirty-three varieties of speech to draw on, he often finds an element of difficulty in getting the various vocabularies properly separated. Half the time when he talks Swedish, he has all he can do to keep from using words that are Norwegian. The words run together like colors in wet calico. From which it would appear that after a man gets beyond thirty languages, he may gradually find himself becoming a wee trifle track-sore.

Stevens is not contented merely to know a lot of standard conversational phrases from a language. He wishes to know the slang and colloquialisms. He went to considerable trouble once, for instance, to try to ascertain the Italian equivalent for grapefruit, and various European words, if there were any, for rocking-chair. When he finds out a new fact about various phases of a verb, or a peculiar idiom, he writes out a memorandum of it on a sheet of foolscap and files it away in a drawer of his desk.

In studying Chinese he found himself sorely handicapped by the fact that the Chinese do not follow anything corresponding to alphabetical order. He was obliged to compile a Chinese dictionary of his own, covering the more commonly used words.

In Stevens's list of languages are five Oriental ones—Chinese, Japanese, Persian, Turkish and Armenian. Among the others he knows are: Arabian, Bulgarian, Croatian, Russian, German, Portuguese, French, Spanish, Italian, Yiddish, Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch, Hungarian, Finnish, ancient Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Polish and Roumanian. Then he knows three so-called universal languages—Esperanto, Ido and one of his own conception which he has named Ufono.

He also speaks and understands Dakota Indian. In mastering Dakota Indian he made the discovery that there is an astonishing similarity between it and Japanese. Just why this should be so, nobody seems to know.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Under *the* Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE

Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"HOW did you get so many wounds?" I asked the corporal in the bathhouse, seeing his body covered with scars. "Accidental discharge of duties?"

"Naw, you see it was this way: I was standin' on the edge of our trench leanin' up against our barrage, when they lifted the barrage and I fell into the trench."

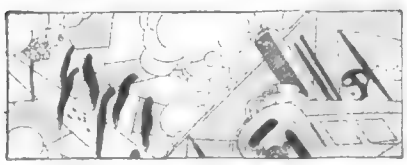
HE WAS a very young officer, who looked as if he should still be wearing knee breeches.

One day, when his company was up for inspection at the training-camp, one of the men remarked in a tone of deep sarcasm, "And a little child shall lead them."

"The man who said that, step forward," was the immediate command. The entire company stepped out and repeated the quotation.

The lieutenant looked up and down the line. "Dismissed," he announced shortly.

The men thought they had got the better of him, but not for long, for that night at retreat when the orders for the following day were read, they heard: "There will be a twenty-five-mile hike to-morrow with full equipment, and a little child shall lead them—*on a damned good horse*."



A NAVAL aviation cadet at Miami, Florida, was assigned to a seaplane with orders to stay in the air for an hour.

After a flight of thirty minutes, the cadet landed and taxied onto the beach.

The division commander, with fire in his eye, descended upon the luckless student. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "I told you to stay out an hour. You've only been gone half that time."

"Really, sir," replied the student, "the air is awful rough. I never saw anything like it! Why, I looked up the road toward Miami, and it was full of blackbirds *walking* into town!"

AN ORIENTAL paper having an English section printed the following notice: "The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in borders somber. Staff has each one been colleged and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."

CAPTAIN J. R. MACKENDRICK of the Canadian army tells the following story:

"When the great Allied contests were held at Aldershot, England, I was sent over from France with the team that represented the Canadian army, and it was victorious in all of the thirty events scheduled. The greatest was the tug of war, won easily from both the Americans and the British. King George, at the end of the contest, expressed his sorrow and regret that the representatives of the British army were last in all the contests. He said he was glad, however, that the Canadians had beaten the Americans.

"He then sent his aid down the line to the captain. 'The king is very much interested in your tug-of-war team,' said the aid, 'and would like to know just where the eight men who comprise it come from—what nationality they are.'

"The captain, at once, secured the necessary information, and then saluting the king, announced: 'Your Majesty, it gives me pleasure to report that of the eight men on this winning Canadian tug-of-war team, seven of them are Swedes from North Dakota, U. S. A.'"

THE cultured young lady from Boston who was visiting in Richmond had mentioned so often that she spoke half a dozen languages that the company was getting decidedly bored, as no one present was able to prove her powers as a linguist. Finally, she turned to a tall, lank gentleman and asked: "And how many languages do you speak, Mr. Blank?"

"Three, ma'am," drawled the Southerner: "poor English, fair Virginian, and perfect nigger."

AN OFFICIAL of an insane asylum is a firm believer in the value of amusement on a deranged mind; and, being a good amateur comedian, he occasionally assists at an entertainment. His last performance was especially ludicrous; but one man in the audience sat through it with a grave and unmoved countenance, a look of perplexity in his eyes. "It certainly is a remarkable state of affairs," he confided to a visitor after the doctor had finished an amazing sort of Highland Fling, "a very remarkable state of affairs, when they shut me up here and leave him on the outside!"

A NEGRO lad, new to the service, was for the first time out on sentry duty. As he walked his post, toward midnight he heard footsteps in the dark, and challenged: "Who goes dar?"

Out of the gloom came the answer: "The colonel of the regiment."

"De kunnel, hey? Well, say, kunnel, you better find de fust sergeant of B Company right away. He's been lookin' for you fur most a hour, and I s'pect he gwine gib you hell!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A MAN *for the* AGES

(*Continued from page 42*)

There was a kind of apology for this moment of weakness in her look and manner. Her face seemed to say: "It's silly, but I can't help it."

"I've been happy all the time, for I knew you was waiting for me," Samson remarked. "I feel rich every time I think of you and the children. Say, look here!"

He untied the bundle and put the dress and finery in her lap.

"Well, I want to know!" she exclaimed, as she held it up to the candle-light. "That must have cost a pretty penny."

"I don't care what it cost—it ain't half good enough—not half," said Samson.

As he sat down to his supper, he said:

"I saw that miserable slaver Biggs get off the boat with his big bay mare. There was a darky following him with another horse."

"Good land!" said Sarah. "I hope he isn't coming here. Mrs. Onstott told me to-day that Bim Kelso has been getting letters from him."

"She's such an odd little critter and she's got a mind of her own—anybody could see that," Samson reflected. "She ought to be looked after purty careful. Her parents are so taken up with books and learning the girl has to look after herself. I wish you'd go down there to-morrow and see what's up. Jack is away, you know."

It was nearly two o'clock when Samson, having fed and watered his horses, got into bed. Yet he was up before daylight, next morning; singing a hymn of praise, as he kindled the fire, filled the teakettle, lighted his candle lantern and went out to do his chores; while Sarah, reconciled to her new disappointment, dressed and began the work of another day. So they and Abe and Harry and others like them, each under the urge of his own ambition, spent their great strength in the building and defense of the Republic, and grew prematurely old. Their work began and ended in darkness; often their days were doubled by the burdens of the night. So, in the reckoning of their time, each year was more than one.

SARAH went down to the village in the afternoon of the next day. When Samson came in from the fields to his supper, she said:

"Mr. Biggs is stopping at the tavern. He brought a new silk dress and some beautiful table-linen to Mrs. Kelso. He tells her that Bim has made a new man of him. Claims he has quit drinking and gone to work. He looks like a lord—silver spurs and velvet riding-coat and ruffled shirt and silk vest. A colored servant rode into the village with him on a beautiful brown horse, carrying big saddle-bags. Bim and her mother are terribly excited. He wants them to move to St. Louis and live on his big farm in a house next to his—rent free."

"A man's judgment is needed there," said Samson. "It's a pity Jack is gone. Biggs will take that girl away with him sure as shooting—you see."

"Oh, I don't believe he'll do that," said Sarah. "I hope he has turned over a new leaf and become a gentleman."

"We'll see," said Samson.

They saw, and without much delay, the background of his pretensions; for, one day within the week, he and Bim, the latter mounted on the beautiful brown horse, rode away and did not return. Soon, a letter came from Bim to her mother, mailed at Beardstown. It told of their marriage in that place and said that they would be starting for St. Louis in a few hours on the *Star of the North*. She begged the forgiveness of her parents and declared that she was very happy.

"Too bad! Isn't it?" said Sarah, when Mrs. Waddell, who had come out with her husband one evening to bring the news, had finished the story.

"Yes, it kind o' spiles the place," said Samson. "Bim was a wonderful girl—spite of all her foolishness—like the birds that sing among the flowers on the prairie—kind o', yes, sir—she was. I'm afraid for Jack Kelso—'fraid it'll bust his fiddle, if it don't break his heart. His wife is alone now. We must ask her to come and stay with us."

"The Allens have taken her in," said Mrs. Waddell.

"That's good," said Sarah. "We'll go down there to-morrow and offer to do anything we can."

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Waddell had gone, Sarah said: "I can't help thinking of poor Harry. He was terribly in love with her."

"Well, he'll have to get over it—that's all," said Samson. "He's young and the wound will heal."

It was well for Harry that he was out of the way of all this, and entered upon adventures which absorbed his thought. As to what was passing with him, we have conclusive evidence in two letters, one from Colonel Zachary Taylor, in which he says:

"Harry Needles is also recommended for the most intrepid conduct as a scout and for securing information of great value. Compelled to abandon his horse, he swam a river under fire and under the observation of three of our officers, through whose help he got back to his command, bringing a bullet in his thigh."

With no knowledge of military service and a company of untrained men, Abe had no chance to win laurels in the campaign. His command did not get in touch with the enemy. He had his hands full maintaining a decent regard for discipline among the raw frontiersmen of his company. He saved the life of an innocent old Indian, with a passport from General Cass, who had fallen into their hands, and whom, in their excitement and lust for action, they desired to hang. This was the only incident of his term of service which gave him the least satisfaction.

Early in the campaign, Harry had been sent with a message to headquarters, where he won the regard of Colonel Taylor and was ordered to the front with a company of scouts. No member of the command had been so daring. He had the recklessness of youth and its wayward indifference to peril. William Boone, son of Daniel, used to speak of "the luck of that dare-devil farmer boy."

One day, in passing mounted through a thick woods on the river, near the enemy, he suddenly discovered Indians all around him. They sprang out of the bushes ahead, and one of them opened fire. Harry turned his horse and saw the painted warriors on every side. He rode through them under hot fire. His horse fell wounded near the river shore, and Harry took to the water and swam beneath it as far as he could. When he came up for breath, bullets began splashing and whizzing around him. It was then that he got his wound. He dove and reached the swift current, which greatly aided his efforts. Some white men, in a boat about three hundred yards away, who witnessed his escape, said that the bullets "tore the river surface into rags" around him as he came up. Courage, and his skill as a diver and swimmer, saved his life. Far below, the boat, in which were a number of his fellow scouts, overtook him and helped him back to camp. So it happened, that a boy won a reputation in the "Black Hawk War," which was not lavish in its bestowal of honors.

When the dissatisfied volunteers were mustered out late in May, Kelso and McNeil, both sick with a stubborn fever, were declared unfit for service and sent back to New Salem, as soon as they were able to ride. Abe and Harry joined Captain Iles' Company of Independent Rangers; and a month or so later Abe reenlisted to serve with Captain Early, Harry being under a surgeon's care. The latter's wound was not serious and on July third he, too, joined Early's command.

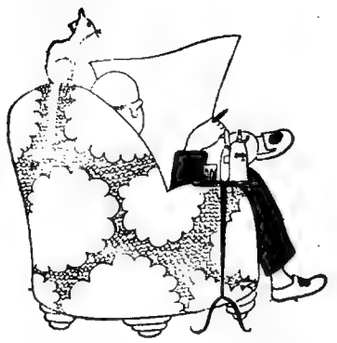
This company was chiefly occupied in the moving of supplies and the burying of a few men who had been killed in small engagements with the enemy. It was a band of rough-looking fellows, in the costume of the frontier farm and workshop—ragged, dirty and unshorn. The company was disbanded July tenth at Whitewater, Wisconsin, where that night the horses of Harry and Abe were stolen. From that point, they started on their long homeward tramp, with a wounded sense of decency and justice. They felt that the Indians had been wronged; that the greed of land-grabbers had brutally violated their rights. This feeling had been deepened by the needless massacre of the red women and their children.

A number of mounted men went with them and gave them a ride now and then. Some of the travelers had little to eat on the journey. Both Abe and Harry suffered from hunger and sore feet before they reached Peoria, where they bought a canoe, and in the morning of a bright day started down the Illinois River.

THEY had a long day of comfort in its current, with a good store of bread and butter and cold meat and pie. The prospect of being fifty miles nearer home before nightfall lightened their hearts; and they laughed freely while Abe told of his adventures in the campaign. To him it was all a wild comedy, with tragic scenes dragged into it, and woefully out of place. Indeed, he thought it no more like war than a pig-sticking, and that was the kind of thing he hated.

"I reckon that the Black Hawk peril was largely manufactured," said Abe as they sat in the cool shade. "If they had been let alone, I don't believe the Indians would have done any harm. It reminds me a little of the story of a rich man down

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Have You Settled Down?

Have you lost—on the road to success—the art of being amusing? Are you a wizard at outguessing the market, and a dub at handing a tea-cup? Does Wall Street hang on your lightest breath, but the debutantes dodge you at dinner? Now that you've made your killing, and can afford to have some fun—are you having any?

Take a Flier in Gaiety Street

You knew how to take a girl buggy-riding once. The principle's the same on twelve cylinders. You kept up with the times when 2:40 was the fast gait. You can do it again.

The chassis of your mind is as good as ever. Isn't the trouble simply that you are wearing an 1897-model tonneau?

If you aren't *au courant* of what people talk about today when they aren't working—

—if you don't even know the names of the artists, musicians, dancers, celebrities they admire—

—if you aren't familiar with the fashions, gaieties, and crazes they adore—

—if you've forgotten how to be a social asset, and hate to be a social liability—

—just fill out, tear off, and mail the coupon below for 5 issues of Vanity Fair—six, if you mail the coupon now.

Five Issues of Vanity Fair for $1

Six, if you mail the coupon now

Get into step!
Tear off that coupon!

VANITY FAIR,
19 West 44th Street, New York City.

I want to go through life with my mind open; to keep my sympathies warm; to keep in touch with the newest and liveliest influences of modern life. Therefore, I want you to send me the next FIVE numbers of Vanity Fair. I will remit $1 on receipt of your bill (OR) my favorite dollar is inclosed. I understand that if this order is received in time, you will send me a complimentary copy of the current issue, making SIX issues in all.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Illustrations copyright by Vanity Fair

The Postal Zone Law makes necessary an additional postage charge of 15c. west of the Mississippi. E. M. 9-'9

in Lexington who put a cast-iron buck in his dooryard. Next morning, all the dogs in the neighborhood got together and looked him over from a distance. He had invaded their territory and they reckoned that he was theirs. They saw a chance for war. One o' their number volunteered to go and scare up the buck. So he raised the hair on his back and sneaked up from behind, and when he was about forty feet away, made hell bent for the buck's heels. The buck didn't move; and the dog nearly broke his neck on that pair o' cast-iron legs. He went limping back to his comrades.

" 'What's the trouble?' they asked.

" 'It's nary buck,' said the dog.

" 'What is it then?'

" 'Darned if I know. It kicks like a mule an' smells like a gate-post.'

" 'Come on, you fellers. It looks to me like a good time to go home,' said a wise old dog. 'I've learned that ye can't always believe yerself.'

"It's a good thing for a man or a government to learn," Abe went on as they resumed their journey. "I've learned not to believe everything I hear. The first command I gave, one o' the company hollered 'Go to h—l.' Every one before me laughed. It was a chance to get mad. I didn't, for I knew what it meant. I just looked sober and said:

" 'Well, boys, I haven't got far to go; and I reckon we'll all get there if we don't quit fooling an' 'tend to business.'

"They agreed with me."

Harry had not heard from home since he left it. Abe had had a letter from Rutledge which gave him the news of Bim's elopement.

The letter had said: "I was over to Beardstown the day Kelso and McNeil got off the steamer. I brought them home with me. Kelso was bigger than his trouble. Said that the ways of youth were a part of the great plan. 'Thorns! Thorns!' he said. 'They are the teachers of wisdom; and who am I that I should think myself or my daughter too good for the like; since it is written that Jesus Christ did not complain of them.' "

"Have you heard from home?" Abe asked, as they paddled on.

"Not a word," said Harry.

"You're not expecting to meet Bim Kelso?"

"That's the best part of getting home for me," said Harry, turning with a smile.

"Let her drift for a minute," said Abe. "I've got a letter from James Rutledge that I want to read to you. There's a big lesson in it for both of us—something to remember as long as we live."

Abe read the letter. Harry sat motionless. Slowly his head bent forward until his chin touched his breast.

Abe said, with a tender note in his voice, as he folded the letter:

"This man is well along in life. He hasn't youth to help him as you have. See how he takes it, and she's the only child he has. There are millions of pretty girls in the world for you to choose from."

"I know it, but there's only one Bim Kelso in the world," Harry answered mournfully. "She was the one I loved."

"Yes, but you'll find another to love. It may look serious, but it isn't—you're so young. Hold up your head and keep on going; you'll be happy soon again."

"Maybe, but I don't see how," said the boy.

"There are lots of things you can't see from where you are at this present moment. There are a good many miles ahead o' you, I reckon, and one thing you'll plainly see, by and by—that it's all for the best. I've suffered a lot myself, but I can see now it has been a help to me. There isn't an hour of it I'd be willing to give up."

They paddled along in silence for a while.

"It was my fault," said Harry presently. "I never could say the half I wanted to when she was with me. My tongue is too slow. She gave me a chance and I wasn't man enough to take it. That's all I've got to say on that subject."

He seemed to find it hard to keep his word, for in a moment he added:

"I wouldn't have been so good a scout, if it hadn't been for her. I guess the Injuns would have got me; but when I thought of her, I kept going."

"I think you did it just because you were a brave man and had a duty to perform," said Abe.

Some time afterward, in a letter to his father, the boy wrote:

"I often think of that ride down the river and the way he talked to me. It was so gentle. He was a big, powerful giant of a man who weighed over two hundred pounds, all of it bone and muscle. But under his great strength was a woman's gentleness; under the dirty, ragged clothes and the rough, brown skin, grimy with dust and perspiration, was one of the cleanest souls that ever came to this world. I don't mean that he was like a minister. He could tell a story with pretty rough talk in it, but always for a purpose. He hated dirt on the hands or on the tongue. If another man had a trouble, Abe took hold of it with him. He would put a lame man's pack on top of his own and carry it. He loved flowers like a woman. He loved to look at the stars at night and the colors of the sunset and the morning dew on the meadows. I never saw a man so much in love with fun and beauty."

THEY reached Havana early that evening and sold their canoe to a man who kept boats to rent on the river shore. They ate a hot supper at the tavern and got a ride with a farmer who was going ten miles in their direction. From his cabin, some two hours later, they set out afoot in the darkness.

"I reckon it will be easier under the stars than under the hot sun," said Abe. "Our legs have had a long rest anyhow."

They enjoyed the coolness and beauty of the summer night.

"Going home is the end of all journeys," said Abe, as they tramped along. "Did it ever occur to you that every living creature has its home? The fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and forest, the creepers in the grass, all go home. Most of them turn toward it when the day wanes. The call of home is the one voice heard and respected all the way down the line of life. And, ye know, the most wonderful and mysterious thing in nature is the power that fool animals have to go home through great distances, like the turtle that went from the Bay of Biscay to his home off Van Dieman's Land. Somehow, coming over in a ship he had blazed a trail through the pathless deep, more than ten thousand miles long. It's the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

miraculous gift—the one call that's irresistible. Don't you hear it now? I never lie down in the darkness without thinking of home, when I am away."

"And it's hard to change your home when you're wonted to it," said Harry.

"Yes, it's a little like dying, when you pull up the roots and move. It's been hard on your folks."

This remark brought them up to the greatest of mysteries. They tramped in silence for a moment. Abe broke in upon it with these words:

"I reckon there must be another home somewhere to go to, after we have broke the last camp here, and a kind of a bird's compass to help us find it. I reckon we'll hear the call of it as we grow older."

He stopped and took off his hat looking up at the stars, and added:

"If it isn't so, I don't see why the long procession of life keeps harping on this subject of home. I think I see the point of the whole thing. It isn't the place or the furniture that makes it home, but the love and peace that's in it. By and by, our home isn't here any more. It has moved. Our minds begin to beat about in the undiscovered countries looking for it. Somehow we get located—each man for himself."

For another space, they hurried along without speaking.

"I tell you, Harry, whatever a large number of intelligent folks have agreed upon for some generations *is* so—if they have been allowed to do their own thinking," said Abe. "It's about the only wisdom there is."

He had sounded the key-note of the new Democracy.

"There are some who think that reason is the only guide, but in the one problem of going home it don't compare with the turtle's wisdom," Abe added. "His head isn't bigger than a small apple. But, I reckon, the scientist can't teach him anything about navigation. Reminds me of Steve Nuckles. His head is full of ignorance, but he'll know how to get home when the time comes."

"My stars! How we're hurrying!" Harry exclaimed at length.

"I didn't realize it—I'm so taken up with the thought of getting back," said Abe. "It's as if my friends had a rope around me and were pulling it."

So, under the lights of heaven, speaking in the silence of the night of impenetrable mysteries, they journeyed on toward the land of plenty.

"It's as still as a graveyard," Harry whispered, when long after midnight, they had passed the bluff by the mill and were near the little village.

"They're all buried in sleep," said Abe. "We'll get Rutledge out of bed. He'll give us a shake-down somewhere."

His loud rap on the door of the tavern signalized more than a desire for rest by the weary travelers; for just then a cycle of their lives had ended.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

In which Abe and Samson wrestle, and take part in a curious Adventure.

WITHIN a week after their return the election came off and Abe was defeated; although in his precinct two hundred and twenty-seven out of a total of

Satisfy—
I'll say so!

THIS Chesterfield cigarette does more than please the taste. It gives smokers a new kind of cigarette enjoyment, the one thing they've always *wished* for in a cigarette—

Chesterfields let you know you're smoking—they go straight to your smoke-spot—they *satisfy.*

It's because of the blend—an exactly proportioned blend of the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. *And the formula for this blend is the manufacturer's secret. It cannot be copied or even closely imitated.*

Today—ask your dealer for "those cigarettes that *satisfy.*"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

Turkish and
Domestic tobaccos—
blended

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Indigestion is the most universal of human complaints

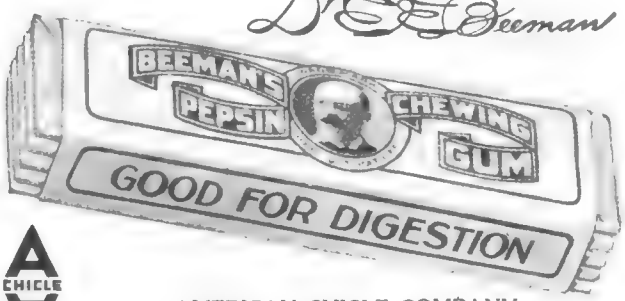
IT is rare to find a successful American business man or woman who has not suffered more or less from some slight form of indigestion, causing distress after eating.

To many an individual, dyspepsia is the price of success—the direct result of neglecting—often abusing—one's digestion, eating hurriedly, irregularly and under high mental strain.

And, yet, how greatly the consequences of this neglect could be reduced by the routine, systematic use of my original pepsin chewing gum for ten to twenty minutes after every meal. An adequate flow of saliva would be assured, the digestive processes aided and nerve tension relaxed, with its essential improvement in the gastric blood supply.

In a word, chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum will bring prompt relief to many a sufferer—and in a manner pleasant, safe and convenient.

W. Beeman



CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

Read:

"My Neighbor, Theodore Roosevelt," by Hamlin Garland
"The Tourists' Battle-field," by William G. Shepherd
"Below the Medicinal Hundred," by Holworthy Hall
"Economic Waste," by Ellis Parker Butler

and the serials, by Irving Bacheller and Joseph Hergesheimer

in the October

Everybody's Magazine

On all news-stands
September 23d

The Ridgway Company, 223 Spring St., New York

POEMS WANTED for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination. IDYL PUB. CO., 189 W. Madison St., Suite 22, CHICAGO

BE A C.P.A. ACCOUNTANCY
The Highest Paid Profession taught thoroughly in a few months of home study by new system. FREE BOOK International Accountants Society Dept 91, 2626 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

three hundred votes had been cast for him. He began to consider which way to turn. He thought seriously of the trade of the blacksmith, which many advised. Burns and Shakespeare, who had been his comrades in recent vicissitudes, seemed to disagree with them. Jack Kelso, who had welcomed the returning warriors in the cheery fashion of old, vigorously opposed his trying "to force the gates of fortune with the strong arm." They were far more likely to yield, he said, to a well-trained intellect, of which mighty sinews were a poor tool but a good setting. Moreover, Major John T. Stuart, a lawyer of Springfield who had been his comrade in the "war," had encouraged him to study law, and further, had offered to lend him books. So he looked for an occupation which would give him leisure for study. Offut, his former employer, had failed and cleared out. The young giant regarded thoughtfully the scanty opportunities of the village. He could hurl his great strength in the axhead and make a good living; but he had learned that such a use of it gave him a better appetite for sleep than study.

JOHN McNEIL, who for a short time had shared his military adventures, had become a partner of Samuel Hill in a store larger and better stocked than any the village had known. But Hill and McNeil had no need of a clerk. Rowan Herndon and William Berry, he of the morning-glory shirt, had opened a general store. Mr. Herndon offered to sell his interest to Abe, and take notes for his pay. It was not a proposition that promised anything but loss. The community was small, there were three other stores, and there was no other "Bill" Berry, since he could drink more than any man in the village and look respectable.

Still, Abe Lincoln had not been trained to weigh the consequences of a business enterprise. The store would give him leisure for study, and New Salem could offer him nothing else save consuming toil with the ax or saw. He could not think of leaving the little cabin village. There were Ann Rutledge and Jack Kelso and Samson Traylor and Harry Needles. Every ladder-climber in the village and on the plains around it was his friend.

On these people, who knew and respected him, Abe Lincoln based his hopes. Among them he found his vision; and failure had not diminished or dimmed it. He would try again for a place in which he could serve them; and if he could learn to serve Sangamon County, he could learn to serve the state, and possibly, even the Republic. With this thought and rather a poor regard for his own interest, his name fell into bad company on the sign-board of Berry and Lincoln. Before he took his place in the store, he walked to Springfield and borrowed a law book from his friend, Major Stuart.

The career of the firm began on a hot day late in August, with Bill Berry smoking his pipe in a chair on the little veranda of the store, and Abe Lincoln sprawled in the shade of a tree that partly overhung its roof, reading a law book. The latter was collarless, and without coat or vest. His feet were in yarn socks and heavy cloth slippers. Mr. Berry was looking intently at nothing. He was also thinking of nothing. He would have admitted it,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

if any one had asked him what he was looking at or thinking about. He would have said that he "had his traps set and was watching them." Generally, he was watching his traps with a look of dreamy contemplation. He, too, wore no coat or vest. His calico shirt was decorated with diminutive roses in pink ink. His ready-tied necktie was red and fastened on his collar-button with an elastic loop. A nugget of free gold, which, he loved to explain, had come from the Rocky Mountains and had ten dollars' worth of the root of evil in it, adorned his shirt front, dangling from a pin bar on a tiny chain. The face of Mr. Berry suddenly assumed a look of animation. A small yellow dog which had been lying in repose beside him rose and growled, his hair rising, and with a little cry of alarm and astonishment fled under the store.

"Here comes Steve Nuckles on his old mare, with a lion following him," said Berry.

Abe closed his book, rose and looked at the approaching minister and his big dog.

"If we ain't careful, we'll git prayed for plenty," said Berry.

"If the customers don't come faster, I reckon we'll need it," said Abe.

"Howdy!" said the minister as he stopped at the hitching-bar, dismounted and tied his mare. "Don't be skeered o' this 'ere dog. He were tied when I left home, but he chawed his rope an' come after me. I reckon if nobody feeds him he'll patter back to-night."

"He's a whopper," said Abe.

"He's the masteris' dog, I ever did see," said the minister, a tall, lank, brawny, dark-skinned man, with gray eyes, sandy whiskers on the point of his chin, and clothes worn and faded. "Any plug terbaccer?"

"A back load of it," said Berry, going into the store to wait on the minister.

When they came out, the latter carved off a corner of the plug with his jack-knife, put it into his mouth and sat down on the edge of the veranda.

"Mr. Nuckles, how did you happen to become a minister?" Abe asked.

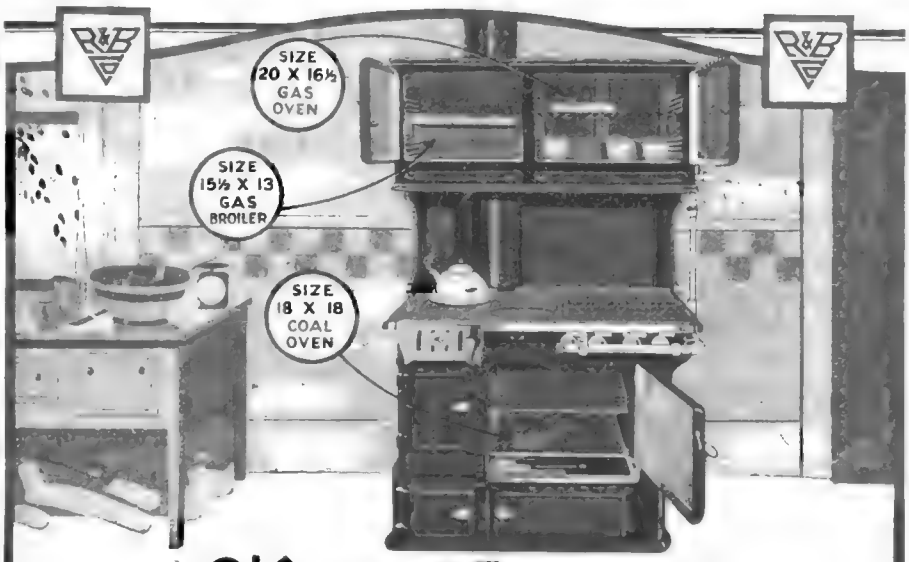
"WELL, suh, I done had a dream," said the Reverend Mr. Nuckles, as he clasped his hands over his knee and chewed vigorously. "I done dreamt that I had swallered a double wagon and that the tongue o' the wagon were stickin' out o' my mouth. It were a curri's dream, an' I cain't tell what you'd make of it, but I done tuk it for a sign that I were to use my tongue on the gospel."

"It shows that a man who can swaller a wagon can swaller anything," said Abe. "But I'm glad you took it for a sign. You've done a lot of good in this country. I've seen you out in all weather; you've made over many a man, and broke and bitted some of the wildest colts on the prairie."

"I jes' keep watch, an' when ol' Satan comes snookin' around, I'm right thar to ketch holt an' flop him. It done come to pass frequent. I've laid it on till he were jest a hollerin' for mercy. Where do Samson Traylor live?"

Abe took him to the road and pointed in the direction of the house.

"There be goin' to be a raid," said Nuckles. "I reckon, by all I've heerd, it'll come on to-night."



"Perfect" RANGES

This is one of the many types of ranges which has made the name of Richardson & Boynton Co. synonymous with comfortable cooking from coast to coast.

It is a combination of over eighty-two years of constructing not ranges alone, but also a mechanical expression of what women want to shorten and brighten their hours of household work. Every bit of machinery in the tremendous factories making Richardson & Boynton Co. products is doing its particular work, not to turn out products quicker, in greater volume or at saving of manufacturing costs, but so that the householders of America may obtain heating and cooking appliances to do the work they have to do, conveniently, economically, and to endure.

The range pictured here, and the small photographic reproduction of two other types are, we believe, masterpieces in the art of range making without superiors anywhere in the world.

If you will fill out the coupon printed here, we will be glad to direct you as to where you can see one of these ranges, or any other of the Richardson & Boynton Co. products in which you are interested.

Richardson & Boynton Co.
Established 1837

31 West 31st Street, New York—171-173 West Lake Street, Chicago
98 Federal Street, Boston—1332 Arch Street, Philadelphia
Rochester Newark Providence

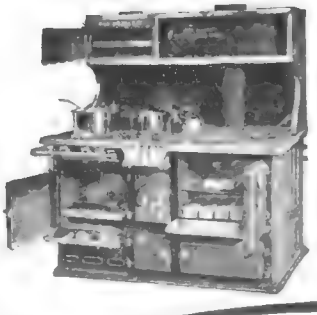
The "Perfect" Grand can be supplied with or without gas end oven and broiler

CHECK IN SQUARE
(Address nearest office.)
I am interested in
☐ Richardson Heating Apparatus
☐ Ranges
☐ Garage Heaters
☐ Laundry Tank Heaters

Name _____

Address _____

Richardson "Perfect" gas and coal range, large size



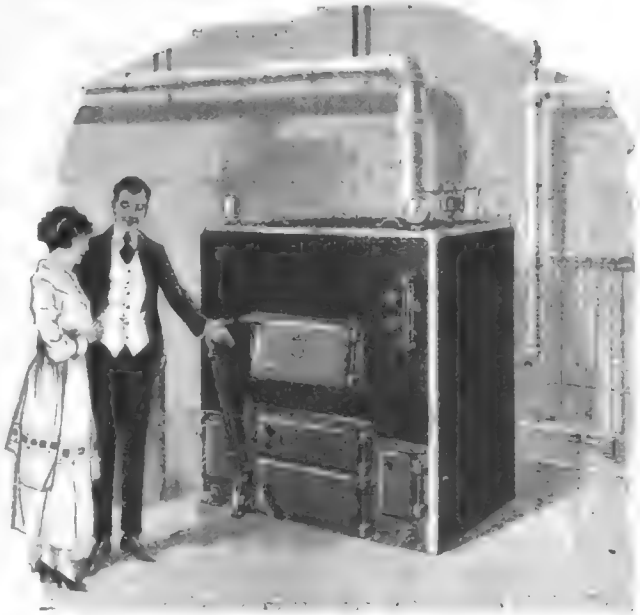
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The new heating machine!

A triumph of American engineering

The IDEAL Type "A" Boiler is an *innovation*. It guarantees a heat development and control hitherto thought unattainable in heating devices.

The IDEAL Type "A" Boiler performs so easily and so reliably, you forget there is a heating outfit in your residence.



AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

You'll save 30% or more annually on coal-bills by use of this new *de-luxe* heating boiler

The IDEAL Type "A" Boiler has a marvelous Damper Regulator which never forgets for a minute to watch the fire—it's a 24-hour janitor. The revertible-flue construction does not permit the rich coal-gases to escape unconsumed—there is full utilization of the heat-energy of the coal! The integral asbestos-lined metallic-jacket keeps the heat from being *cellar-wasted*.

Your most profitable heating-buy!

Stop blaming the janitor and the coal-dealers—replace your present heater with an IDEAL Type "A"—which brings you 30% yearly coal-saving and lasts a lifetime! Bungalows, residences, stores, theatres, churches, schools, clubs, hospitals, etc., whether OLD or new, are quickly outfitted. Phone your dealer today for an estimate.

Send for catalog, "IDEAL Type 'A' Boiler"—full of valuable hints, coal-test charts, and illustrations.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 20 816-822 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL

Sell 20 minutes of your time?

For only a few odd moments each day—time that would otherwise be wasted—we pay H. O. Shepard, of Utah, $15 a month. Others who can give more time earn $25, $50, $100, $200 a month.

If you have some spare time, we will buy it. Experience is not necessary. We furnish everything and coach you in the work.

Clip this coupon now

Everybody's Magazine
281 Butterick Bldg.
New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: I have some spare time to sell. Please send me full particulars at once.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

SOMETIMES WE SEE A PERSON WHO DOESN'T USE A

WHITING-ADAMS

TRADE VULCAN PLUS RUBBER CEMENTED

SHAVING BRUSH

Very full of smooth best quality bristles or badger hair. They make shaving a pleasure. Treated with U. S. Government's process of preventing infection. Anthrax cannot come from them.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 109 Years and the Largest in the World

"A raid! Who's going to be raided?" Abe asked.

"Them Traylor folks. A lady done tol' me yesterday. Soon as ever I got her soul saved, she blabbed it. There be a St. Louis man, named Biggs, done stirred up the folks from Missourey and Tennessee on the south road 'bout the Yankee who helps the niggers out o' bondage. Them folks'd have slavery in this here county, if they could. They be right hot, I reckon. A stranger done been goin' eround with whisky in his bags startin' a band o' regulators. Held a meetin' las' Sunday. They be goin' to do some regulatin' tonight. Ol' Satan'll break loose. Ef you don't watch out, they'll come over an' burn his house sartin."

"We'll watch out," said Abe. "They don't know Traylor. He's one of the best men in this county."

"I've heerd he were a he man, an' a right powerful, God-fearin' man," said the minister.

"He's one of the best men that ever came to this county; and any one that wants to try his strength is welcome to. I don't," said Abe. "Are you going over there?"

"I were goin' to warn 'em, an' holp 'em ef I cain."

"Well, go on, but don't stir 'em up," Abe cautioned him. "Don't say a word about the raid. I'll be over there with some other fellers soon after sundown. We'll just tell 'em it's a he party come over for a story-tellin' an' a rassle. I reckon we'll have some fun. Ride on over an' take supper with 'em. They're worth knowing."

IN A few minutes the minister had mounted his horse and ridden away, followed by his big dog.

"If I was you I wouldn't go," said Berry.

"Why not?"

"It'll hurt trade. Let the rest of Traylor's friends go over. There's enough of 'em."

"We must all stand as one man for law and order," said Abe. "If we don't there won't be any."

As soon as Abe had had his supper, he went from house to house and asked the men to come to his store for a piece of important business.

When they had come he told them what was in the wind.

Soon after that hour, Abe and Philemon Morris, and Alexander Ferguson, and Martin Waddell, and Robert Johnson, and Joshua Miller, and Jack Kelso, and Samuel Hill, and John McNeil, set out for the Traylor cabin.

Doctors Allen and Reginier, and James Rutledge, John Cameron and Isaac Gollaher, and Peter Lukins, being older men, were requested to remain in the village and to use their guns, if necessary, to prevent a demonstration there. Samson greeted his visitors with a look of surprise.

"Have you come out to hang me?" he asked.

"No; just to hang around ye," said Abe.

"This time it's a heart-warmin'," Jack Kelso averred. "We left our wives at home so that we could pay our compliments to Mrs. Traylor without reserve, knowing you to be a man above jealousy."

"It's what we call a he party on the prairie," said Ferguson. "For one thing,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I wanted to see Abe and the minister have a rassle."

The Reverend Stephen Nuckles stood in front of the door with Sarah and Harry and the children. He was a famous wrestler. Forthwith, he playfully jumped into the air, clapping his heels together three times before he touched the ground.

"I cain't rassle like I used to could, but I be willin' to give ye a try, Abe," said the minister.

"You'd better save your strength for ol' Satan," said Abe.

"Go on, Abe," the others urged. "Give him a try."

Abe modestly stepped forward. In the last year he had grown less inclined to that kind of fun. The men took hold of each other, collar and elbow. They parried with their feet for an instant. Suddenly, Abe's long right leg caught itself behind the left knee of the minister. It was the hip lock, as they called it those days. Once secured, the stronger man was almost sure to prevail and quickly. The sturdy circuit-rider stood against it for a second, until Abe sprang his bow. Then the heels of the former flew upward and his body came down to the grass, back first.

"That ar done popped my wind-bag," said the minister as he got up.

"Call in," said John McNeil, and the others echoed it.

"I call you," said the minister turning to McNeil.

"McNeil!" the onlookers called.

The stalwart young Irishman stepped forward and said:

"I don't mind measuring my length on the grass."

This he did in less than half a moment. As the young man rose from the grass he said:

"I call in Samson Traylor."

At last the thing which had long been a subject of talk and argument in the stores and houses of New Salem was about to come to pass: a trial of strength and agility between the two great lions of Sangamon County. Either of them would have given a month's work to avoid it.

"I reckon we'd better begin our story-tellin'," said Abe.

"I think so too," Samson declared. "It's purty dusk now."

"A rassle—a rassle!" their neighbors shouted.

"I'd rather give ten bushels o' wheat than miss seeing you fellers take hold of each other," said Alexander Ferguson.

"I would too," said Martin Waddell.

So it happened that these friendly giants, each dreading the ordeal, faced each other for a contest.

"Now we shall see which is the son of Peleus and which the son of Telemon," Kelso shouted.

"How shall we rassle?" Samson asked.

"I don't care," said Abe.

"Rough and tumble," Ferguson proposed.

The next instalment of ***"A Man for the Ages"*** *will appear in the October number.*

NOTE: We wish to correct a statement made in the article called "Baboushka and Her Grandchild" by Peter Merritt in EVERYBODY'S for May. The general standing at Mme. Breshkovsky's right in the photograph was not, as was stated, "a general of the Czar's régime," but General C. M. Oberoucheff, a prominent member of the party of Socialist-Revolutionists.

Film on Teeth

Is What Discolors—Not the Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of Teeth Are Wrecked by It

That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the major tooth destroyer. It causes most tooth troubles.

It clings to the teeth and enters crevices. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. So millions find that teeth discolor and decay despite their daily brushing.

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So brushing does not save the teeth if it leaves that film around them.

After years of searching, dental science has found a way to combat film. For daily use it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Four years have been spent in clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its constant use. And we supply a 10-Day Tube to anyone who asks. Thus countless homes have now come to employ this scientific dentifrice.

Your Tube is Waiting

Your 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is waiting. Send the coupon for it. Then note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will be amazed at these ten-day results.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible.

Now active pepsin is made possible by a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is found in Pepsodent alone.

For your own sake and your children's sake we urge immediate trial. Compare the results with your present methods.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on activated pepsin. An efficient film combatant, now endorsed by dentists everywhere and sold by druggists in large tubes.

(219)

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 622, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NOTHING BUT A PRAYER

(*Continued from page 28*)

made him groan. Carefully he experimented with the next two deliveries—the twinge was not repeated. Gritting his teeth, he put everything he had on the next ball, and Sullivan, the Grays' heaviest hitter, sent a weak fly to third.

But how long could he go on? Could a prayer last nine innings? He swept his eyes toward the grandstand; if his mother were only there! If— Suddenly it seemed to him as though that grand stand, as though, in sooth, the very atmosphere, were filled with the benignant presence of the woman who had brought him into the world, and in whose arms he had lain like a child the previous evening. Was she there in the stand? Anak would have it so. The blur of faces, indeed, was resolved into one vast face, a face crowned with white hair, a face ineffable in its smile of serenity.

But Rendall was waiting, scowling. He got to first on a grounder which Ferguson juggled just a second too long; he was the first man of the Grays to get to first. But Palliser forced him out at second on a grounder to short which narrowly missed being a double play. Palliser's attempt at a steal was nailed by a rifle-shot throw to second by Cushing. Slade, the Grays' catcher, went out on a high foul which Cushing caught almost against the grand stand.

Throughout the stands there was a vast upheaval as the Puritans came in to the bat. The lucky seventh! From thousands of throats, from horns, rattles and drums, arose a mighty clamor. The atmosphere vibrated with the tensity of the moment.

Ferguson was at the bat, square-built, bow-legged, one of the surest hitters on the team. He nicked a fast ball which flashed to the outfield over second base—a clean single; the first hit of the game on either side.

"It's the break!" Carrick ran from the dugout and dealt a resounding slap upon the shoulder of Shorty Flynn, who stood near the plate swinging three bats. "Don't try to kill the ball, keep it on the ground; push Fergy along. We want a run."

Pushing Flynn toward the plate, he gestured to the man in the third-base coacher's-box, and himself took position there. It was the first time in his big-league career that he had ever done this.

Flynn slashed a ball over the third-base bag which Corridon could not reach. Ferguson slid into third and Flynn took second on the throw to catch Ferguson. Stengle, momentarily perturbed, gave Cushing a ball he liked. The grounder to the pitcher was too hot to handle; it glanced from Stengle's glove and rolled toward third. Before it could be retrieved the runner was on first. Lansing struck out and Ferguson was caught at the plate trying to score on Rawlins's fly out to center. Thus perished the Puritans' hopes of scoring.

Anak shook his head as Carrick laid his hand upon the man's shoulder.

"I'll be all right," he said, shrugging impatiently. It was as though he did not wish to be aroused from a state of vagueness in which he was living as a man who is able to see and feel and hear and yet is curiously detached from things objective. The impression of his mother had not waned, was, it seemed, cumulatively vivid. His lips moved constantly in voiceless words to her. And beneath all swam that sense of pain in his shoulder, a torrent of pent-up sensations clamoring to register itself upon his mind and thus destroy him.

He was unhitable in the eighth, and Stengle was equally so. Both sides were retired in one, two, three order. And in the Grays' half of the ninth they were again helpless.

"Here's where we get 'em, boys!" Ferguson clashed his hands together. "Into 'em, every man, do you hear!" Walking along the bench, he struck the shoulder of every man. Anak was seated apart, his pitching arm resting over the water-bucket. Perhaps it was because of let-down after having pitched the ninth, and supposedly the last, inning—whatever the cause, the pain in his shoulder was bursting the bounds of consciousness which had held it in check. So he held his arm high over the water-bucket—because when it was at his side it seemed as though the fingers were going to burst.

Cannon, the Puritans' right fielder, was at bat. Anak's eyes were riveted upon him. He led the team in hitting. God! If he would only hit it! He did. The ball whistled as it went on a line over short. A mighty roar began, and then stopped as short as though a conductor had waved his wand, as the shortstop leaped into the air and speared it with his gloved hand.

"Kind of looks as if the Lord—" Anak stopped short, unspoken words dying behind his lips. It was as though his mother had raised a warning finger. Lansing was out on a fly to right field. Leonard struck out.

"Extra innings!" Anak took his arm gently from the water-bucket and stood erect.

"Hard luck, Anak, old boy." Carrick was gazing at him solemnly. "You've pitched good enough to win three games. How's the arm?"

Anak scowled. "Don't worry about me. Make 'em hit."

The tenth inning went by, scoreless on both sides. Anak pitched it through a red blur. The pain, which had gone from a dull gnawing to intermittent flashes, had now fully established itself. He gave his first base on balls, and the Grays were jeering at him from the coaching-lines and from the bench. But they were premature. Setting his teeth, he took all the torture that his arm had to give, bent it to his will, and retired the side on a fly and two grounders. His face was gray as he walked to the bench, cold perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

"Some runs, boys. Please!"

They tried. A man got to second and a man to third on singles. But the player on third was out trying to score on a short outfield fly. Cushing fouled out to first.

Anak Rawlins walked slowly out into the box, fully aware that anything he did in this inning would be done solely upon the basis of things he had learned in his ten years as a big-league pitcher. His arm had gone; where strength combined with cunning, had previously held him supreme, now cunning alone would avail.

Jim Casey, stalwart, bow-legged, long-armed, was at the plate swinging a menacing bat. He had hit for .333 throughout the season. Anak faced him, pondering. High as this percentage was, it meant that only three out of every ten of Casey's hits would be safe. Anak did not dare waste his fast-ebbing strength trying to fool him. He had better take a chance and reserve what he had left for batters whom he feared less.

"The percentage is on my side; God is on my side—I think." He threw a perfectly straight ball, high, wincing with pain as he let it go.

Casey struck it a deathly blow; but it went on a dead line straight into the second baseman's glove. But fate was not to be denied. Gunnison, driven away from the plate on two fast balls on the inside corner, bit on an out drop, raising a feeble fly about sixty feet back of the spot where the shortstop was standing. Flynn sprinted back for it and was coming under it nicely, when the centerfielder, charging on like a bull, yelled for the shortstop to get out of the way. The next instant the two men collided, the ball being knocked out of Flynn's hands, the runner, of course making first. It was one of those bone-headed incidents that may occur in the big-league parks as in the sand lots.

A death-like silence held the crowd as the ball was thrown to the pitcher, who stood immobile as though the calamity were too great and too uncalled for to register itself clearly upon his mind. Lansing hit a grounder to Flynn, forcing Gunnison out at second. It was too deliberate a grounder to make a double play possible. Ferguson, who took Flynn's throw at second, did not even attempt to send the ball to first. But two were out, and Cooney, the Grays' catcher, was at bat; he had not been hitting at all well in the series thus far. Lansing, a swift base-runner, went to second on the first ball pitched. Cushing had diagnosed his intention and had signaled for Anak to throw a wasted ball. He got it wide of the plate, precisely where he wanted it. But his throw to second was a terrible thing to contemplate. Starting high, hurled with great force, it kept rising like a well-hit golf ball. It bounced into the centerfielder's hands, who threw to third to catch Lansing. But the runner was safe.

Anak, with the entire structure he had so skilfully and gamely reared falling about his shoulders, never even glanced at the erring catcher. He took the ball, and stepping wide threw a low, twisting, underhand ball. Cooney struck at it too quickly, as Anak had intended he should. The bat connected with the ball near the handle and rolled gently down the diamond between the pitcher's box and first.

It was Anak's ball. He dashed madly for it, and retrieving it, rose for the throw only to find that his first baseman had also left his position to field the ball—which he should not have done. The bag was absolutely uncovered, and while Cooney, jeering and shouting, crossed the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
Original from

base in safety, Lansing, who had taken a big lead down the third base line on the throw, made the home plate standing up, scoring the first run of the game, while the Grays ran from the bench to meet him, wringing his hand and capering like madmen.

Still Anak said nothing. With face as expressionless as an Indian's, he walked to the box and caused the next batter to foul out.

One to nothing—the Puritans in for the last half of the eleventh. Carrick regarded his men with emotions too deep for objuration. He glanced toward Anak Rawlins, sitting alone at the far end of the bench, and shrugged. As for the big pitcher, he had but one thought in his mind, and that thought filled him to the exclusion of everything else. He had thrown his last ball. He was done. For eleven innings he had faced the heavy hitting Grays and they had not made a hit. Now Nature had asserted herself, claiming supremacy over mental exaltation. He was through.

As in a dream he watched Hanscomb, the third baseman, go out on a grounder. Sneeden struck out. He heard his name called. Carrick was gesturing to him from third base and Anak suddenly realized it was his turn to bat.

As he picked up his club, the manager, running in from third-base line, intercepted him.

"A pinch hitter's due, Anak," he said. "It's now or never. Sullivan will hit in your place. It's too bad to take you out of the game after what you've done. But——"

Anak raised his hand.

"There's two out, Jim. This is my game. It's the last time I'll ever stand at bat. Sullivan can't hit Stengle, he's left-handed. I can hit that ball; I can hit it a mile. I've landed on it every time I came up, haven't I?"

"Two out." Carrick hesitated, and then in spite of the barking of angry players from the bench, clamoring for a pinch hitter, he motioned Anak to the bat.

The gloom of the waning October afternoon was settling upon the field; the spectators—every man, every woman, standing—watched with tense eyes as Anak walked slowly to the plate. Stengle grinned at him and then made him miss a high fast ball. With all his might Anak struck at the second ball and caught it as it hopped. As a sigh went up from the crowd, the ball disappeared into the left-field bleachers, foul by twenty feet. Two strikes. Stengle's catcher signaled for a change of pace. Stengle nodded and sent up a floater.

Now Rawlins was a pitcher. This sort of a ball was precisely what he might have pitched had he been in Stengle's shoes. He was ready for it. Stepping forward a bit, he seized his bat with a death grip, and struck upward as the ball was falling into a drop. The full, sharp impact sent a thrill over the entire field. Lurching toward first, he saw the ball streaking over the centerfielder's head. A swift runner would have been able to round the bases and cross the plate standing up. Anak, a slow mover, was touching third as the centerfielder picked up the ball and relayed it to the second baseman, who had run into the outfield.

"Go on, Anak!" Carrick, crouching in the coaching box, wildly gestured him on. He should not have done so. The ball was coming in from the diamond, perfect as to direction, humming with speed. Anak, of course, could not know. As he launched himself for the plate, the ball bounded into the catcher's mitt a full second ahead of him. For an instant that vast arena might have been the center of a vacuum. Then came the upheaval.

The game was over. The players, winners and losers, were running for the club-house, the crowd was flooding the field, surrounding Anak Rawlins, who still stood by the plate as though dazed. His ovation was that of a victor. Men and women surged against him, patting him upon the shoulder, pleading for his hat, for his glove, for his shoes, as mementoes of as great a ball game as man had ever pitched. Gazing dully about him, Anak with mechanical stride, walked to the dugout, picked up his glove and threw it into the crowd, who fought for possession like wild animals. He threw his hat after it and then stood as though turned into stone, fully sensible now of the tragedy of losing the most important ball game of his career after pitching eleven full innings without yielding the semblance of a hit. Carrick came up with Mr. Carruthers, principal owner of the club.

"Anak," said the manager, "that was my fault. I ought not to have sent you home. But it was the only chance we had. What I saw to-day I never expected to see. You're signed next year at a thousand-dollar increase. That's what I think of what you did to-day."

"I'm through." Anak gazed at him dully. "I told you that. My arm's gone. It's my last game. I——"

Mr. Carruthers bore in.

"Rawlins," he said, "I want to say something. For the game you pitched to-day and the hit you made, the club directors are going to give you as much money as you would have got had the team backed you up and won. In other words, your World's Series check will read $4,023. I've already told the press. That's all."

"Mr. Carruthers— I—" Anak's voice broke in a sob. He was turning away when Carruthers caught him by the arm.

"Just a moment, Rawlins. Here is some one you might want to see."

Glancing up, Anak saw an usher coming out of the press-box leading a white-haired woman.

"Mother!" Anak sprang to her side and then suddenly, like a tired little boy, he leaned down and laid his head upon her breast, her arms going about his neck.

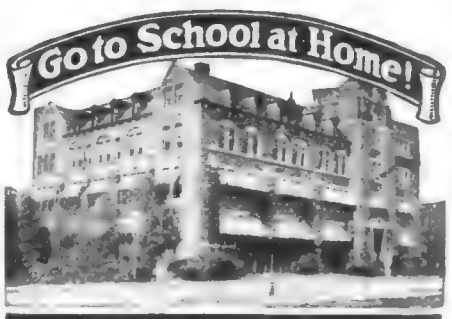
"Mother," he said at length, "I could feel you here all through the game. But I thought it was sort of a dream, thought maybe your prayers was sort of making me feel you. Well, everything is all right, even if we didn't win. And part of your prayer came true, anyway. I pitched great ball, I guess."

"Part of my prayer, boy!" She was smiling at him. "Oh, you mean losing the game!" She paused. "Anak, do you know I was thinking and praying so much about you, that I totally forgot to pray for your team to win."

"Is that right?" Anak stared at her.

"It is right, my son."

"Well—" Anak smiled. "You are the careless lady, ain't you!"



HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

YOU ARE BADLY HANDICAPPED if you lack High School training. You cannot attain business or social prominence. You are barred from a successful business career, from the leading professions, from well-paid civil service jobs, from teaching and college entrance. In fact, employers of practically all worth-while positions demand High School training. You can't hope to succeed in the face of this handicap. But you can remove it. Let the American School help you.

FIT YOURSELF FOR A BIG FUTURE This Course, which has been prepared by some of America's leading professors, will broaden your mind, and make you keen, alert and capable. It is complete, simplified and up-to-date. It covers all subjects given in a resident school and *meets all requirements* of a High School training. From the first lesson to the last you are carefully examined and coached.

USE SPARE TIME ONLY

Most people *idle* away *fifty* hours a week. Probably you do. Use only one-fifth of your wasted hours for study and you can remove your present handicap within *two years*. You will enjoy the lessons and the knowledge you will gain will well repay the time spent in study.

YOU RUN NO RISK So that you may see for yourself how thorough and complete our training is, we invite you to take *ten lessons* in the High School Course—or any course of specialized training in the coupon below—before deciding whether you wish to continue. If you are not then satisfied, we will refund your money in full *We absolutely guarantee satisfaction*. On that basis you owe it to yourself to make the test.

Check and mail the coupon NOW for full particulars and Free Bulletin.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. H-246 Chicago, Illinois

Explain how I can qualify for the position checked.

....High School Graduate	....Lawyer
....Electrical Engineer	....Business Manager
....Elec. Light & Power Supt.	....Certified Pub. Accountant
....Hydroelectric Engineer	....Accountant and Auditor
....Telephone Engineer	.... Bookkeeper
....Telegraph Engineer	.... Stenographer
....Wireless Operator	.... Fire Insurance Expert
....Architect	.... Sanitary Engineer
....Building Contractor	.... Master Plumber
....Civil Engineer	.... Heating & Vent. Engineer
....Structural Engineer	.... Automobile Engineer
....Mechanical Engineer	.... Automobile Repairman
....Shop Superintendent	.... Airplane Mechanic
.... Steam Engineer	....General Education Course
....Draftsman and Designer	....Common School Branches

Name .....

Address .....

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"The Cell of the Christ"

The Story of a Bandit's Picture of the Crucifixion

By

John N. Hilliard

Ramon Garcia, bandit and artist of the famous picture of San Bernardino jail.

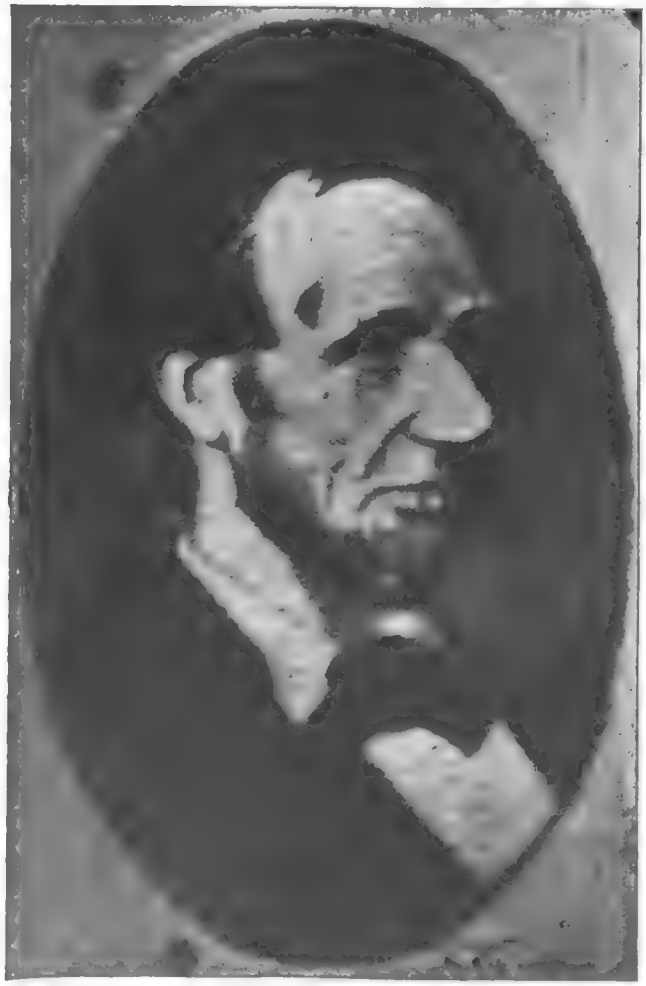
Swift came his tribe to behold them, peering and pushing and still—
Men of the berg-battered beaches, men of the boulder-hatched hill—
Hunters and fishers and trappers, presently whispering low:
"Yea, they are like—and it may be— But how does the Picture-Man know?"

IT IS an episode in the career of Ramon Garcia, highwayman, and it has to do with a picture he made on a prison wall—a picture of the Sacrifice on Calvary. There is a suggestion in it of that Cro-Magnon man, first of the makers of pictures, who, ages ago, scrived wonderful drawings of animals on the shaggy walls of his cave. Also, there is in it a touch of the mystery that flickers lambently as a flame about those legendary pictures that have played so colorful a part in the iconography of Christendom. Some sordid facts have to be accounted for in the telling; but also there is beauty, there is wonder, and a redeeming quality of spirituality.

The story opens brutally—it is well to get done with the squalid details as quickly as may be—in a saloon in a by-street of San Bernardino. Now San Bernardino is a town that has been made to blossom in a California desert—and in the desert nights are always cold. Once day begins to drop, a wind from the mountain snow-fields draws down through the desert valleys. It is a raw wind, and when it blows, men of the desert betake themselves to the lightest and best-warmed spots in town.

Such a spot was the Senate saloon in San Bernardino on a certain March night a little more than two years ago. The room was thronged with a constantly changing crowd. There were Mexicans from the railroad section-gang, from the outlying truck-farms and orange-ranches. Mule-skinners from the road grade were there, and men from the mountain mines. Foot-loose prospectors and pocket-hunters, drifting in from the blurred and wind-scoured desert ranges, lounged over the wet bar and spun long tales of the Golden Fleece. Gamblers — black, yellow and white — diced for cigars and drinks, or fingered greasy cards at tables in the back room.

At one end of the bar, drinking with a fellow Mexican, is Ramon Garcia. He is scarcely more than a boy, not yet twenty-one at this time. He is facing the doorway, and whenever the half-doors swing open his black eyes search the newcomer. There is no warrant out for Garcia at this time, nothing against him that can be proved. But when a man is known in the desert country as a "bad hombre," when he has served a term for manslaughter and another for highway robbery, when he has been thumb-printed, Bertilloned and rogue-galleried, he is more at ease with his back to a wall.



The portrait of Lincoln on the steel cell-wall.

A white man, already warmed with strong waters, lurches into this hectic gathering-place. One hand flashes a roll of bills as thick as a fist; the other fumbles a gold piece, which is sent spinning across the bar to back a hiccoughy demand for liquor. Ramon Garcia, slouching over the bar, straightens up suddenly and whips a low-lidded glance at the stranger. It is a professionally appraising look, swift as the flash of a knife. It takes in a number of things at once—the stranger's condition, the roll of bills, the spinning coin. He says something in a low voice to his companion, who smiles and nods understandingly.

After the third glass the stranger pockets his money and drifts into the night with uncertain step. Ramon Garcia rolls a cigaret, lights it nonchalantly; then he, too,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

goes out into the night. . . .

In the blue dawn of the next morning they found the stranger lying unconscious in a particularly evil alley of the Chinese quarter. He had a broken head and empty pockets. . . . So far it is a prosaic police-court story, a common incident in the night affairs of any town. But now the sordid details disappear and there come into the tale the promised touch of mystery and the redeeming glamour of beauty and reverence.

Ramon Garcia was arrested, found guilty of assault and robbery, and, because he had two previous convictions for felony against him, sentenced to state prison for ten years. The authorities fetched a sigh of relief. They were well rid of a "bad hombre." The desert highways would be safer now of nights with the youthful bandit behind the bars. But Ramon Garcia did not remain a state prisoner long. It is a matter of legal record that he did not serve quite two full years of his sentence. The reason for this is what lifts the tale out of the sordid and prosaic into the spiritual and beautiful. From now on there is a fragrance of incense about it and a shimmer of candles.

This is the second part of the episode in the career of Ramon Garcia, highwayman.

Garcia's drawing of Christ on the Cross.

ON A Sunday morning in March, 1917, while he was in the county jail at San Bernardino awaiting trial, Garcia drew upon the grimy wall of his box-like cell a picture of Christ on the Cross. With the stub of an old pencil borrowed from an accommodating jailer—genius has ever made use of the first tool that comes to hand—he fashioned a remarkable picture. And straightway certain events outside of the established order happened. The story of the drawing began to pass from lip to lip, first among the townsfolk, then into the highways and the byways, then up and down the state. Like concentric rings upon the face of the water the fame of it spread, crossing the Sierras of the Snows, going beyond the Rockies, eventually reaching the Atlantic hinterland. The man who had penciled the picture on the steel wall had long since gone to prison, but the cell he had occupied in the county jail had become a veritable shrine. And the town of San Bernardino had become a place of great pilgrimage.

As the talk grew, public interest in the artist was quickened. Somebody said something about seeing the Governor. Somebody else suggested getting up a petition to submit to the State Board of Pardons. Others said this and others said that. But nothing definite was done until one night Dr. Vernon M. McCombs, of the Latin-American Institute of Los Angeles, gave a stereopticon lecture in the San Bernardino jail. When he saw the picture of the Christ on the wall of Garcia's cell, he said:

"The man who drew that must be free. If necessary, I will make it my life's work."

He said it simply, and he meant it. The very next morning he set to work. First of all, he saw the district attorney, to make sure that that official would not oppose a pardon. The district attorney promised his aid. Then Dr. McCombs won two powerful adherents to his cause—Judges Dewhirst and Curtis of the Superior Court of San Bernardino County. Later, in a letter to Governor Stephens, urging a pardon for Garcia, these two judges and District Attorney Duckworth made this significant statement:

> He is a very talented artist, and we believe that with the assistance offered him by Dr. Vernon M. McCombs, of the Latin-American Institute of Los Angeles, his talent for art may be productive of great benefit to himself as well as to humanity.

It was this letter, to which was attached a photographic copy of the drawing of Christ on the Cross, together with a recommendation from the Supreme Court of California and one from the State Advisory Board of Pardons, that decided Governor Stephens to commute the sentence of the thrice-convicted felon. Garcia was released from state prison on December 23, 1918. Since then he has been more or less under the watchful eye of the Latin - American Institute, whose particular business it is to look after cases of this kind. "Do not feel in duty bound to show us any attention," Dr. McCombs wrote to Garcia on his release from prison. "We do, however, expect to keep in touch with you. You are going to make good."

And already the young Mexican has begun to "make good." The pictures accompanying this article amply testify to that. The likeness of Marshal Joffre, done on canvas shortly after Garcia's release from prison, was presented to the Latin-American Institute. It is a remarkable piece of portraiture, when you consider that the man who drew it has had no training, that he has not even a primer knowledge of the craft. The portrait of Judge Dewhirst, done from life, is an uncanny likeness. Perhaps the most astonishing work Garcia has so far done, except the drawing of the Crucifixion, is the portrait of Lincoln. This also was drawn with pencil on one of the steel walls of the San Bernardino jail. And it *is* Lincoln, the Lincoln of humble beginnings, who split rails for a livelihood; who read his books in the wavering light of a pine nubbin; the patient, kindly man with the smile, the sad eyes, the worn face, who had been lifted up to guide a nation.

Joffre—a remarkable piece of portraiture.

The drawing of the Christ is not a "miraculous" picture, in the traditional or iconographic sense of the word. It has no legendary quality such as is attached to Our Lady of Guadaloupe, the Virgin of Montenaro, the cedarwood crucifix of the Duomo, or the altar-piece of St. Joseph carrying the Divine Child in the pueblo church of San José de Acoma, New Mexico. Such pictures have, all the world over, awed the ignorant and impressed the instructed. The wonder of Garcia's picture is, on quite natural grounds, that it could

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

What Is Your Income?

Fred D. Webster of Pennsylvania in odd hours adds $100.00 to $125.00 a month to his regular income.

If you have to figure close—keep track of car-fares and "go slow" on lunches; if you have to do without pleasures, the many things that make life worth while—we can help you.

We have solved the money problem for Mr. Webster and hundreds of other men. By looking after new and renewal subscriptions for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, THE DELINEATOR and ADVENTURE in their spare time, they earn $25.00 to $125.00 a month. You can do the same.

Sell Us Your Spare Time

In the next six months a half a million orders for these well-known publications will be placed. Thousands will come to us direct because our staff of local representatives is not large enough to handle all the business. You can easily increase your income by forwarding the orders from your vicinity. Let us solve the extra income problem for you. Mail the coupon NOW!

Everybody's Magazine
384 Butterick Building
New York, N. Y.

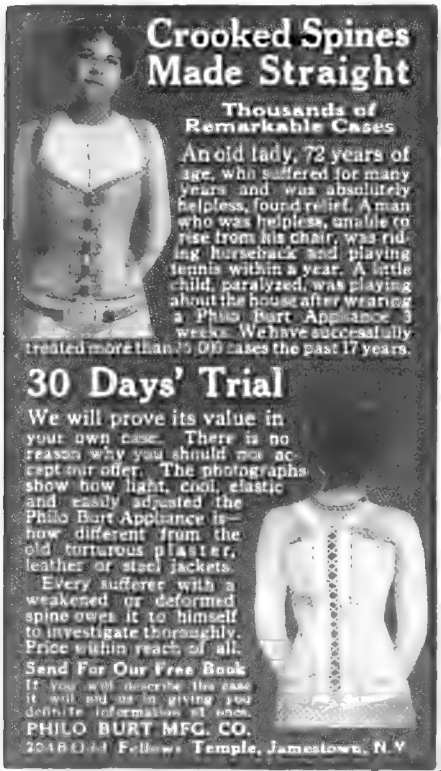
GENTLEMEN:
Please tell me how I can easily increase my income.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....


Crooked Spines Made Straight
Thousands of Remarkable Cases
An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 75,000 cases the past 17 years.
30 Days' Trial
We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.
Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.
Send For Our Free Book
If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.
PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
2048 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.

Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. It will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect should know about the remarkable

Beauty Exercises

which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this Free Book which tells just what to do to bring back the firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.
Suite 985 Garland Bldg. Chicago Illinois

have been done at all. That an ignorant Mexican youth, a bandit, a "bad hombre," who has passed almost one-third of his few years in prison, should be able to make a picture of this quality falls scarcely short of the miraculous. Men who speak with authority tell me that aside from its spiritual quality the drawing is remarkable; that its anatomical veracity alone sets its creator apart as one incredibly gifted.

Where did Ramon Garcia, highwayman, get this talent? Nor I nor any other can answer this question, any more than could the Cro-Magnon cave-dwellers who, while they brought him pieces of amber and new-cut tongues of bison, marveled how their tribal craftsman fashioned his pictures of the chase.

Ung—hath he slept with the Aurochs—
watched where the Mastodon roam?
Spoke on the ice with the Bow-head—followed
the Sabre-tooth home?

All down the ages the cry has echoed: "How doth the Picture-Man know?"

HOW did Ramon Garcia, descendant of that Cro-Magnon man, know? Look at the small circular picture on the wall, in the reproduction of Garcia's drawing of the Crucifixion, and you will have the seed of the artist's inspiration. It is a half-tone print torn out of a Sunday newspaper. But if you will look at the two Crucifixions under a magnifying-glass you will discover little similarity between the pictures. One is half length; the other, full length. The face and body of the Savior in Garcia's drawing are wholly different from the face and the body of the printed picture. In Garcia's drawing there is a realistic portrayal of suffering in the painful contortion of the limbs, in the shrinking of the muscles, in the sacred wounds in hands, feet and side. These details are lacking in the newspaper reproduction. In Garcia's drawing, the *crux immissa*, or Latin cross, is depicted, and the arms of the Savior are extended horizontally. In the newspaper picture, the Jansenist cross is depicted, and the arms of the Savior are stretched obliquely, almost perpendicularly. The symbolism of the one is wholly different from the symbolism of the other. Also, in the design and the arrangement of the loin-cloth the two pictures are unlike. These, however, are mere details. In the passion and the agony of the figure on the cross, in the deep religious feeling, in the spiritual quality of its appeal, the picture on the jail wall is Garcia's own.

It is this inexplicable spirituality of the picture that eludes analysis. No one, I dare say, who has stood before it, would care to question this spiritual quality. In no other way is it possible to account for the strange power that the bandit's picture has exerted for more than two years now, upon those who have gazed on that face stamped with suffering, on those strained muscles and tortured ligaments. You do not need to have faith or to be of any creed to feel this power. Even the scoffer must be silent before this compelling picture of Him who was scorned and rejected of men.

When I went into the dingy cell with the deputy sheriff who had had Garcia in charge, and with the district attorney who had prosecuted him, the hats of these two men came off instinctively as they crossed the threshold. Now, criminal prosecutors and deputy sheriffs are not as a rule given to sentimentality. Their business is to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

apprehend and sequestrate such of their fellows as depart from their lawful occasions. So I marveled greatly, and I asked myself, if these men, broken to the business of man-hunting, can be affected in this way, what will be the effect upon the prisoners?

I did not have to wait long for my answer. A number of prisoners—most of them Mexicans—were lounging about the corridors under the watchful eye of a deputy. Occasionally one would pass the "Cell of the Christ," as the prisoners call it. And whenever one of the Mexicans passed the iron door he crossed himself. Deputy Sheriff Berry saw my look of interest.

"They always cross themselves—the Mexicans—no matter how many times they go by," he said.

"And the others?" I asked.

"We have all kinds, all nationalities. Some of them are 'bad hombres,' too. But we don't have any trouble with them in this cell."

District Attorney Duckworth made a sweeping gesture that took in the four walls of the steel cage. "Look! Not a scratch, not a mar. Yet we've had some pretty tough customers in here since Garcia drew that picture—bad men, hoboes, I. W. W's, highwaymen, common drunks. Not one of them has made a mark on the wall. To my mind that is a most remarkable thing. Prisoners, you know, are always writing or scratching on the walls of their cells."

They took me into another cage. Here the steel walls were literally stippled. There were pictures, mostly obscene; writings, mostly ribald and scurrilous.

"For two years now," the District Attorney continued, "Garcia's cell has not been desecrated. How do you account for it?"

I answered his question with another. In Los Angeles, on my way down to the desert, in San Bernardino, I had heard many tales of prisoners brought to repentance in the "Cell of the Christ." I wanted to know if there was any truth in them.

The district attorney nodded. "There have been converts. How many? I can't say. My work is not in the jail, so I don't know that side of it so well. Berry will tell you, though, that the picture has exerted a very good influence on the prisoners."

"We've had less trouble with our prisoners in the last two years than ever before," said the deputy. "It may be the effect of the picture. It may not. I don't know. But I do know that many prisoners have professed repentance. So far those who have been converted have not been brought back here."

That is as far as either one would commit himself. But I learned later, through ministers and townspeople, that scores of prisoners have been brought to their knees in the "Cell of the Christ." They told me also, that among the Mexicans of the town the fame of the picture had had an influence for good. Indeed, among the more ignorant it had taken on something of the legendary quality of those "miraculous" pictures before which they are accustomed to bend the knee.

"There is a sense of something stirring down here," a desert minister said to me. "I can't give it a name. I can't even make what I mean clear. Maybe a great spiritual awakening is upon us. I am not a

CHASE DREDNAUT MOTOR TOPPING

is guaranteed weatherproof—appropriate in every detail—adds beauty and dignity to any car and remains true in finish over a long period of use.

Perhaps you are one of the many, who, to their sorrow, accepted without heed, a top on its face value—look further now—specify DREDNAUT and be protected both by the material and our trademark.

If your top is made of DREDNAUT, you know that it is the best to be had—admitting that it is costly, yet it is economical, owing to its sterling qualities of good appearance and durability.

The "Chase" trademark stands for over seventy-one years' leadership in manufacturing—one of the several reasons why leading car manufacturers use DREDNAUT MOTOR TOPPING.

Specify DREDNAUT for your new car. Likewise when re-topping

L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON

NEW YORK DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

This Ad May Be Worth $1,000.00 to You

To Augustus Van Gieson of New Jersey an answer to an ad like this has meant an independent income. With no experience and without capital, he built up a good paying business.

The increasing demand for *Everybody's Magazine*, *The Delineator* and *Adventure* makes it necessary for us to add to our staff of local representatives. We need more men to forward to us the new and renewal subscriptions for these well-known publications. This ad will bring full particulars. Mail it Now!

Everybody's Magazine, 382 Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

LANGUAGES QUICKLY LEARNED BY ALL PHONOGRAPH

"Like learning a tune—and as easy. Our Disc Records repeat the correct accent and pronunciation until you know it. Family and friends enjoy language study by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

and Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

The war has created unlimited opportunity. Prepare now to better your position, or increase your business. Brush up on the language you studied at school. Write for Booklet and Free Trial Offer.

THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

914 Putnam Bldg. 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.

Story-Writers Wanted

NOTHING PAYS LIKE SUCCESS IN WRITING FICTION—2 cents to 10 cents A WORD. We sell stories, scenarios, and book MSS. on commission; we revise them and tell you where to sell them. STORY-WRITING taught by mail. Send for our free booklet, "WRITING FOR PROFIT," tells how; gives proof.

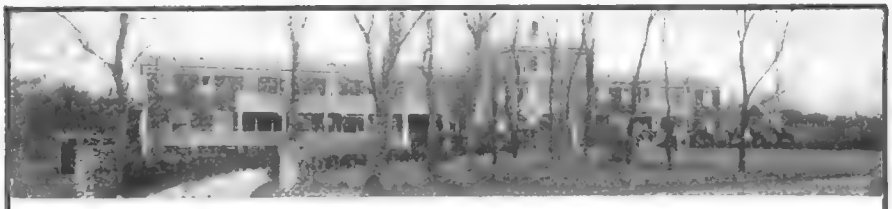
Novels Printed and Published

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

Dept. 87, Indianapolis, Ind.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Residential Schools and Colleges



Sea Pines

School of Personality for Girls

REV. THOMAS BICKFORD, A. M., Founder

Distinctively devoted to and recognized as the Pioneer School of Personality

HAPPY home life with personal attention and care. Students inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of efficient womanhood. Hygiene and morals observed especially for health, character, responsibility and initiative. One hundred acres; pine groves and 1000 feet of seashore. Climate is exceptionally favorable for outdoor life. Horseback riding, gymnastics. College Preparatory or Cultural Courses. French, German and Spanish by native teachers. Music, Domestic Science, Handiwork, Household Arts, Secretarial and other courses for securing Personality Diplomas introductory to definite service. Experienced, earnest instructors. Booklet.

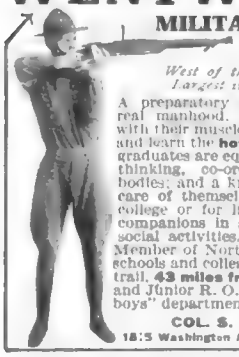
MISS FAITH BICKFORD, Principal — Box R, BREWSTER, MASS.

WENTWORTH

MILITARY ACADEMY

Lexington, Mo.

Oldest Military School West of the Mississippi River and Largest in Missouri River Valley



A preparatory school which develops real manhood. Wentworth boys work with their muscles as well as their minds and learn the **how** as well as the **why**. Our graduates are equipped with alert, quick-thinking, co-ordinated minds; active bodies; and a knowledge of how to take care of themselves, which fits them for college or for life. Teachers are boys' companions in school work, sport and social activities. An "Honor School." Member of North Central Association of schools and colleges. Located on Santa Fe trail, **43 miles from Kansas City.** Senior and Junior R. O. T. C. Separate "smaller boys" department. For catalog address,

COL. S. SELLERS, Supt.

1815 Washington Ave., Lexington, Mo.

MISSOURI

MILITARY ACADEMY

College Preparatory, Business and Music. Unit of Reserve Officers' Training Corps by direction of the President of the United States. Recognized by N. Central Ass'n of Secondary Schools and Colleges. "BIG BROTHER" plan of government. New $75,000 fireproof Barracks. Separate building for smaller boys. All Athletics, Debating and Literary Societies, Glee Club, Band, Orchestra. Capacity taxed annually. Tuition $860. Write us about our Summer School. Catalogue. Address

Sec'y to President, Mexico, Mo.

Learn Photography

Good-paying positions in the best studios in the country await men and women who prepare themselves now. For 25 years we have successfully taught

Photography, Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn $25 to $75 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Now is the time to fit yourself for an advanced position at better pay. Terms easy; living inexpensive. Largest and best school of its kind. Write for catalog *today*.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE of PHOTOGRAPHY

Box E, 946 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

HOWE SCHOOL

(ENDOWED)

A TEACHER FOR EVERY TEN BOYS

Every Boy Recites Every Lesson Every Day.
Boys Taught How to Study.
Thorough Preparation for College.
Military Drill.

Graduates admitted to leading colleges on certificates. Estate of 150 acres. 9 fine buildings. Thorough sanitation.

Healthful country life. Beautiful lakes. All athletic sports.

Separate School for Younger Boys.

For illustrated catalogue address

Rev. J. H. McKenzie, L.H.D., Rector,
Box 219, HOWE, INDIANA

PEDDIE

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS

President Wilson said this about Peddie—

"It gives me real pleasure," said President Woodrow Wilson, "to express my sense of the very high value of Peddie. These quiet schools, into which so much devotion and unheralded work go, certainly sustain the education of the country, and supply the universities with some of the most useful material they get."

Peddie is endowed. Conducted without thought of profit. Graduates enter all colleges by certificate or examination. Every boy given a thorough physical examination. 54th year.

Illustrated Booklets and Catalog

ROGER W. SWETLAND, LL.D., Headmaster
Box 9-H, Hightstown, N. J.

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

Sweetwater — Tennessee

Forty-sixth year. Nation-wide patronage. Classed as HONOR SCHOOL for interstate recognition, Southern Commission on Accredited Schools. Unit Reserve Officers Training Corps with West Point graduate in charge. Prepares for Government Academies, Colleges, Business. Health record unsurpassed. All athletics. Summer camp June 27th. Charges moderate. For catalog and views, address

COL. C. R. ENDSLEY, Supt., Box 30, Sweetwater, Tenn.

Announcing:

The Home Sector

A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

Conducted by the former editorial council of *The Stars and Stripes*—official newspaper of A. E. F.

Look for it on the news-stands in mid-September

10 cents a copy—$5.00 a year; write for special combination. *Agents Wanted*

THE HOME SECTOR, - - - - BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK

believer in miracle pictures. Yet I have seen with my own eyes prisoners—many of them hardened with crime—brought to repentance in Garcia's cell. Then there is that incident of Marshal Foch . . . they call him the 'Gray Man of Christ.' You know the story—how an American soldier, a private, saw the French commander on his knees in a wayside church, praying, that day before he ordered the great offensive against the Germans. The soldier who saw him was Dan Evans, a San Bernardino boy. He wrote home about it, and that incident and the strange power of the picture in the jail have made a profound impression on our people."

And everywhere I went in the desert all kinds and conditions of people told me the same thing. Strangely enough the incident of the "Gray Man of Christ" and the power of the youthful highwayman's picture of the Christ are bracketed in their minds.

Something of this power I can understand. I have seen the picture. I have seen prisoners stand in reverence before it. I have seen man-hunters and jailers bare their heads before it. I have seen Mexican felons bow as they passed the door and make on their breasts the sign of the cross.

But what I don't understand is how, in the circumstances, it was ever made at all. That is the mystery—a mystery as baffling as the drawings on the walls of the Cro-Magnon caves.

How did the Picture-Man know?

The Sons of Esau

By R. N. Wall

WE ARE the Sons of Esau:
Masterless men are we—
Rovers, vagabonds, dreamers,
Drifters on land or sea.

We are too weak to suffer
Order, restraint, routine;
Too feckless to follow a furrow,
Or drudge at a dumb machine.

We bartered our birthright for freedom,
Right roads for a crooked lane,
True love for the lips of a harlot—
Our pottage is red with pain.

We have traded safety for sorrow,
Our homes for a lodging mean;
We tramp through the streets of cities,
Drunken, debased, unclean.

Filled with unsatisfied longings,
Striving for goals undefined,
Eaten at heart, ever hoping,
Vaguely, uncertain, blind.

Something left out when He made us,
Something we seek and miss:
Something that ever eludes us, till
Death comes with her healing kiss.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"CAB, SIR?"

(*Continued from page 56*)

"Come one, come all," invited the gob, returning. "There'll be a short wait while my friend in the shirt-sleeves——"

"Who *is* this guy, Chaw?" demanded the flit.

"He's the butler."

"Whose butler?" queried Miss McSears.

"Don't make any odds whose. He's ours at present."

"How did you get him?" questioned Watts.

"It's a long story of my seamy past," answered the gob. "He's an ex-con, and I've got a strangle-hold on him. So he's invited us to supper and when the family gets home from the country in the morning he can fix up his own explanation of the ice-box to suit himself and them. I've ordered fizz."

"That's all very well," observed Miss McSears with firmness. "But I don't go to midnight suppers in other folks' houses, with a bunch of strangers——"

"Strangers once but lovers now," stated the flit firmly, "speaking for self *and* lady friend."

"—and no chaperon," pursued the spokeswoman of the proprieties, reddening but obstinate. "So you count——"

"Silence in the ranks!" ordered Dolly Barrett. "I'm an officer and a widow. Is that enough?"

"Plenty for me, and praise to Heaven for the good news," said the sike, enthusiastically. "I don't mean the officer part," he added significantly, "but the other."

Mr. Watts regarded him curiously. "There may be more in these Western universities than a Harvard man would suspect," he murmured.

"And to think," sighed the sike, "that a few weeks hence I shall be pouring pious platform platitudes into the happy ears of inattentive youth!"

"Forward in light foraging order!" commanded the gob.

THE party entered the house, which was evidently being hastily cleaned for the return of the owners. A subdued noise as of servants in commotion could be heard in the rear. On a hall stand stood a collection of mail in three piles. The flit chancing to glance at it, stood petrified. Selecting a post-card he advanced upon the rear of the unheeding gob, turned up the bottom of the wide and floppy left trouser-leg, read from the sewn-in slip the name inscribed thereon, compared it with the address on the post-card, turned down the trouser-leg to one fold and with a sudden, sardonic inspiration not only left it so, but adjusted the other one to match it.

"Mr. Schuyler Tappan Veeder," he observed with concentrated bitterness, straightening up.

"Here," responded the gob, cheerfully. "What about it?"

"This is *your* joint," declared the flit in solemn accusation.

"Not while my fond parents enjoy their present health," was the genial reply.

But the soul of Corporal Slayter was hot with suspicion. "What kinda con game you been workin' on me?" he said, surily. "Call yourself Chaw Veeder."

"Barring the presence of ladies, you're a liar," retorted the gob promptly. "It's my pals call me Chaw. Which reminds me." Producing a rich-hued bar from his pocket, he bit off a generous chunk and expertly stowed it. The angry eyes of his pal flickered a little. But he was unconvinced.

"You're phony," he growled. "A masqueradin' dude." He pointed to the trousers which he had left "cuffed." "That's your style," he asserted. "Me, I'm through. I'll not be made a guy of. C'mon, Nora."

THE gob stretched forth an iron-muscled hand which he inserted forcibly and affectionately between the flit's neck and his collar. "Pause a moment, Claude," he besought. "Girls, will you kindly muffle your ears? Thanks. Now, Freddie, you lop-sided, cross-grained, bone-headed, swivel-eared, pizen-souled descendant of ten generations of mule-thieves, before I break your jaw in three places at once, listen while I tell you what you are." And he told him. But of the telling there is no record, because after the preface, Mr. Watts retired for air and the sike ran out to seek a pencil and paper and returned too late for the exordium. The flit, spellbound, relaxed his expression of disfavor. When it was over he bent down and readjusted the gob's trouser-legs to the regulation straightness. Apology could go no further.

"You win, Chaw," said he shamefacedly. "Speed up the wedding feast."

It is recorded in the unwritten history of Fifth Avenue's most costly and exclusive section, that there came, upon a midnight clear, a din as of ten thousand structural riveters in progressive action, giving place to sounds of revelry by early morning, which in turn was succeeded by the Anvil Chorus, above the surface of which soared a valiant barytone proclaiming, "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden." Mr. Chaw Veeder's supper-party, back in the tank, was adjourning to night-court to seek a marrying magistrate. For, as in the old song, love (in the person of Mr. Reuben Renssalaer Watts) had found out the way, and the telephone, reaching a friendly judge, had arranged a special emergency license.

Many queer equipages with strange cargoes visit night-court on sundry errands; but the tank with its wedding-party broke the record.

Court adjourned informally, to rush out and ascertain who was bombing the locality and why. When the party entered, they beheld two policemen struggling to extricate the magistrate from the frantic embrace of Mr. Bingle Foxley, who was yelling:

"Save me! It's coming after me. I hear it. Don't let it get me, Judge!"

When at length his Honor was released, the sike greeted him with surprise.

"It's you, is it?"

"It's me," agreed the magistrate. "Or if not me, I." He was the bearded victim of "Cherchez la Chicken."

"We found him," remarked the sike, indicating Mr. Reuben Renssalaer Watts.

"So I perceive. It's a small world."

"Small like a Harlem flat," confirmed Miss Nora McSears discontentedly. "You

Residential Schools and Colleges

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

Government Honor School

525 boys from 47 States last session. Largest private academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral **spring water.** High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. Daily drills and exercises in **open air.** Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our **tutorial system. Academy fifty-nine years old.** $275,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $550. Catalogue free. Address

Col. WM. G. KABLE, Ph.D., Principal, Staunton, Va.

Porter Military Academy

Established in 1867. A national school. 341 boys from 28 states and 3 foreign countries. Unit R. O. T. C. Military science taught by U. S. Army officers. Thorough preparation for college or business. Boys are developed through intimate tutoring system. Unusually liberal terms. A broader preparation than the public school can give. Catalog.

REV. WALTER MITCHELL, D. D.
Box B. Charleston, S. C.

WYOMING SEMINARY

A co-educational school where boys and girls get a vision of the highest purposes of life

College preparation, Business, Music, Art, Oratory and Domestic Arts and Science. Military training, Gymnasium and Athletic fields. 75th year. Endowed—low rates. Catalog. L. L. Sprague, D. D., President, Kingston, Pa.

THORPE ACADEMY

MINEOLA BAY, INGLESIDE, ILLINOIS

1½ Hours from Chicago W. F. THORPE, *Supt.*

Young Boys and Girls

Character Building on Principle

Address 1010 Lake View Building, Chicago

MASSACHUSETTS, Worcester.

Worcester Domestic Science School

One and two-year Normal and Home-making courses. Trains for teachers of cookery, sewing, matrons, dietitians. The first school devoted *solely* to Normal Domestic Science training. Red Cross Work. Opens Sept. 23rd, 1919. Address MRS. F. A. WETHERED, 158 Institute Road.

OHIO, Austinburg, Box 7.

Grand River Institute.

Founded 1831. Strictly high-grade, co-educational, preparatory school. Exceptional equipment made possible by endowment. New dormitories and gymnasium. Special training in business fundamentals, music and oratory.

W. E. HAMBLIN, Pres

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 779 Beacon Street.

Posse Normal School of Gymnastics

31st year. New building. Courses of one, two and three years. The war has created great demand for our graduates. Courses in Medical Gymnastics and Playgrounds.

Apply to THE SECRETARY

VIRGINIA, Bedford.

Randolph-Macon Academy, Military

Prepares for college, scientific schools or business. Work endorsed by colleges and universities. Beautiful and healthful location. Athletic grounds; gymnasium. Terms $325. No extras. For catalogue address

E. SUMTER SMITH, Principal

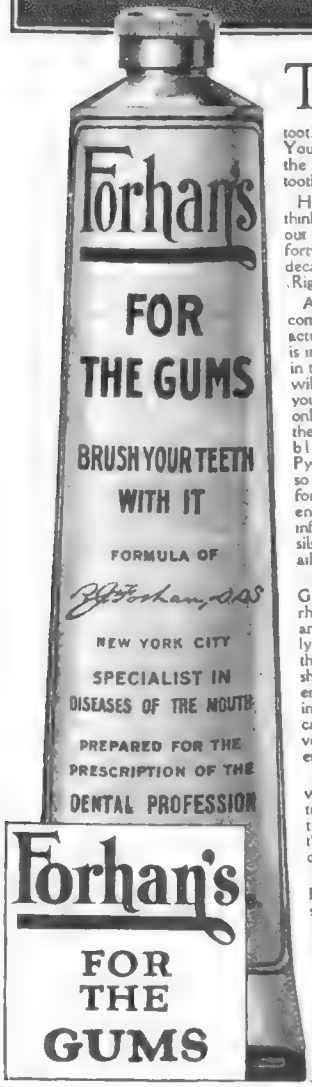
COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY

Built by the U.S. Government

Box 209 Columbia, Tenn.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

There is danger in tender gums


Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

TO preserve healthy teeth the ordinary tooth-paste is futile. You must first care for the gums, on which tooth health depends.

How many people think of this? Yet four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-decay, or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease).

At first the gums become tender, though actual gum-shrinkage is imperceptible. But in time receding gums will surely loosen your teeth, and then only a dentist can save them. The tender, bleeding gums of Pyorrhea also act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's (For the Gums) prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. This means that it prevents gum-shrinkage, gum-tenderness, gum-bleeding. So, automatically, Forhan's prevents tooth loosening.

Brush your teeth with it. It scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

FORHAN CO.
200 6th Ave., N. Y.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Does Your Hand Itch for a Pencil?

IF your hand itches for a pencil you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist. You do not have to be a genius. If you have a liking for drawing and develop it intelligently, there are many opportunities for you in this profitable profession.

Through the Federal Course in Applied Cartooning, America's 32 greatest cartoonists will help you succeed. Among these men are Clare Briggs, J. T. McCutcheon, Sidney Smith, and Fontaine Fox. They show you by examples how they began and what were their stepping stones to success.

"A Road To Bigger Things" Free

This interesting book contains studio pictures of the members of the Federal Staff and describes the Federal Course in detail. Write now for your free copy to:

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF APPLIED CARTOONING
9916 Warner Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

can't turn around in it without rousing the family. *That*," she pursued, pointing out to Corporal Slayter one of the policemen engaged in preventing Mr. Foxley from crawling into the commitment file, "is Pa."

"Howdy, Pa!" said the flit.

"Whaddye mean, 'Pa'?" demanded the thunderstruck officer.

"In-law," explained Mr. Slayter. "To-be," he added.

"Perhaps," amended Miss McSears.

"Sure thing," asseverated the flit blithely. "It's in the air. You can't dodge it."

"Other things difficult to dodge are in the air," observed the magistrate. "Reuben, as friend to friend and unofficially, how did you get these?"

"By the hour," replied Mr. Watts. "I hired 'em."

"Are you responsible for their actions?"

"Upon and after the hour of 11:05 P.M., I am."

"You escape," pronounced the magistrate. "At 11:02 P.M. I am informed, an armored tank filled with desperadoes, I. W. W. Bolshevists, anarchists, nihilists, prohibitionists and other enemies of the public welfare, invaded West Forty-fourth Street and did there and then interrupt an orderly meeting of the Society for the Abolition of Tobacco, Bridge, Dancing and other Hellish Habits, by felonious means, to wit: firing upon it with machine guns, gatlings, howitzers, hand-grenades, rifles, revolvers and sundry lethal weapons, against the ordinances duly made and provided for the maintenance of the peace."

"So help me God," intoned a large, solemn, pulpy person, rising in his seat.

"That's the guy," cried the flit, "that called us 'Bolshe-*vee*-ki!' Lemme attim."

"Then you admit that you are them," said the magistrate. "Or, if not them, they."

"We do," said the gob; "with mitigating circumstances."

"There is a warrant out against you."

A blond and frescoed portent projected itself upward from a side bench. "Make it two, Judge. And make the second one for murder."

"Saints preserve us!" groaned the sike. "The sorrowing protectress of the silhouetted pup!"

"It is a small world," repeated the magistrate. "This gentleman (indicating the stricken Mr. Foxley) who originally came here for the purpose of taking the pledge, now prefers the charge that you instigated to attack him without provocation a prehistoric monster of the dragon or fire-spouting persuasion which, after destroying his automobile, chased him through a plate-glass window and totally wrecked his nerves. Comparing his description of the monster with my own impression of your vehicle, and remembering that the female of the species is more deadly than the male, I conclude that it is her. Or, if not her, it. What have you to say?"

"Just this," answered Mr. Watts with annoyance, "I came here to be married, not prosecuted. Come now, Hartley, as friend to friend, can't you fix this? It may be my last chance."

"Your friend with the talent for blackmail seems to be a person of infinite resource," said the magistrate, glancing

"Call for Philip Morris"

BOND STREET CIGARETTES

The name Philip Morris on a cigarette has the same significance to an English gentleman as a coronet on a visiting card.

"The Little Brown Box"
Plain End or Cork Tip

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING EDWARD VII

Be A Traffic Manager

Over a half million shippers need men who know how to route shipments, obtain shortest mileage and quickest deliveries; how to classify goods and obtain lowest rates. These are two vital factors in business competition. The man who can classify commodities and figure routings most economically can name practically his own salary. Concerns gladly pay competent men

$35 to $100 a Week

Many pay a great deal more, because the knowledge of a Trained Traffic Expert saves them many times his salary. Train to enter this new, **uncrowded** profession. Positions are permanent; work is pleasant; salary is large. Give yourself a chance.

We Train You By Mail

in your **spare time—at home**—while holding your present position. The LaSalle Course is endorsed by railroads and big concerns everywhere. Covers thoroughly every phase of shipping and transportation. Write at once for Big Free Traffic Book and full details. We will also send you a valuable book—

"Ten Years Promotion In One" FREE

A prominent business man said—"It would pay every ambitious person to get this book even if it cost him $5.00." Free with literature explaining how easily **you** can qualify for a Big Traffic job.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY,
"The World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 943-IC Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS. Write for Free Illustrated Guide Book "How To OBTAIN A PATENT." Send model or sketch and description for our free opinion of its patentable nature. *Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms.*
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 752 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

MONEY-MAKING FARMS—17 STATES

$10 to $100 acre. Stock, tools, crops often included to settle quickly. Write for big illustrated catalogue.
E. A. Strout Farm Agency, 2026BP. Sun Bldg., New York

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

toward the sike. "Has he any suggestions?"

"If I may be permitted," said the sike, modestly rising, "I suggest, first, that Mr. Foxley is too good a sport to spoil a wedding, if assured that the groom will never again travel Fifth Avenue in a tank. (Mr. Foxley grunted.) As for the noble cause of Suppression of Tobacco *et cetera*, I propose a generous epithalamic contribution thereto by the happy bridegroom. We now come to the ill-fated canine, and its sorrowing owner. Though myself in a state of genteel poverty, I will gladly start a subscription to bury it, or if that prove impracticable, to have it pasted in a scrap-book, with appropriate honors."

"Nothin' doin'!" asserted the bereaved blonde in angry tones. "I wanta tell you——"

"One moment, please. Would it not soothe your injured feelings to be invited to the wedding and to sign as legal witness? There is a reporter present, and I assume that the nuptials of Mr. Reuben Renssalaer Watts with Miss Carey Vail will receive a meed of desirable publicity extending to all who participate."

"Not *the* Miss Carey Vail!" exclaimed the awe-struck blonde, who went into Society eagerly, though vicariously, through the medium of the daily press.

"The same," declared Mr. Watts. "Positively last appearance in that rôle. That is," he added anxiously, "if you accept our earnest invitation to come to the wedding."

"Chawmed, I'm suah," murmured the lady, and proceeded to powder her nose from an apparatus concealed in a dangling bag.

The sike felt a soft touch on his elbow. Lieutenant Dolly Barrett's large gray eyes glowed warmly up into his.

"You ought to be running the Peace Conference," she opined.

"And to think," mourned the sike, "that next month I'll be acting the melancholy mentor to a flock of corn-fed prairie-rubes."

"Court will convene in my private room for matrimonial purposes at once," proclaimed the magistrate.

The ceremony was brief and business-like. The witnesses were the sike and Mrs. Barrett, quite close together, the flit and Miss McSears (bracketed by the former), the gob, with rating and ship attached, Mr. Foxley in a shaken hand, and Mrs. Eudora Fotheringay in letters half an inch high and ninety degrees slant. The whole party attended by the court officials went out to see the pair off. The flit, saluting, stepped forward.

"Cab, sir?"

"Certainly," assented the bridegroom.

"Certainly not," amended the bride.

"Not?" queried the flit, crestfallen.

"Taxi," said the new Mrs. Watts decisively, hailing one as it rounded the corner.

"Cab, lady?" coyly invited the flit, turning to Miss McSears, as the bridal couple were whirled away.

"Subway," retorted Pa McSears emphatically, "speaking for self and daughter."

"Cab, sir?" the operator solicited Mr. Bingle Foxley.

"Help!" responded that gentleman, making a leap for the nearest haven, which chanced to be Mrs. Fotheringay's

A CALL FOR 3,000 NEW PHOTOPLAYS

Cecil B. DeMille

Mabel Normand

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle

Olive Thomas

Movie Stars and Producers are Searching the Country for New Suitable Scenarios—Read How This New High-Paid Art is Easily Mastered

THE moving picture industry is facing a famine—a famine in story plots—photoplays. Prices undreamed of a few years ago, are being paid today—$500 to $1000 and more for 5-reel dramatic scripts; $100 to $500 for clever short comedies. For the studios—around Los Angeles alone—need approximately 3000 new stories each year. Producers must have material—new plots, especially written for the screen.

And now a plan—the first to be endorsed by the leading stars and producers—has been designed to teach you how to prepare your ideas for the screen. The plan was created by Frederick Palmer, formerly of Universal—the man who wrote 52 scenarios in 9 months—more than one a week—all accepted. Mr. Palmer furnishes you with a handbook and cross references to scenarios that have been PRODUCED. Both drama and comedy are represented. Since we started a little over a year ago, many of our students have sold their plays, some for as high as $1000. A number of our students have already taken positions at the studios.

Indorsed by Stars, Producers, Directors and Writers

Under this plan we give you one year's free Advisory Service. And our Sales Service is at your disposal to assist you in selling your plays.

Note the pictures of the movie stars in this advertisement. All of them endorse the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing. These and dozens of others you will find in our new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing."

Write for this booklet now. It will show you the great opportunity in photoplay writing. This book is filled with autograph letters from the biggest stars and producers, strongly endorsing the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing, urging us to do our best to develop photoplay writers.

Have you ever thought you could write a better plot than some you have seen at the movies? If so, send for this booklet. It will show you how you can get it produced. If you believe you have an idea for a scenario, this booklet will tell you how you can turn it into money. For photoplay writing is very simple, once you have learned a few basic principles. Genius is not required. A simple story with one good thought is enough. For movies are made for the masses. Never was there such an opportunity to turn any simple story-idea into money and reputation. The field is uncrowded. The demand is growing greater each day. Write for the booklet. It's free. No obligation. Just fill out the coupon and mail to us.

THE PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION.
569 I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Name.....

Address.....

Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet—"The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," containing autograph letters of the leading stars.

THE HOME SECTOR

A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

CONDUCTED BY THE FORMER EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF
The Stars and Stripes

If you read and enjoyed *The Stars and Stripes* remember *The Home Sector* is by the same bunch, for the same bunch, in the same spirit.

10 CENTS ON ALL NEWS-STANDS

$5.00 a year. Write for special combination offer. Agents wanted. Address

Butterick—*Publisher*

Butterick Building New York City

Learn Piano
This Interesting Free Book
shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, at one-quarter usual cost. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords at once and complete piece in every key, within 4 lessons. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers of organ or piano. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."
W. H. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio V. V., Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

© House & Garden

Come In And Sit Down By The Fire

Creamy rough-cast walls—no woodwork except the round-topped doorway and the polished floor—a cool white marble mantelpiece—a mediaeval richness of blue damask curtains—and that little peasant chair, its rush seat covered with a blue damask pad, and those absurd fluffy tassels on its sturdy legs.

Let's put a match to the birch logs. . . . Couldn't you be happy in a room like this?

It isn't what you spend that makes a home, you know. It's how you spend it.

House & Garden is the headquarters for standard, proved information on building, renovating, decorating, planting, and landscape gardening.

These 5 Issues of House & Garden, $1

six, if you mail the coupon now

Autumn Furnishing **September**
The new fabrics—interior architectural doorways—how to choose a paper for the bedroom, and decorate the hallway in relation to its connecting rooms.

Fall Planting **October**
Winter gardens—what bulbs to plant in the fall—how to make a rock garden—the Fall Planting Tables, those invaluable pages that represent years of expert investigation, all codified.

House Planning **November**
Getting together with the architect—collecting for building—how to make an intelligent plan for the furniture in the new home. And—little houses, each perfect of its kind, with plans.

Christmas House **December**
All the things the house wants for Christmas gifts, together with the newest and prettiest ways to hang the holly, dress the tree, plant Christmas in the heart of the dinner table.

Furniture Number **January**
Every year our American master craftsmen give us something lovelier; every year the importers bring in new quaintnesses. The best are here.

House Fittings **February**
The predestined bit of glass, the lamp that makes all the difference in the world, the perfect touch of color.

DON'T SEND MONEY—JUST MAIL THE COUPON NOW

HOUSE & GARDEN
19 W. 44th St., N. Y. C.

Send me FIVE numbers of House & Garden, beginning with the next issue. It is understood that if this order reaches you promptly, you will send an additional copy of the current number, making SIX in all. I enclose $1 herewith (OR) I will remit $1 on receipt of bill. (Canadian $1.25.)

Name.....
(Please write very plainly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

The Postal Zone Law makes necessary an additional postage charge of 1½c., west of the Mississippi.

E 9-19

limousine, where he was hospitably received.

"Cab, Chaw?" cried the desperate flit, seeing his custom dropping away.

"Life is sweet," observed the gob, and followed Mr. Foxley into his perfumed retirement.

"Cab, buddy?" almost wept Corporal Slayter, addressing himself in a seductive coo to Professor Follansbee James. "*And* sister," he added, noting the confidential juxtaposition of the two heads.

"We are walking, thank you so much," said Lieutenant Barrett sweetly.

"Old Bird," the sorrowing flit addressed the metallic accomplice of his crimes, "we are, as it were, dumped into Cupid's ash-can. Cheer up! I will never desert you." His eyes fell upon the legend, "To be returned." "I'd forgotten about that," he murmured. "Where to, I wonder?" He reversed the placard and was confronted by this warning in red and minatory letters:

Do Not Operate

Condemned as

DANGEROUS

The flit cast a pensive eye up the street where the dust of the bridal departure still hung, shifted it to the wake of the Fotheringay limousine bearing the gob and the reformed Foxley from the stricken field, glanced yearningly toward the corner where Miss Nora McSears, temporarily a parental captive, threw him a swift and comforting signal, and regarded with benignity two uniformed figures marching along the sidewalk side-by-side, in that sweet accord which apostles of the millennium prescribe not alone for the lion and the lamb, but also for the officer and the soldier in the ranks.

"Dangerous," he repeated, as a grin, appreciative but tender, lighted up his rugged features. Then, with conviction, "*I'll* say it is!"

Repatriation

By Charlotte Becker

CAN those who watched the pyres of empire burn,
Saw grim artillery reshape the hills,
And crimson stains discolor crystal rills,
Once more with quiet ease and joy return
To simple tasks of homely, small concern?
Can those who lately left war-wasted lands,
Cast shell and bayonet from storm-scarred hands,
And once again the lesser duties learn?
Ah, now the chance of those who stayed behind,
Who have no frightful visions to forget
But may with care and cheer and kindness bind
Heart wounds of men who worse than death have met,
And lending helpful hands down each hard way
Restore to them the use of everyday

SALARY EASILY DOUBLED
STENOGRAPHERS!
Typewrite the New Way—80 to 100 words per minute guaranteed. Earn $25 to $40 weekly. Totally new system. Gives speed and accuracy. Learn at home.
If you want more money in your Pay Envelope write for book, explaining the system. Tells how hundreds of NEW WAY graduates increased their salaries $300, $500, $1000 yearly. SEND POSTAL TO-DAY FOR FREE COPY.
THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
1429 College Hill, Springfield, O.
THE NEW WAY
IN TYPEWRITING

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 2,600 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning $5,000 to $10,000 a year. We train you thoroly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin—we prepare you from the ground up. Our course and service are under the supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., Former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a staff of C. P. A's, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for information and free book of accountancy facts.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 943-H Chicago
"World's Greatest Extension University"

Not for Anything

There are tens of thousands of intelligent folk, who would not for anything miss a copy of ADVENTURE, which appears on the news-stand twice a month, full of the best fiction by the best writers. Try the current issue and see why. Published by the Publishers of "*Everybody's*."

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, 223 Spring Street, New York

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

Announcing a New National Headquarters

IT IS now three and a half years since the casual article on the work of Lieutenant Steever in the high schools of Wyoming was published in EVERYBODY'S. A few months later, inspired by the astonishing interest this article aroused, a few schoolmen, a Chautauqua speaker of long experience with American community life, and the editors of EVERYBODY'S formed a loose and tentative organization to carry the ideas and training-plans of Lieutenant Steever into American high schools everywhere, and to develop them into something of a national institution.

This was the seedling from which has swiftly grown that vast, and far-reaching national movement for direct citizenship training, and for the re-creation of American life and character, through a national organization of the activities and interests of the American boy and girl, which is involved in the High-School Volunteers of the United States.

This first tentative organization had no funds, no influential backing. It had only the deep enthusiasm and vision of the few men who constituted it and who were willing to give to it their spare time and energy. The only medium of publicity it had was EVERYBODY'S, the only national headquarters and executive and clerical assistance were such as the offices of EVERYBODY'S could afford.

With this slender foundation it went to work. A few Chautauqua speakers on their regular circuits left, in the ears of schoolmen they met, occasional words that bore good fruit.

The offices of EVERYBODY'S prepared and sent out literature to schools all over the country and devised a kind of machinery by which the schools which soon began coming into the movement might be united for cooperative activities on a national scale. It soon won, on every hand and in all parts of the country, a group of interested supporters who were glad to volunteer their services in many ways to assist in spreading and developing it.

The Government assisted greatly in the first year by supplying equipment and instructors to new schools as fast as they came into the movement, and by assigning Lieutenant Steever to supervise the work in the Middle West. The movement from the first had the public support of Secretary Baker, Secretary Lane and many other prominent public men.

During the war the organization went steadily ahead with its work, and despite the difficulty of obtaining equipment and instructors from the Government during this period the number of schools grew constantly. National competitive reviews and games were held in 1916, 1917, 1918; summer training-camps in 1916, 1918; and the organization spread until it covered twenty-five states and included one hundred and fifty high schools in communities and cities of all sizes, organized into districts, regiments and companies. The national competitions and summer camp of this year at Camp Roosevelt, on Lake Michigan, has mobilized the high-school boys and instructors from the Middle West on a larger scale than ever before. The coming of peace has removed all difficulties of equipment and instruction, and opened the way to an extension and organization of the movement, whereby something of its latent possibilities may be soon realized.

The work of the High-School Volunteers has just begun. After these three years of preliminary effort the field has only now been fairly opened and the opportunity for the really constructive educational work involved in the movement for the first time brought clearly to hand. The war has given a new impetus to the movement for better citizenship, and it has brought into existence many new agencies, and developed to a vast extent many old ones which are now working toward this end, but without coordination of common vision.

The war has also brought many changes in our military policy and plans which have a vital relation to American education. There is need for a great national movement which will combine and coordinate the many distinct movements for direct training for better citizenship, such as the Boy Scouts, the Farm Boy Cavaliers, the American League for Citizenship, and the High-School Volunteers, and relate them in some unified way with the educational system, and the plans of the Government for military education.

Out of the work of these organizations, the cooperation of American schools and colleges, and the new educational plans of the Army and Navy could be built up a great national system for citizenship-building which would solve the big problems of Americanization and of military training which we face now. This is the great hope and vision of the High-School Volunteers.

But to work with any effectiveness toward this broad goal two things are necessary: first, a broader conception of the objects of the organization and a closer cooperation with others working in the field; and, second a permanent headquarters fully equipped and supported by the schools or under the Government auspices, giving all its attention to the task.

The first is a matter of time, the second an immediate necessity. The organization has gone as far as it can with its present equipment and under its present auspices. It has outgrown its present machinery and its present headquarters, and despite the loyal and never to be forgotten volunteer cooperation of many individuals and schools throughout the country, the present headquarters can no longer carry it on.

Besides, the vitality of the movement is not in the East, but in the Middle West, and New York has been found in the past year too removed from the center of activity, from the camps and competitions and the larger number of schools to be of effective service, as an organizing center for the national movement.

For these reasons it has been decided to transfer the headquarters of the High-School Volunteer movement to some central location, where it will be possible to conduct the next year's work in closer touch with the schools.

The splendid work of Captain F. L. Beals in Chicago during the past year and a half has made that city the logical center of the national movement. The Chicago high-school boys form the largest body of High-School Volunteers in the country, and under Captain Beals, who succeeded Majors Steever and Frink, they have become easily the most prominent of the associated organizations. The national competitive events have been held in Chicago from the beginning, and this year in connection with the summer training-camp, they have been organized, under the leadership of Captain Beals in a form that promises to be permanent. In Chicago, the movement will have ample support and backing to carry it on effectively. From now on, Chicago will be the center of the national interest in all matters relating to citizenship training in the high schools.

After September first, therefore, the headquarters of the National High-School Volunteers of the United States will be located at the following address: 21 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois, and all communications should be sent there. After that date all further bulletins, general orders, etc. of headquarters and all further news of the movement will be sent out from the new offices, and the pages which EVERYBODY'S regularly devoted to these things will be discontinued.

It is to be hoped that this new headquarters and new organization, which will carry on the work of the national High-School Volunteer movement, will have the same cooperation and enthusiastic support from all the associated schools as the headquarters where the foundation work of the past three years has been done.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Shelltex Rimmed

Shur-on

EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

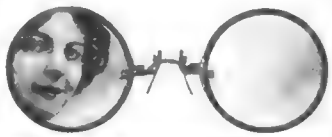
Look well from any angle, comfortable, efficient, fashionable. Shur-ons are so much better it is worth your while to insist on the genuine. Optical specialists will be glad to show you the name stamped in the bridge of every Shur-on Spectacle or Eyeglass Mounting.

Quality Beyond Question

E. Kirstein Sons Co.

Sole Mfgs. Shur-on Optical Products

Established 1864 Rochester, N. Y.



Training for Authorship

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Dr. Esenwein

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play-Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, especially valuable for its full reports of the literary market. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-page illustrated catalogue free

The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 347, Springfield, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

LINDA CONDON

(*Continued from page 63*)

Linda, unresponsive, was suffering inordinately.

Again on her feet she saw that Pleydon was angry, his face grim. He seemed changed, threatening and unfamiliar; it was exactly as if, in place of Dodge Pleydon, a secretive, impersonal ugliness stood disclosed before her. He said harshly:

"When will you marry me?"

It was what, above all else, she had wanted. Linda realized that to marry him was still the crown of whatever happiness she could imagine. But her horror of the past recreated by his beating down of her gossamer-like aspiration, the vision of him flushed and ruthless, an image of indiscriminate nameless man, made it impossible for her to reply. An abandon of shrinking fear numbed her heart and lips.

"You won't get rid of me as you do the others about you," he continued. "This time you made a mistake. I haven't any pride that you can insult; but I have all that you—with your character—require. I've more money, even, than you can want." She cried despairingly:

"It isn't that now! I had forgotten everything to do with money and depended on you to take me away from it always."

"When will you marry me?"

In a flash of blinding perception, leaving her as dazed as though it had been a physical actuality, she realized that marrying him had become an impossibility. At the barest thought of it the dread again closed about her like ice. She tried, with all the force of old valuations, with even an effort to summon back the vanquished thrill, to give herself to him. But a quality overpowering and instinctive, the response of her incalculable injury, made any contact with him hateful. It was utterly beyond her power to explain. A greater mystery still partly unfolded—whatever she had hoped from Pleydon belonged to the special emotion that had possessed her since earliest childhood.

In the immediate tragedy of her helplessness, with Dodge Pleydon impatient for her answer, she paused involuntarily to wonder about that hidden imperative sense. There was a broken mental fantasy of—of a leopard bearing a woman in shining hair. This was succeeded by a bright thrust of happiness and, all about her, a surging like the imagined beat of the wings of the Victory in Markue's room. Almost Pleydon had explained everything, almost he was everything; and then the other, putting him aside, had swept her back into the misery of doubt and loneliness.

"I can't marry you," she said in a flat and dragged voice. He demanded abruptly:

"Why not?"

"I don't know." She recognized his utter right to the temper that mastered him. For a moment Linda thought Pleydon would shake her. "You feel that way now," he declared; "and perhaps next month; but you will change; in the end I'll have you."

"No," she told him, with a certainty from a source outside her consciousness. "It has been spoiled." He replied, "Time will discover which of us is right. I'm almost willing to stay away till you send for me. But that would only make you more stubborn. What a strong little devil you are, Linda. I have no doubt I'd do better to marry a human being. Then I think we both forget how young you are—you can't pretend to be definite yet."

He captured her hands; too exhausted for any resentment or feeling, she made no effort to evade him. "I'll never say good-by to you." His voice had the absolute quality of her own conviction. To her amazement her cheeks were suddenly wet with tears. "I want to go now," she said unsteadily; "and—and thank you."

His old easy formality returned as he made his departure. In reply to Pleydon's demand she told him listlessly that she would be here for, perhaps, a week longer. He'd see her then, he continued, in New York, at the Feldts'. In her room all emotion faded. Pleydon had said that she was still young; but she was sure she could never, in experience or feeling, be older. She became sorry for herself, or rather for the illusions, the Linda, of a few hours ago. She examined her features in the limited, uncertain mirror—strong sensations, she knew, were a charge on appearance—but she was unable to find any difference in her regular pallor. Then, mechanically conducting her careful preparations for the night, her propitiation of the only omnipotence she knew, she put out the candles of her May.

XXIV

WHAT welcome Linda met in New York came from Mr. Moses Feldt, who embraced her warmly enough, but with an air slightly ill at ease. He begged her to kiss her mama, who was sometimes hurt by Linda's coolness. She made no reply, and found the same influence and evidence of the power of suggestion in Judith. "We thought maybe you wouldn't care to come back here," she said pointedly, over her shoulder, while she was directing the packing of a trunk. The Feldts were preparing for the summer stay at the sea.

Her mother's room resembled one of the sales of obvious and expensive attire conducted in the lower salons of pleasure hotels. There were airy piles of chiffon and satin, inappropriate hats and the inevitable confections of silk and lace. "It's not necessary to ask if you were right at home with your father's family," Mrs. Feldt observed with an assumed casual inattention. "I can see you sitting with those old women as dry and false as any. No one saved me in the clacking, I'm sure."

"We didn't speak of you," Linda replied. She studied, unsparing, the loose fat of the elder's ravaged countenance. Her mother, she recognized, hated her; both because she was like Bartram Lowrie and still young, unspent, with everything that the other valued and had lost. In support of herself Mrs. Feldt asserted again that she had "lived," with stacks of friends and flowers, lavish parties and devoted attendance.

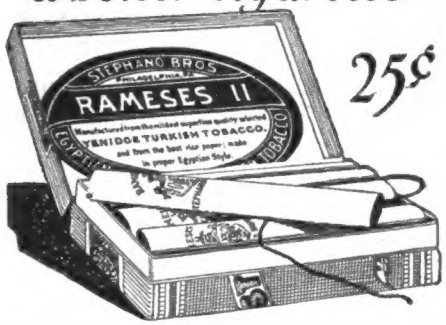
"You may be smarter than I was," she went on, "but what good it does you, who can say? And if you expect to get something for nothing you're fooled before you start." She shook out the emerald-green bands of a vivid echo of past daring.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Nobody ever Changes from

RAMESES

Because the wealth of Midas couldn't buy a better cigarette



25¢

"From the way you act, a person might think you were pretty; but you are too thin and pulled out. I've heard your looks called peculiar, and that was, in a manner of speaking, polite. You ain't even stylish any more—the line is full again and not suitable for bony shoulders and no bust." She still cherished a complacency in her amplitude.

Linda turned away unmoved. Of all the world, she thought, only Dodge Pleydon had actually hurt her. She knew that she would see him soon again and that again he would ask her to marry him. She considered, momentarily, the possibility of saying yes; and instantly the dread born in the Lowrie garden with him swept over her. Linda told herself that he was the only man for whom she could ever deeply care; that—for every conceivable reason—such a marriage was perfect. But the shrinking from its implications grew too painful for support.

Her mother's bitterness increased hourly; she no longer hid her feelings from her husband and Judith; and dinner, accompanied by her elaborate sarcasm, was a difficult period in which, plainly, Mr. Moses Feldt suffered most and Linda was the least concerned. This condition, she admitted silently, couldn't go on indefinitely; it was too vulgar if for no other reason. And she determined to ask the Lowries for another and more extended invitation.

Pleydon came, as she had expected, and they sat in the small reception-room with the high ceiling and dark velvet hangings, the piano at which, long ago it now seemed, Judith had played the airs of Gluck for her. He said little, but remained for a long while spread over the divan and watching her—in a formal chair—discontentedly. He rose suddenly and stood above her, a domineering bulk obliterating nearly everything else. In response to the demand, she said, pale and composed, that she was not "reasonable;" she omitted the "yet" included in his query. Pleydon frowned. However, then, he insisted no further.

When he had gone, Linda was as spent as though there had been a new brutal scene; and the following day she was enveloped in an unrelieved depression. Her mother mocked her silence as another evidence of ridiculous pretentiousness. Mr. Moses Feldt regarded her with a furtive concerned kindliness; while Judith followed her with countless small irritating complaints. It was the last day at the apartment before their departure for the summer. Linda was insuperably tired. She had gone to her room almost directly after dinner, and when a maid came to her door with a card, she exclaimed, before looking at it, that she was not "in." It was, however, Arnaud Hallet, and, with a surprise tempered with a faint interest, she told the servant that she would see him.

There was, Linda observed at once, absolutely no difference in his clothing, no effort to make himself presentable for New York or her. In a way, it amused her—it was so characteristic of Arnaud's forgetfulness, and it made him seem doubly familiar. He waved a hand toward the luxury of the interior. "This," he declared, "is downright impressive, lifted, I'm sure, out of a novel of Ouida's.

"You will remember," he continued, complaining about my sense of humor one

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL

EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

Lash-Brow-Ine

applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use; why not you? Two sizes, 50c and $1.00. At your dealers, or direct from us by mail, in plain cover, prepaid. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. *Avoid disappointments with imitations. Get the full name correct—"LASH-BROW-INE." It's imitated.* LOOK FOR *The Girl with the Rose.* It's on every box.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-19 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

BECOME A LAWYER

Study At Home. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever. Be a leader. Lawyers earn

$3,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you for bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Fourteen-volume Law Library free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them—NOW.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 943-L Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS - TRADE MARKS
PROCURED - REGISTERED

A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Booklet of information, advice, and form for disclosing idea, free on request.

RICHARD B. OWEN
10 Owen Building, Washington, D. C.

$95 an Hour!

"Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Course has been worth $95 to me! My position, my $5,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it all to my spare time training with the International Correspondence Schools!"

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million I. C. S. students telling of promotions or increases in salary as the rewards of spare time study.

What are you doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Two million have proved it. For 28 years men in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads—in every line of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S. More than 100,000 men and women are getting ready *right now* with I. C. S. help for the bigger jobs ahead.

Your Chance Is Here!

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to you. No matter what your handicaps, or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply written, wonderfully illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 280 I. C. S. Courses will surely suit your needs.

When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means—can you let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste? Make your start right now! This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 2646, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	SALESMANSHIP
Electric Lighting and Rys.	ADVERTISING
Electric Wiring	Window Trimmer
Telegraph Engineer	Show Card Writer
Telephone Work	Sign Painter
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	Railroad Trainman
Mechanical Draftsman	ILLUSTRATING
Machine Shop Practice	Cartooning
Toolmaker	BOOKKEEPER
Gas Engine Operating	Stenographer and Typist
CIVIL ENGINEER	Cert. Pub. Accountant
Surveying and Mapping	TRAFFIC MANAGER
MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	Railway Accountant
STATIONARY ENGINEER	Commercial Law
Marine Engineer	GOOD ENGLISH
Ship Draftsman	Teacher
ARCHITECT	Common School Subjects
Contractor and Builder	Mathematics
Architectural Draftsman	CIVIL SERVICE
Concrete Builder	Railway Mail Clerk
Structural Engineer	AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
PLUMBING AND HEATING	Auto Repairing
Sheet Metal Worker	Navigation
Textile Overseer or Supt.	AGRICULTURE
CHEMIST	Poultry Raising

Spanish, French, Italian

Name_____
Present Occupation_____
Street and No._____
City_____ State_____

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Rose-Petal Complexion

Smooth and velvety as the petals of a rose is the complexion aided by

Nadine Face Powder

This delicate beautifier imparts an indefinable charm—a charm which lingers in the memory.

The smooth texture of *Nadine* adheres until washed off. It prevents sunburn or the return of discolorations.

Flesh
Pink
Brunette
White

Its coolness is refreshing, and it cannot harm the tenderest skin.

Nadine Face Powder beautifies millions of complexions today. Why not yours?

Sold in Green Boxes Only. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail 60c.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY,
Paris, Tenn.
Dept. E. M.

A SINGLE DROP LASTS A WEEK

The most concentrated and exquisite perfume ever made. Produced without alcohol. A single drop lasts a week.

Bottle like picture, with long glass stopper, Rose or Lilac, $1.50; Lily of the Valley or Violet, $1.75. Send 20 cts. silver or stamps for miniature bottle.

TRADE MARKS REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

The above comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at $1.25 an ounce at druggists or by mail, with two new odors, "Mon Amour," "Garden Queen," both very fine. Send $1.00 for souvenir box, five 25c. bottles same size as picture, different odors.

Ask your druggist—he knows there is no better perfume made.

Rieger's Perfumes

Send for Miniature BOTTLE 20¢

PAUL RIEGER 284 FIRST ST. SAN FRANCISCO

POPULARITY FOLLOWS THE
UKULELE

If you play quaint, dreamy Hawaiian music or latest songs on the Ukulele you will be wanted everywhere. We teach by mail 20 simple lessons; give you free a genuine Hawaiian Ukulele, music, everything—no extras. Ask us to send the story of Hawaiian music. You will love it. No obligation—absolutely free.

The Hawaiian Institute of Music
1400 Broadway, Dept. 1112 Century

evening; and that, at the time, I warned you it might grow worse. It has. I am afraid, where you are concerned, that it has absolutely vanished. My dear, you'll recognize this as a proposal. I thought I had made up my mind, after forty, not to marry; and I specially tried not to bring you into it. You were too young, I thought. I doubted if I could make you happy. I did everything possible, exhausted all the arguments, but it was no good.

"Linda, dear, I adore you."

She was glad, without the slightest answering emotion, that Arnaud, well—liked her. At the same time all her wisdom declared that she couldn't marry him; and, with the unsparing frankness of youth and her own detachment, she told him exactly why.

"I need a great deal of money," she proceeded, "because I am frightfully extravagant. All I have is dear; I hate cheap things—even what satisfies most girls. I'll throw away a dozen pairs of gloves if they don't fit perfectly, and pay unlimited amounts for a little fulling of lace or some rare flowers. You'd call it wicked, but I can't help it—it's me.

"I've always intended to marry a man with a hundred thousand dollars a year. Of course, that's a lot—do you hate me for telling you?—but I wouldn't think of any one with less than fifty—" Arnaud Hallet interrupted quietly, "I have that."

Linda gazed incredulously at his neglected shoes, the wrinkles of his inconsiderable coat and unstudied scarf. She saw that, actually, he had spoken apologetically of his possessions. A stinging shame spread through her at the possibility that she had seemed common to an infinitely finer delicacy than hers.

The next instalment of ***Linda Condon*** *will appear in the October number.*

Gipsies

By Amelia Josephine Burr

THERE'S a crackle of brown on the leaf's crisp edge
And the goldenrod blooms have begun to feather.
We're two jolly vagabonds under a hedge,
By the dusty road together.

Can an emperor boast such a house as ours—
The sky for a roof and for couch the clover?
Does he sleep as well under broidered flowers
As we, when the day is over?

He sits at ease at his table fine
With the richest of meat and drink before him.
I eat my crust with your hand in mine,
And drink from your eyes a stronger wine
Than any his steward can pour him.

So what if the autumn days grow cold?
Under one cloak we can brave the weather.
A comrade's troth is the Romany gold,
And we're taking the road together.

MAIL IT TO-DAY!

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
383 Butterick Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Please send me full particulars at once about this splendid opportunity to earn money. I have some spare time to sell.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

It may be worth $1,000.00 to you

Suppose you are offered a wonderful job—good pay, a real future, and pleasant, interesting work.

Suppose this job keeps you healthy and happy, outdoors in the fresh air and sunlight.

Suppose you can earn all the money you want, work as many hours a day as you like, and take off as many days as you please, with no one to order you around.

Suppose you need no experience and no capital, and yet will be helped to build up for yourself a business of your own, permanent and growing, paying you a regular income.

Isn't that the kind of a job you want?

Well, take your pencil, cross out every "suppose" in this ad. There is no supposition about what remains. It is a fact.

I am actually offering you this job right now!

I can prove to you that on this very job, many other men and women, situated just like yourself, are earning $25.00—$50.00—$100.00 a year in spare time, and $2,000.00 to $4,000.00 for full time. I can give you their names and addresses, and even show you their pictures. It is really true.

To get started, all they did was to sign a coupon like the one above, and send it in to us promptly. You do the same, and before the end of another month, you will be looking back on the day you read this ad as one of the luckiest days in your life, because very soon you will be earning from $100.00 to $4,000.00 a year, according to the time you can give to the work.

Sign the above coupon and mail it now.

Manager, Subscription Division
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
383 Butterick Building New York, N. Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Happy Though Busy

By O. O. McIntyre

FRANK W. FRUEAUFF, according to the New York Directory of Directors, holds down 137 jobs, but since the directory leaped from the press Mr. Frueauff has annexed another important one.

Mr. Frueauff thus officially becomes the busiest man in New York and no doubt in the world. He is either director, vice-president or president of 138 organizations. While these organizations are controlled by one man—Henry L. Doherty, the public-utility magnate—yet they are separate institutions and are in different cities, scattered from one end of the country to the other.

Photo by Paul MacDonald.

He says the holder of 138 jobs can gain weight and live in the country.

Mr. Frueauff is forty-six years old. The little red-haired, freckle-faced youngster burgeoned and bloomed in Leadville, Colorado, which was at that time the toughest, roughest and most hell-roaring mining-camp in all America. Young Frank's initial excursion into the busy marts of trade consisted of reclaiming and disposing of rags and old bottles. He could ferret out bottles in the most obscure cellars, and he picked nearly every rag-bag in town clean before the local junk-dealers began to see in young Frank the makings of a junk octopus. Instead, he entered the more esthetic field of journalism and became the sole owner of the best newspaper carrier-route that the Leadville *Herald-Democrat* had. A sudden whim made him leave journalism flat and enter the technical field.

When next heard of, young Frueauff was reading meters in the cellars of some of the best homes in Denver at the highly technical salary of fifteen lovely dollars every month. Eventually, he became president of the Denver Gas & Electric Company, and some experts say that Denver is the best-lighted city in America.

It was in Denver that Mr. Frueauff ran into another promising newsboy in the person of Henry L. Doherty. Mr. Doherty had shivered in regular Ragged Dick fashion on the streets of Columbus while selling the *Ohio State Journal* to whomsoever purchased.

But Mr. Doherty was not to remain a newsboy long, and he soon got a job in a gas-plant and began buying sick public utilities and infusing them with vigor. Mr. Frueauff is always that.

Being two ex-newsboys adrift in Denver, it was not strange that they should meet. And they became so interested in each other that Mr. Doherty brought Mr. Frueauff clear across the continent to New York and made him the "And Company" of Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street.

From the start Mr. Doherty began wishing every job handy upon his "And Company." And the "And Company" picked up in weight and waxed more jovial and happier each day.

"I merely pass the work on to others," he explains. And that is the truth. Mr. Frueauff does not have a private secretary. There is no confusion in his office. Not a scrap of paper in the waste-basket. Nothing on his desk.

Every important question comes to him, but he passes it on to others with a notation. The time he would consume dictating a letter might better be used in deciding the policy of some huge organization or public utility.

In the last year he has decided questions that involved the handling of more than eighty millions of dollars. And the records show that his fountain pen never once slipped up.

Says Mr. Frueauff: "When things look hardest, jump in and go at them. Take advantage of luck. But don't depend on it. And above all move heaven and earth to work at the thing you like to do." He talks as he works—quickly, decisively.

Early in his career Mr. Frueauff learned that to gain recognition an employee must do something that stands out. It would seem that reading meters would not offer any great chances to develop astonishing traits. But Frueauff developed the habit of being polite. As a side line he has developed a memory. He remembered every face that he saw and every name that he heard. His politeness won him a promotion into the general offices as a clerk. His memory for faces enabled him to call people by name and thus reason with them advantageously if there was a dispute.

Those who scoff at there being anything in a name might consider that of the subject of this sketch. Frueauff, translated into its native tongue—means "Early Up."

Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food is really an assurance of healthy, happy childhood and robust manhood, for proper feeding in infancy lays a foundation of good health upon which strong men are developed.

Send for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

HOME STUDY
BUSINESS COURSES

Over 30,000 men and women annually prepare for higher positions thru LaSalle training. We offer specialized courses in Business Administration, Higher Accountancy, Cost Accounting, Auditing; Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic; Commercial Law; Business Letter Writing; Law (preparing for bar examination in any state); Banking; Commercial Spanish; Bookkeeping and Elementary Accounting; Public Speaking; Business English. Train by mail in your spare time. Let our corps of 350 business and educational experts help you. Valuable consulting privileges free to members. Low cost; easy monthly payments. Write now, stating the course in which interested and we will send free catalog telling how you can quickly qualify for an important, high-salaried position in your chosen field.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
"World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 943-R Chicago, Ill.

COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning $30.00 to $125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. *Please state your age.*

The Landon School of Cartooning and Illustrating
1430 SCHOFIELD BLDG., CLEVELAND, O.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ANNOUNCING the forthcoming appearance of

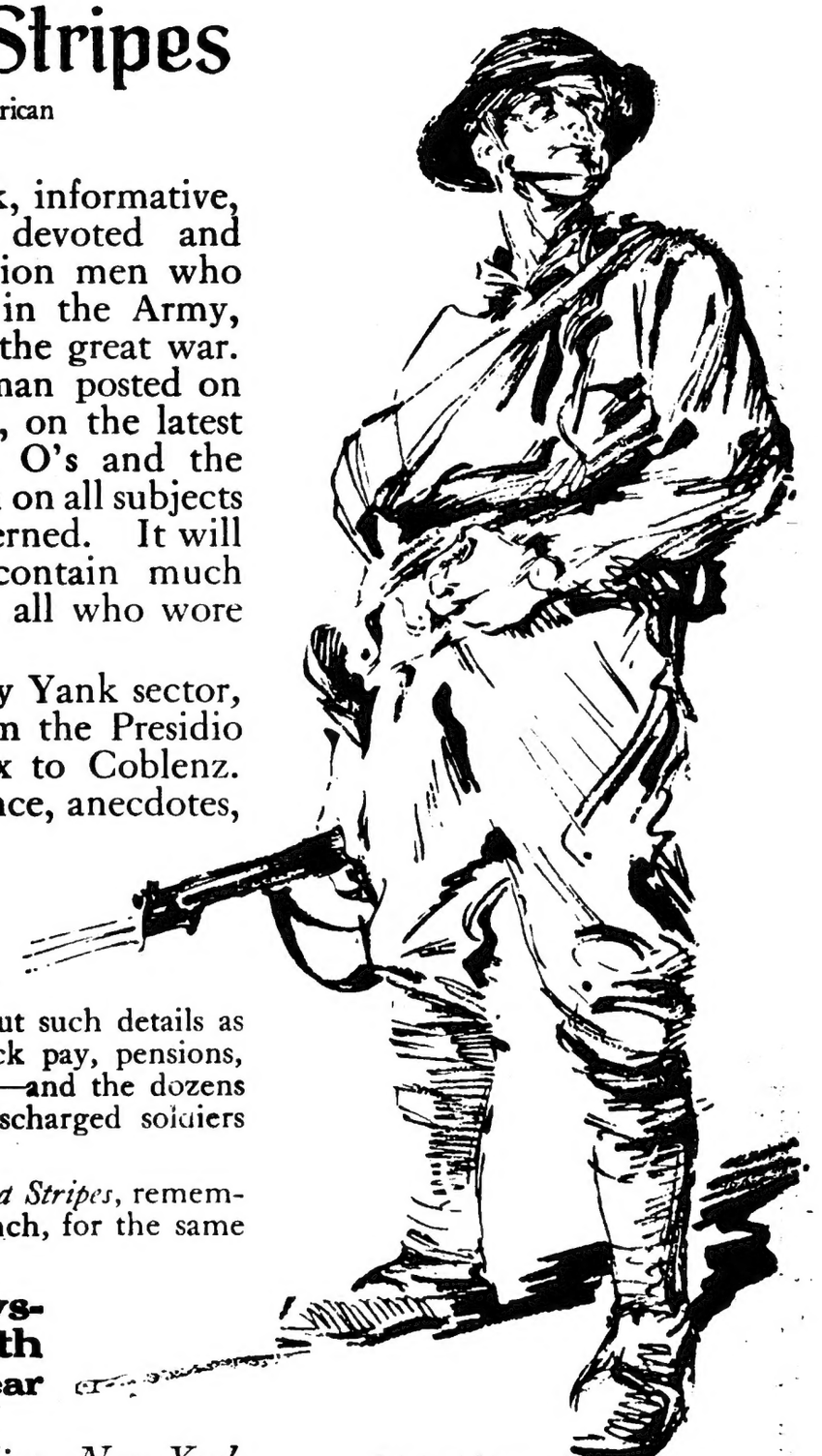
THE HOME SECTOR

A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

CONDUCTED BY THE FORMER EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF

The Stars and Stripes

Official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces



The Home Sector will be a frank, informative, cheerful, optimistic magazine devoted and dedicated to the nearly five million men who served under the American flag in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps during the great war. It will keep the former service man posted on all developments that affect him, on the latest War and Navy Department G. O's and the latest state and national legislation on all subjects in which he is interested or concerned. It will live in the present, but will contain much matter of reminiscent interest to all who wore the uniform.

It will contain news from every Yank sector, old and new, hot and quiet, from the Presidio to Boston Light, from Bordeaux to Coblenz. It will contain humor in abundance, anecdotes, sketches, cartoons, verse, editorials, many other features, and

SERVICE, a department which will try to clear up the misunderstanding and doubt existing in the minds of most former service men about such details as war risk insurance, Liberty bonds, back pay, pensions, bonuses, legislation—local and national—and the dozens of other questions now perplexing discharged soldiers and sailors. Ask Service.

If you read and enjoyed *The Stars and Stripes*, remember *The Home Sector* is by the same bunch, for the same bunch, in the same spirit.

Look for it on the newsstands on September 17th

10 cents a copy $5.00 a year

Write for special combination offer. Agents Wanted.

The Home Sector, Butterick Building, New York

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN